

My Lesbian Experience with Loneliness



(True) Story & Art by
Nagata Kabi

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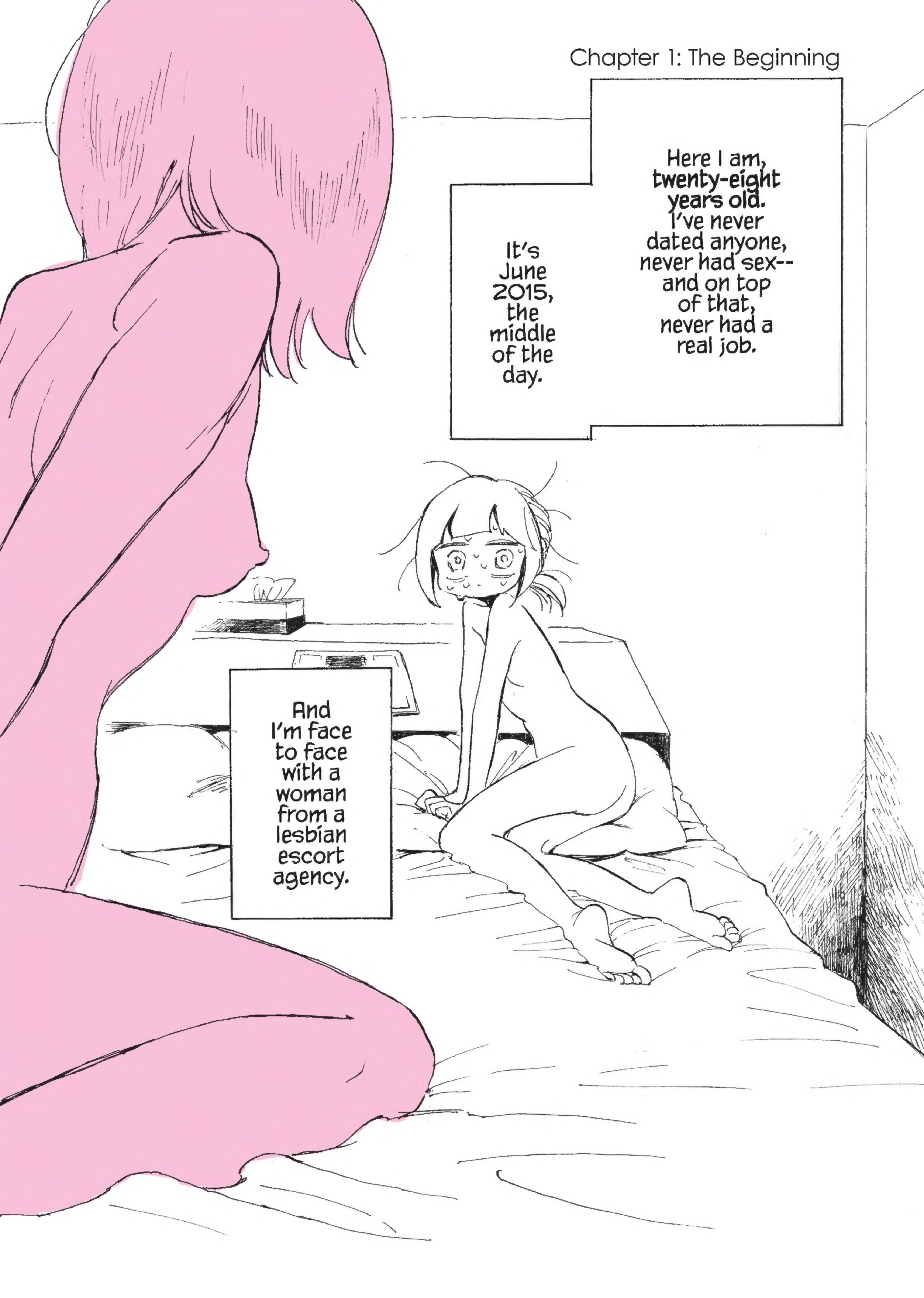


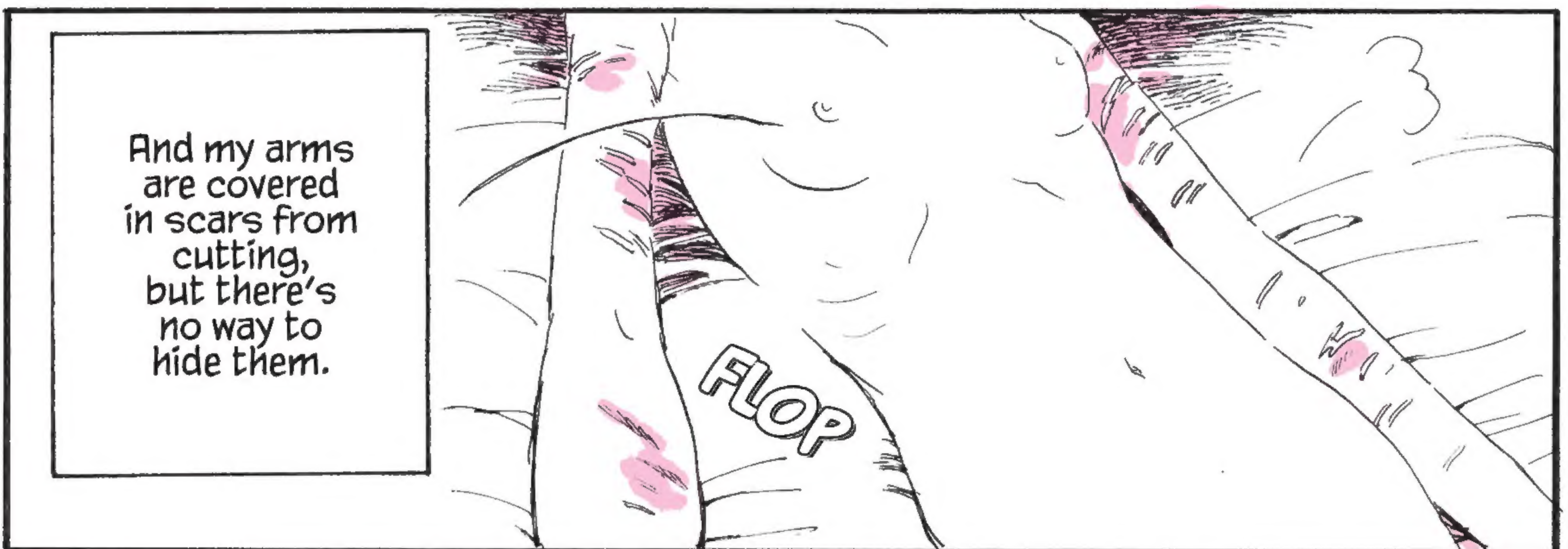
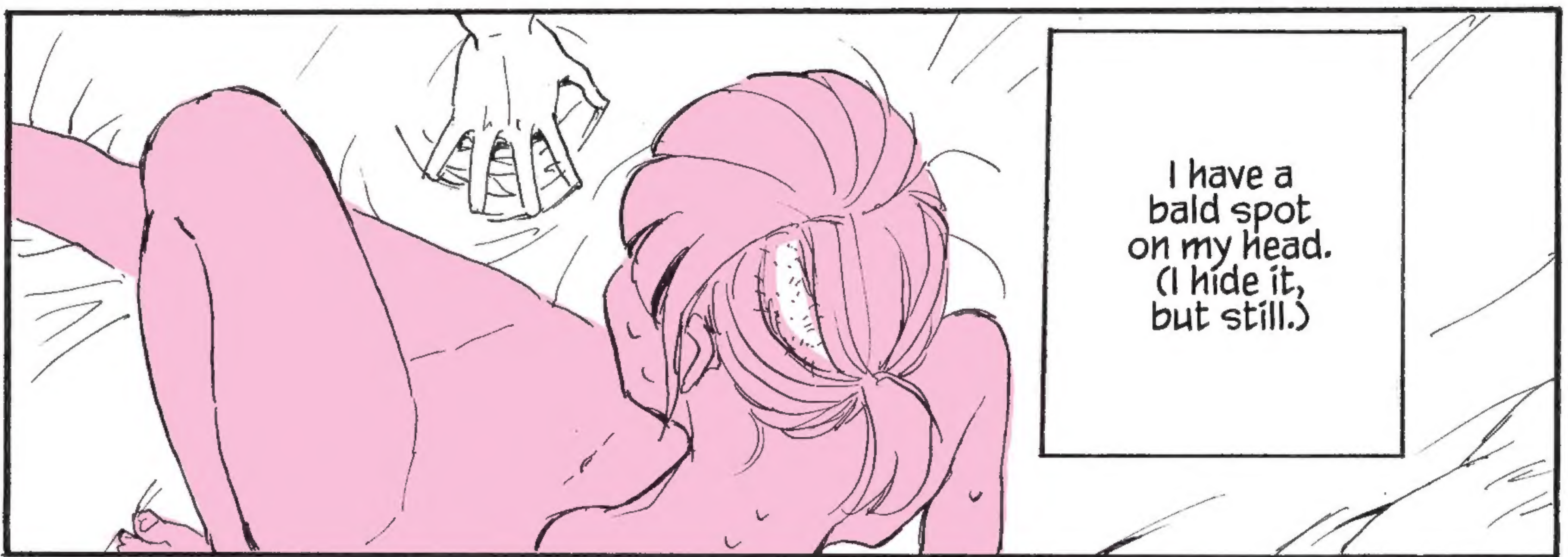
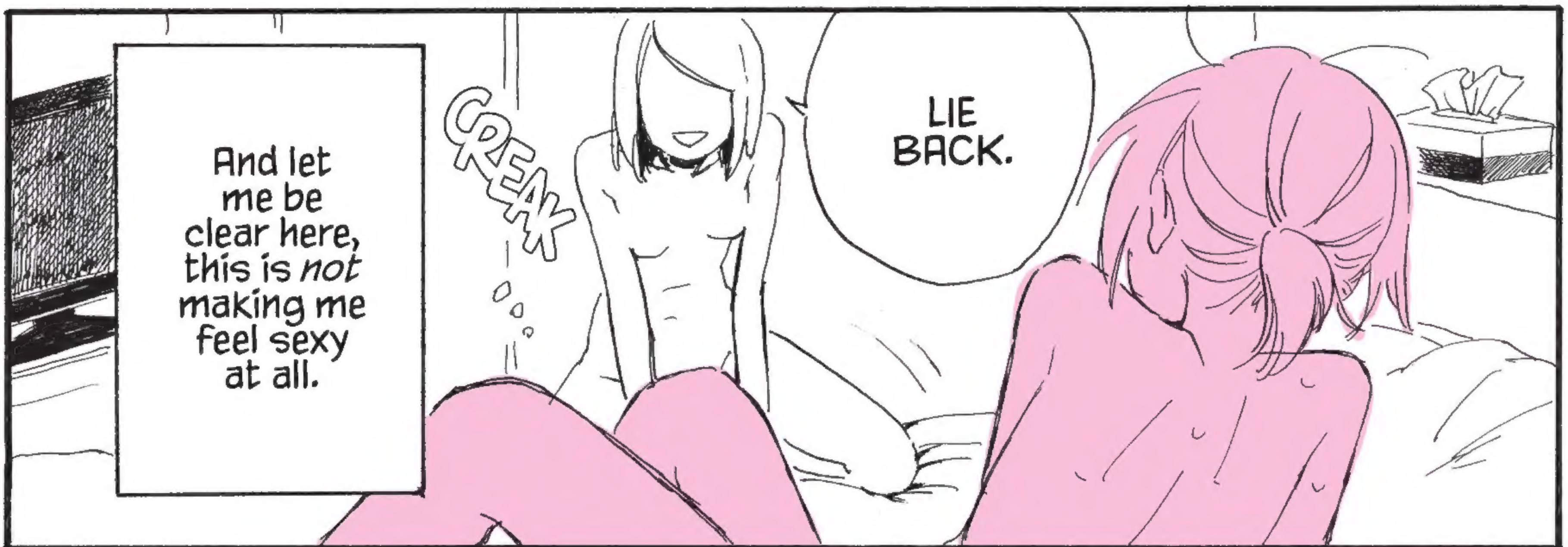
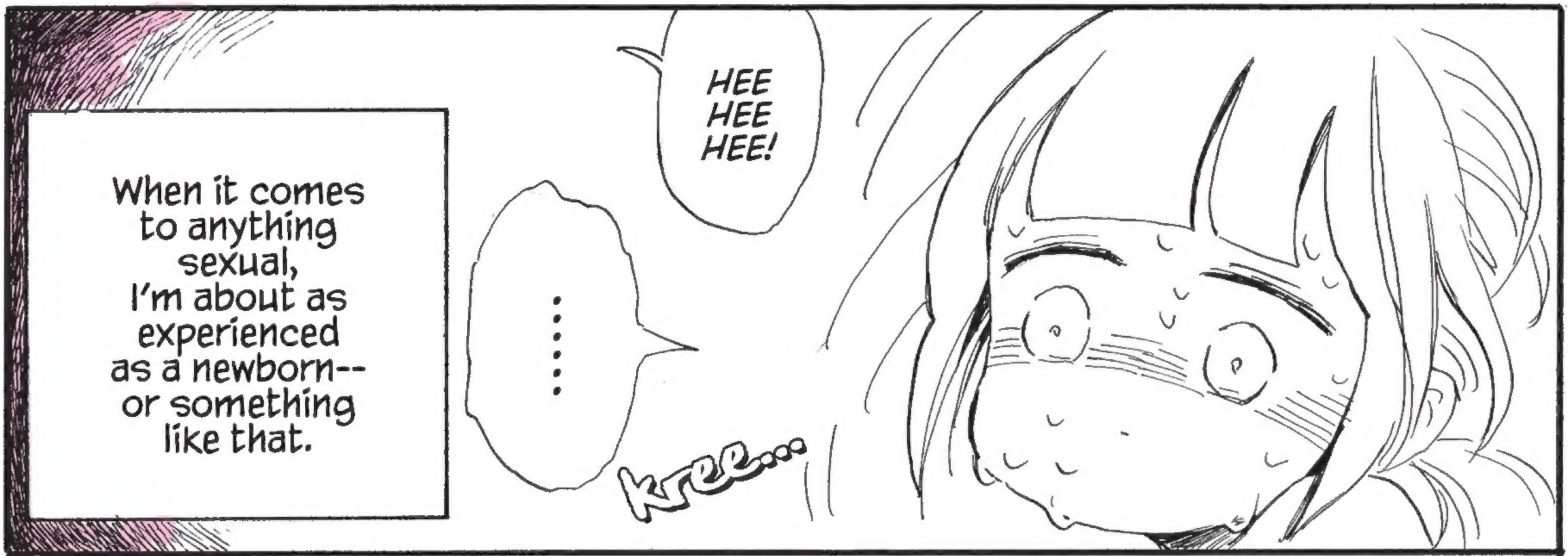
Chapter 1: The Beginning

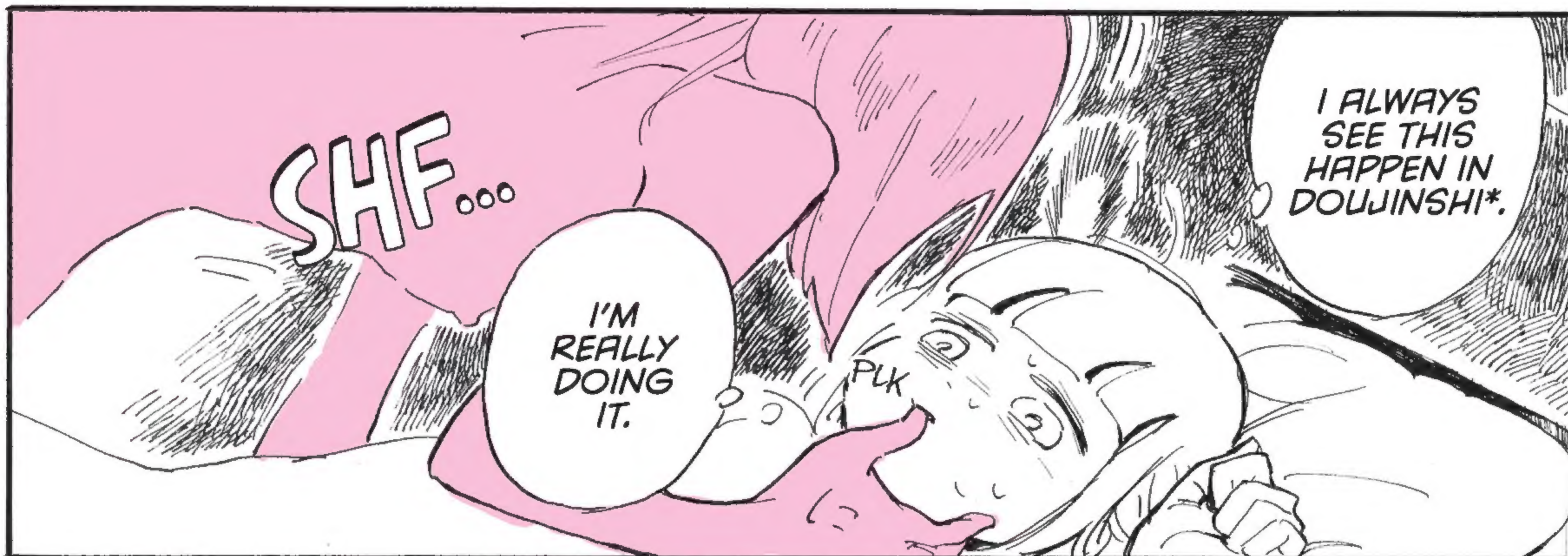
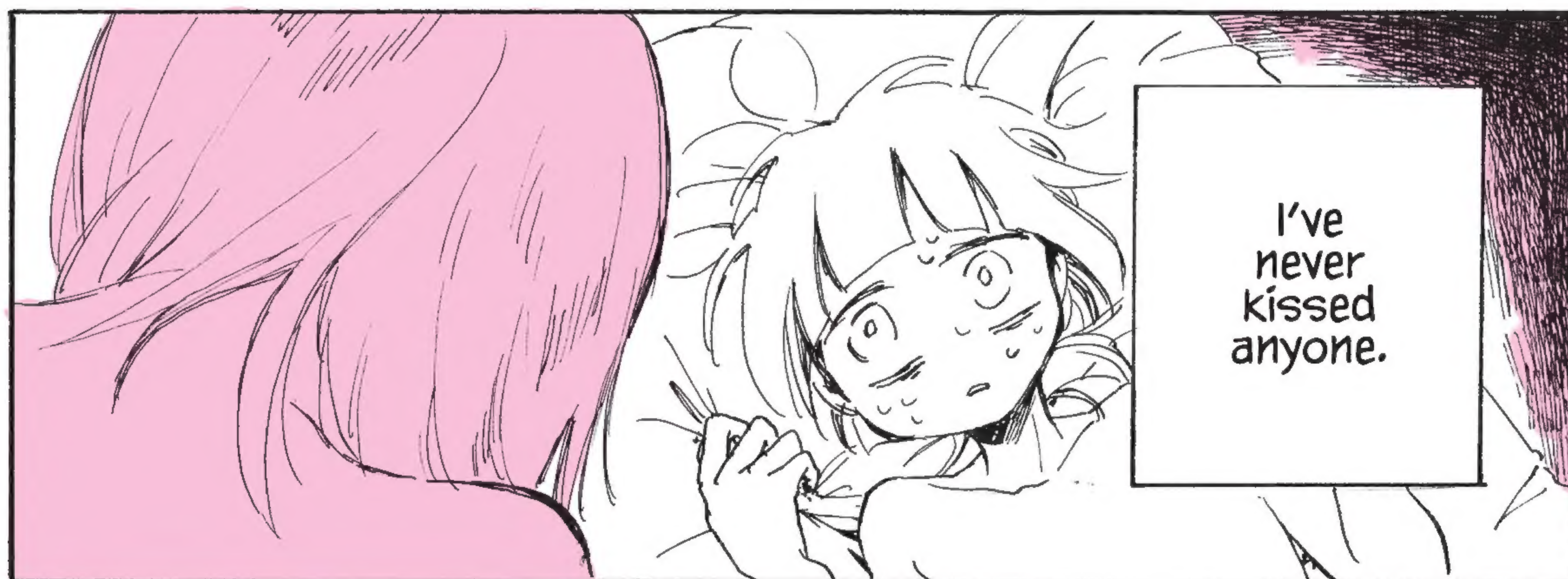
Here I am,
twenty-eight
years old.
I've never
dated anyone,
never had sex--
and on top
of that,
never had a
real job.

It's
June
2015,
the
middle
of the
day.

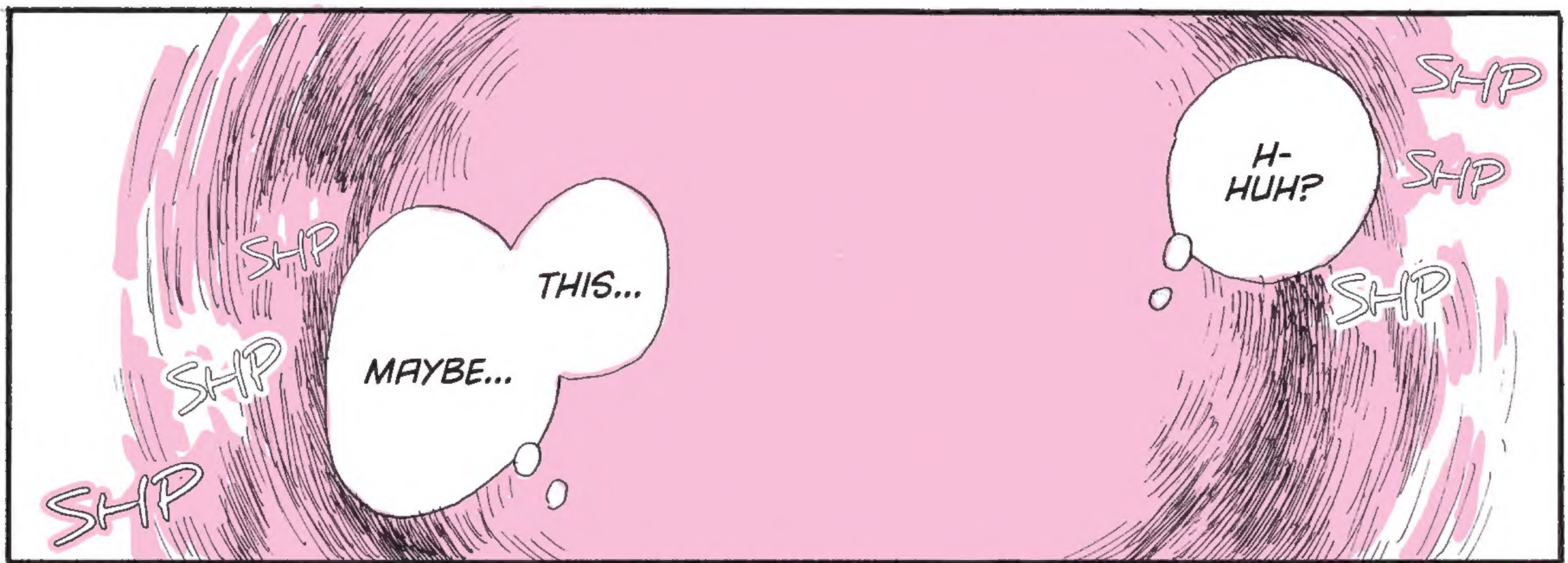
And
I'm face
to face
with a
woman
from a
lesbian
escort
agency.







*Doujinshi are creator-owned comics and books, similar to fanzines--but generally much more professionally printed, thanks to a proliferation of cheap printing services in Japan. The word is used by English audiences almost exclusively for fancomics, often with a romantic or sexual take on an existing series.



It's a story ten years in the making.

In order to be a grown-up, I was after some sort of "sweet nectar" that's supposed to come with adulthood.

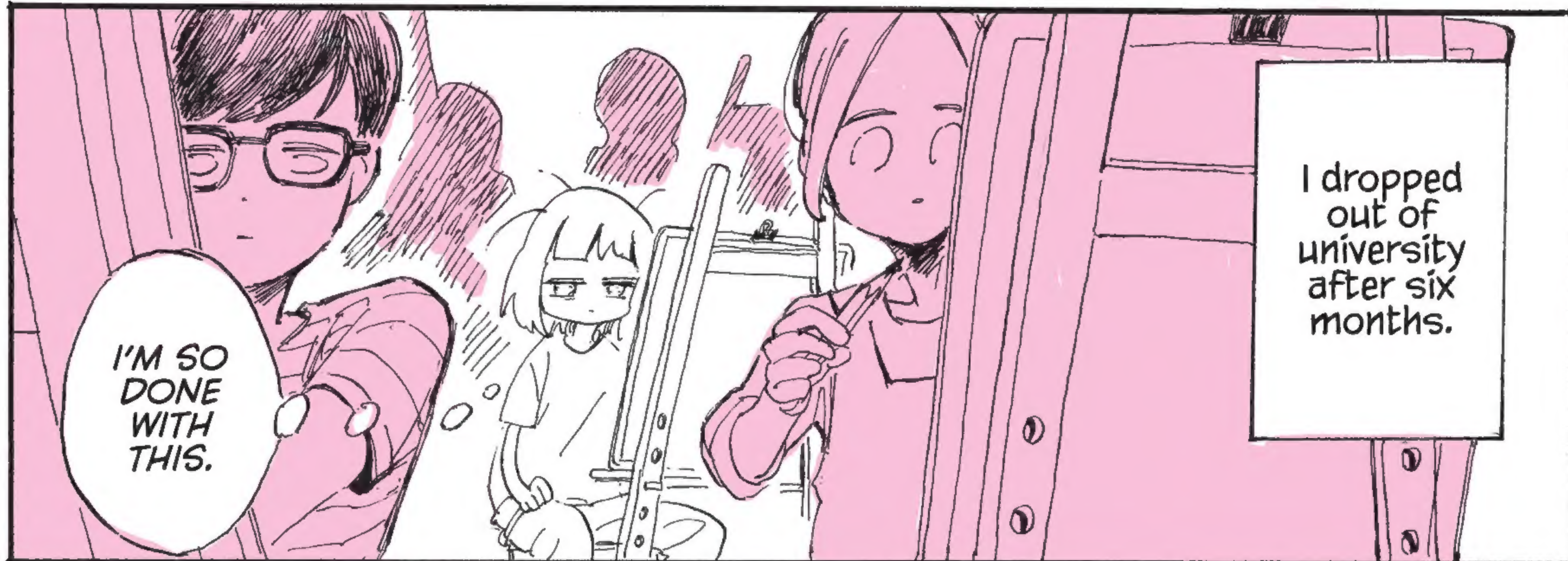
In order to live as myself...

And how did it go?

Why did I suddenly muster up the courage to call an escort agency?

...a
decade
ago.

I remember
when this
suffering
began...





LOOKING
FOR
PART-TIME
HELP.

HELLO?
I SAW
YOUR
HELP
WANTED
AD...

Knowing I
didn't belong
anywhere--
that I had
nowhere to go
every day--
made me
extremely
anxious.



I lost the
things that
had given
me shape,
and as they
disappeared,
I felt like I was
dissolving
into thin air.

crumble
crumble...

UNIVERSITY
STUDENT
WESTERN
STYLE

HIGH
SCHOOL
STUDENT
CREATOR
XX-WESTERN
CHAN'S STYLE
FRIEND PAINT-
ER

I thought
that
belonging
somewhere,
having
somewhere
to go
every day
= me.



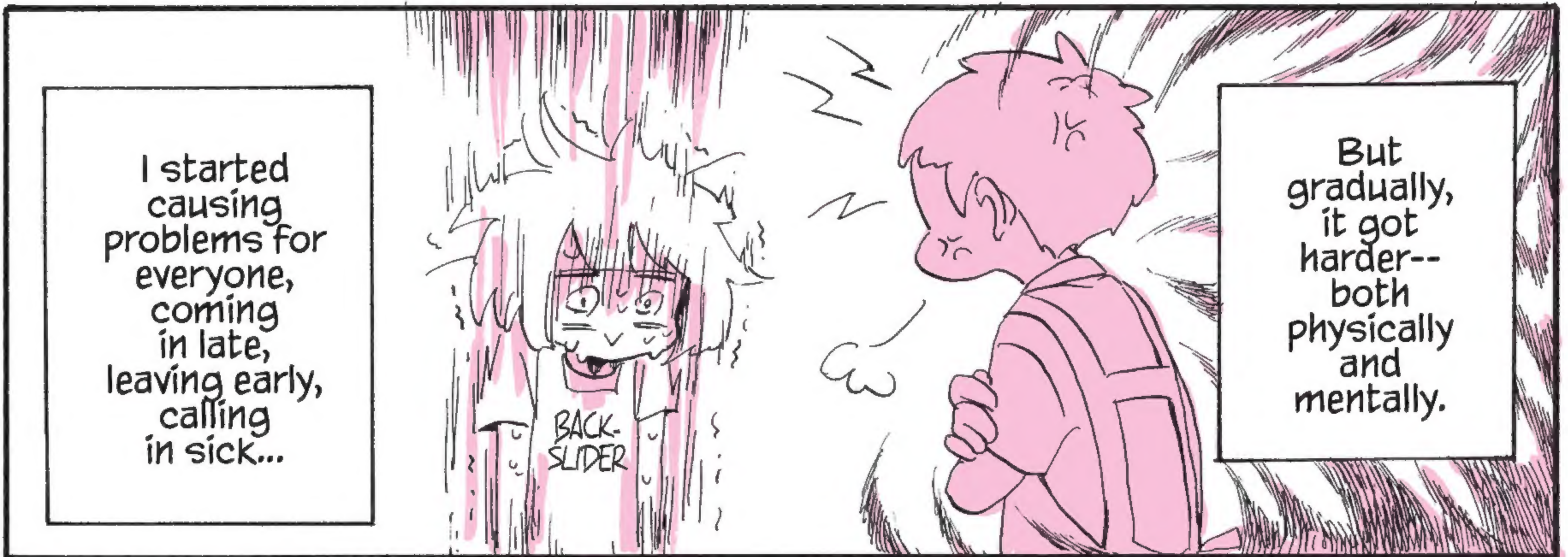
Fortunately,
everyone
there was
really
great.

I found a
part-time
job, six
days
a week.



I thought
that would
make me
happy,
that
everything
would get
better...

I thought
it would
be nice if
we could
be like a
family.



I started causing problems for everyone, coming in late, leaving early, calling in sick...

But gradually, it got harder-- both physically and mentally.



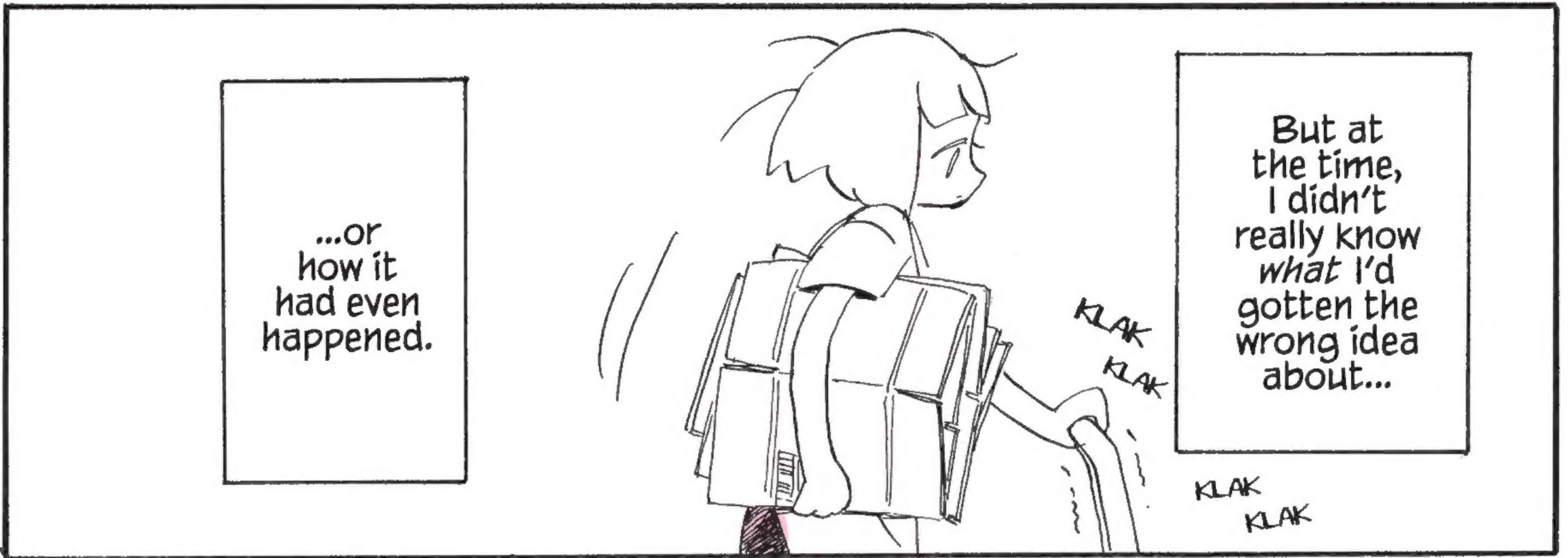
IF YOU DON'T MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL, YOU CAN'T STAY HERE.

THIS ISN'T SCHOOL.



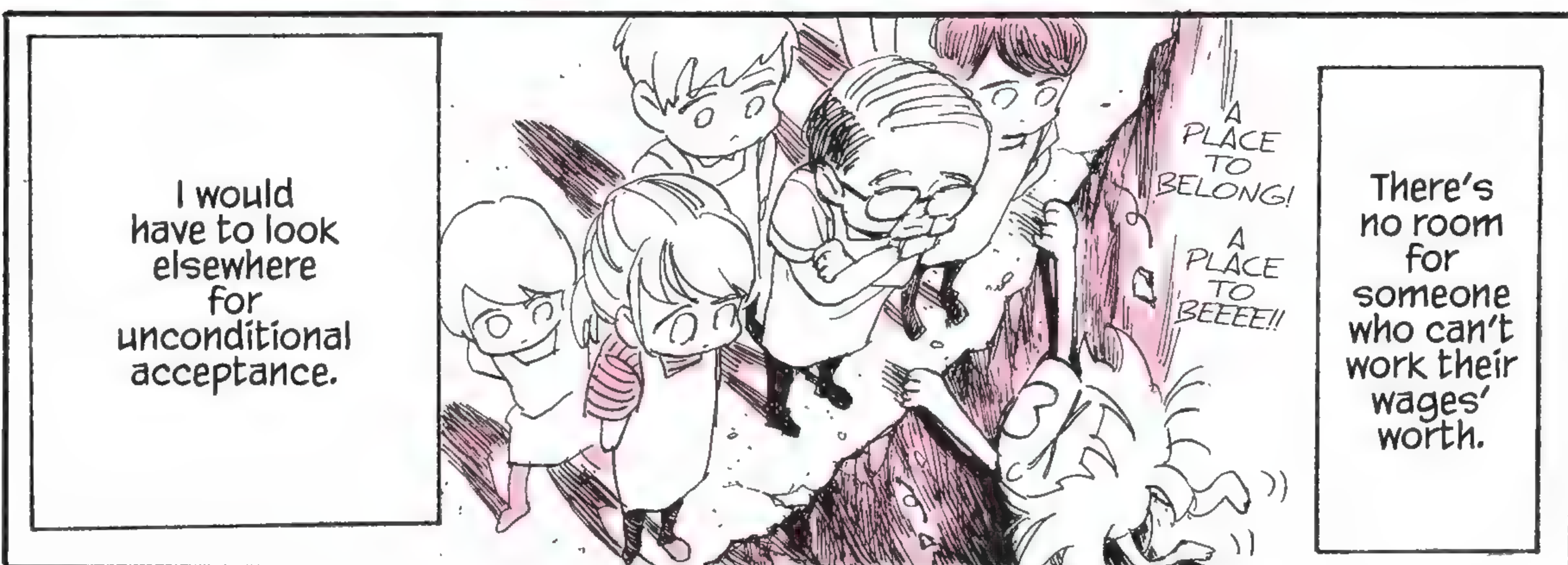
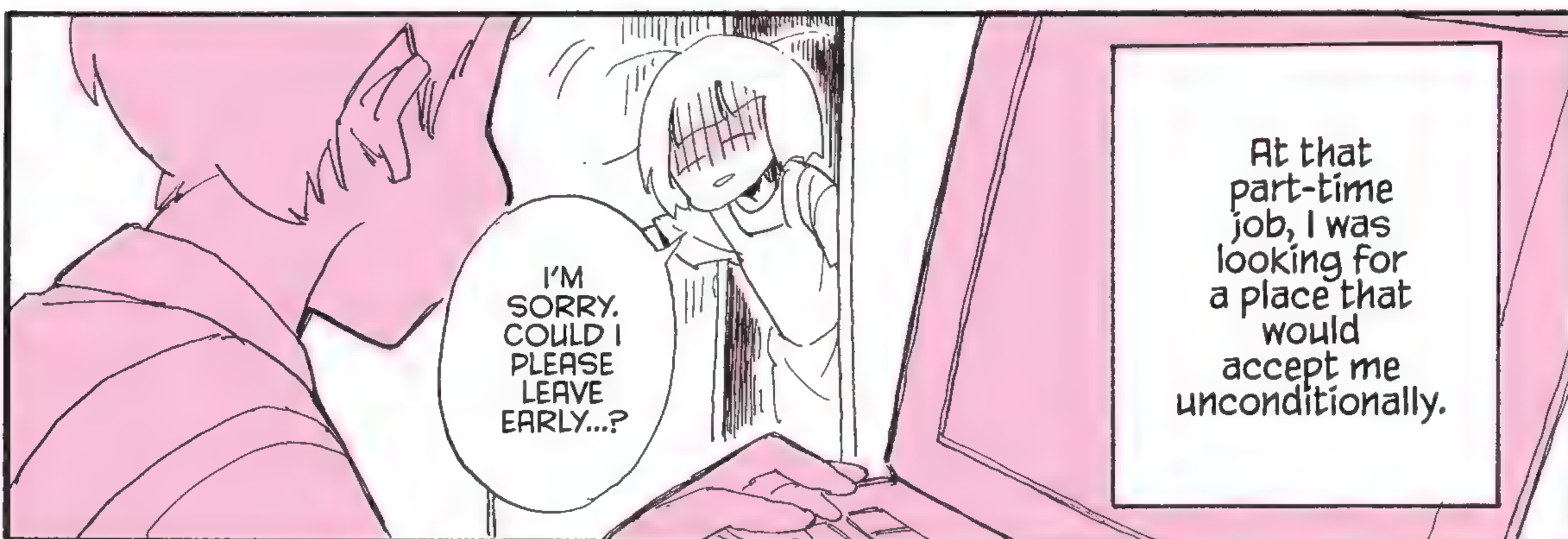
I GUESS I GOT THE WRONG IDEA SOMEHOW.

AAH.



...or how it had even happened.

But at the time, I didn't really know what I'd gotten the wrong idea about...



I didn't feel hungry, and I didn't think I deserved to eat.

THE SHAPE OF MY LEGS WAS DISTURBING.



Incidentally, I'm 167cm tall, but at the time, I weighed 38kg.

(5'6", 84lbs.)

I still have these thoughts, and I'm sure there are some I haven't noticed yet.



IF I BOUGHT CAKE...



I'D DEFINITELY PAY FOR IT.



(UNDER 20)

I DIDN'T DESERVE TO DRINK ALCOHOL.

Others in the "I don't deserve to XX or I will seriously pay for it" series include...

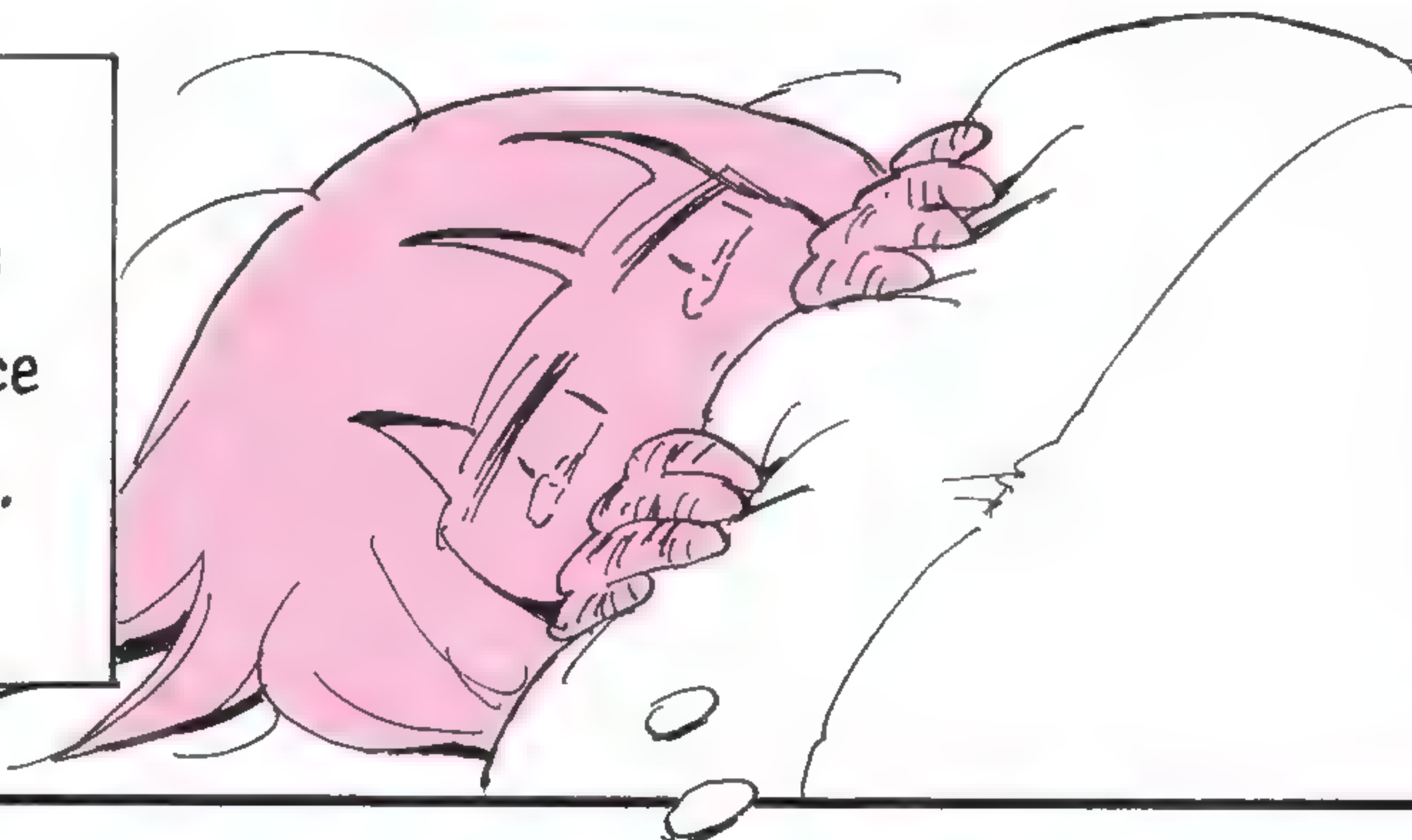
I was twice as sensitive to the cold as a normal person, and when I did eat, I'd sometimes end up feeling sick.



At the time, my skin was a mess and my cuts basically never healed. I got low-temperature burns at the drop of a hat.

But I was happy to be falling apart.

And then
I could
find a place
where I
belonged.



Getting hurt
absolved me
of something.
I thought it
would lower
the bar for
other people
to accept me...

...the
welcoming
kindness
of a
hospital
bed.



But I still
wasn't
anywhere
close to...

And I
totally
got it.

"BUT IT'S
EASY TO
UNDERSTAND
THE PAIN WHEN
IT'S MY BODY
THAT'S BEING
HURT.
IT CALMS ME
DOWN."

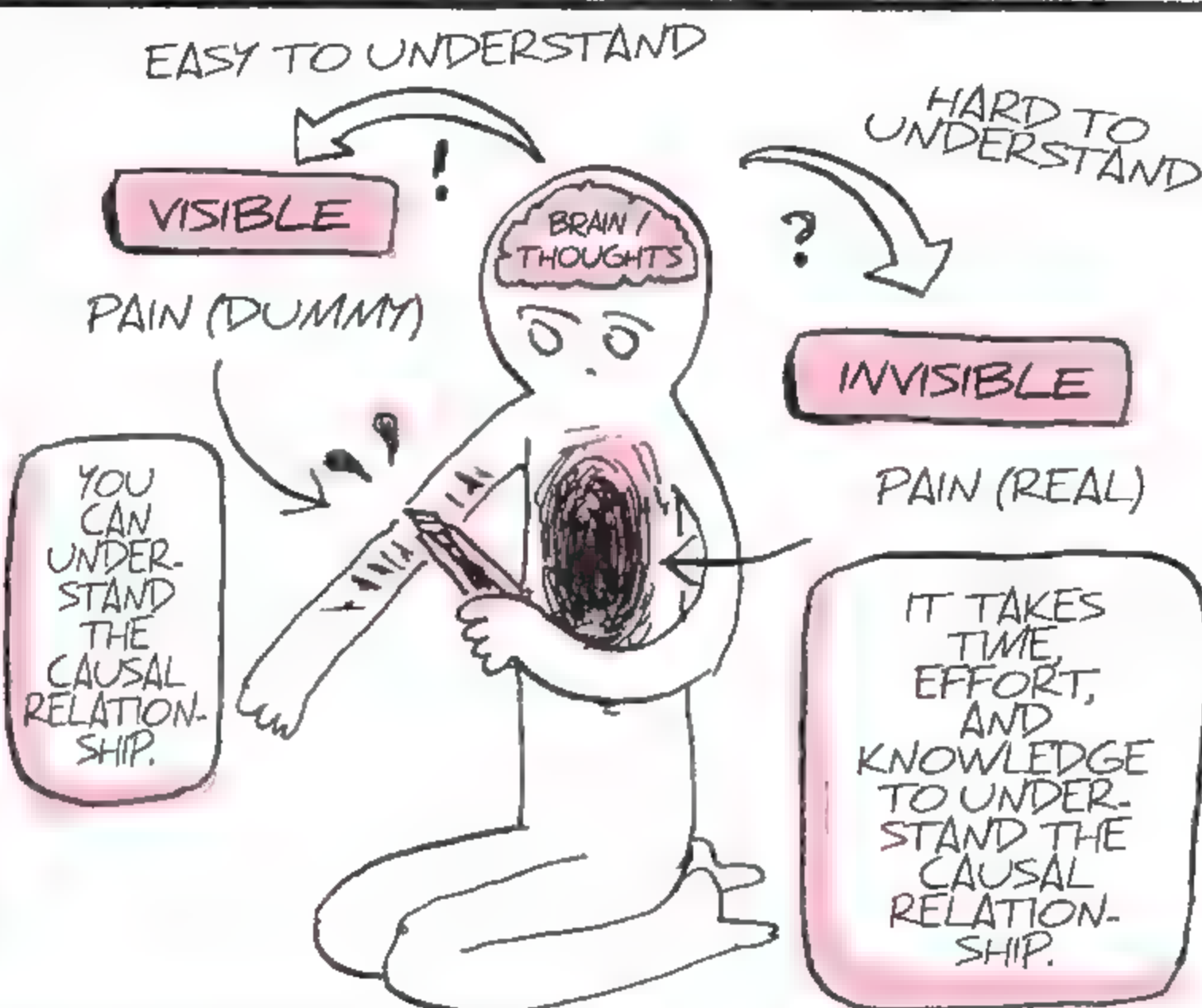


"I DON'T
REALLY
UNDERSTAND
THE PAIN IN MY
HEART. IT
DOESN'T HAVE
ANY REAL
FORM."

I read
about a
person
who
hurt
herself.
She
said...

Years
later...

You can
see it;
the cause is
very clear.
Creating and
seeing the
dummy pain
calms you down.
You feel better
right away.



Putting the
invisible pain
in my heart into
words was a
process that
took time and
effort, and
more than
that...



I think it was a natural reaction from my body's starvation switch being flipped.

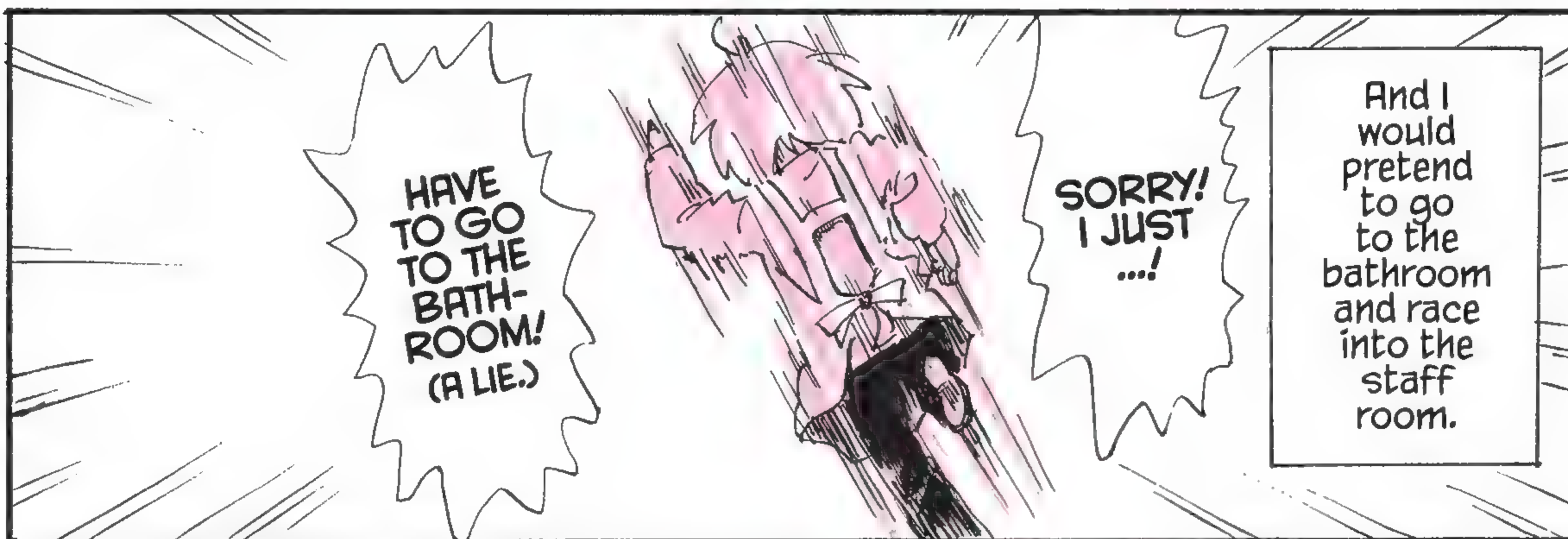
Eventually, I did a one-eighty from not eating at all, and started overeating.



So then, what did I do? I gritted my teeth.

But I had no choice in the matter. A desire to eat would suddenly take over my brain, so powerful that it almost drove me mad. I could do nothing in that state of binge eating, which was a serious problem.

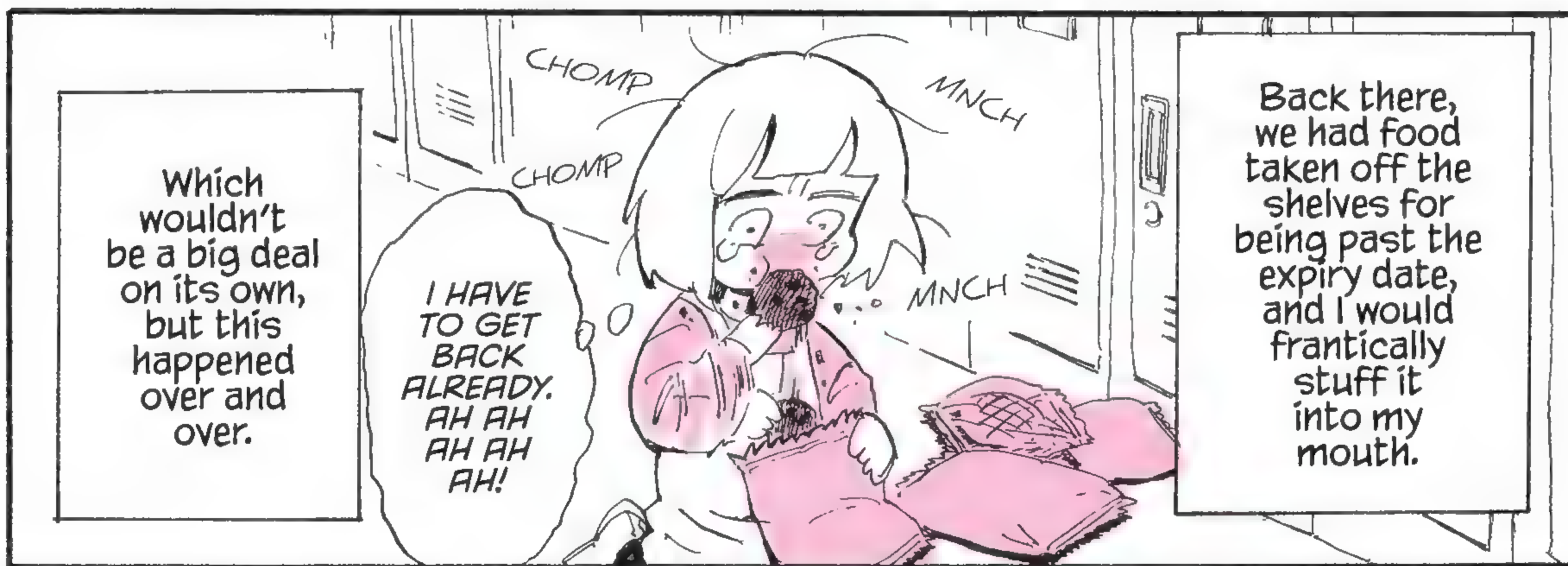
I COULDN'T LEAVE THE REGISTER.



HAVE TO GO TO THE BATH-ROOM! (A LIE.)

SORRY! I JUST ...!

And I would pretend to go to the bathroom and race into the staff room.



Which wouldn't be a big deal on its own, but this happened over and over.

I HAVE TO GET BACK ALREADY. AH AH AH AH!

Back there, we had food taken off the shelves for being past the expiry date, and I would frantically stuff it into my mouth.



When there was only instant ramen...

Sometimes...



(THEY TASTED LIKE NOTHING.)

I'd just bite into them.

And I didn't have the time to add hot water and wait three minutes (I was already in the middle of a shift)...



...and if I sprinkled the soup powder on them, it just fell through the cracks and didn't stick at all.

The non-fried noodles are particularly hard, so they'd be speckled with my blood.



Bread and cookies were easy to eat, but I'd end up feeling really sick later.

I was sure that if anyone saw me, they'd think I was possessed or something.



Finally, I kept a supply of yam cakes in my locker.

So my position there gradually got worse.



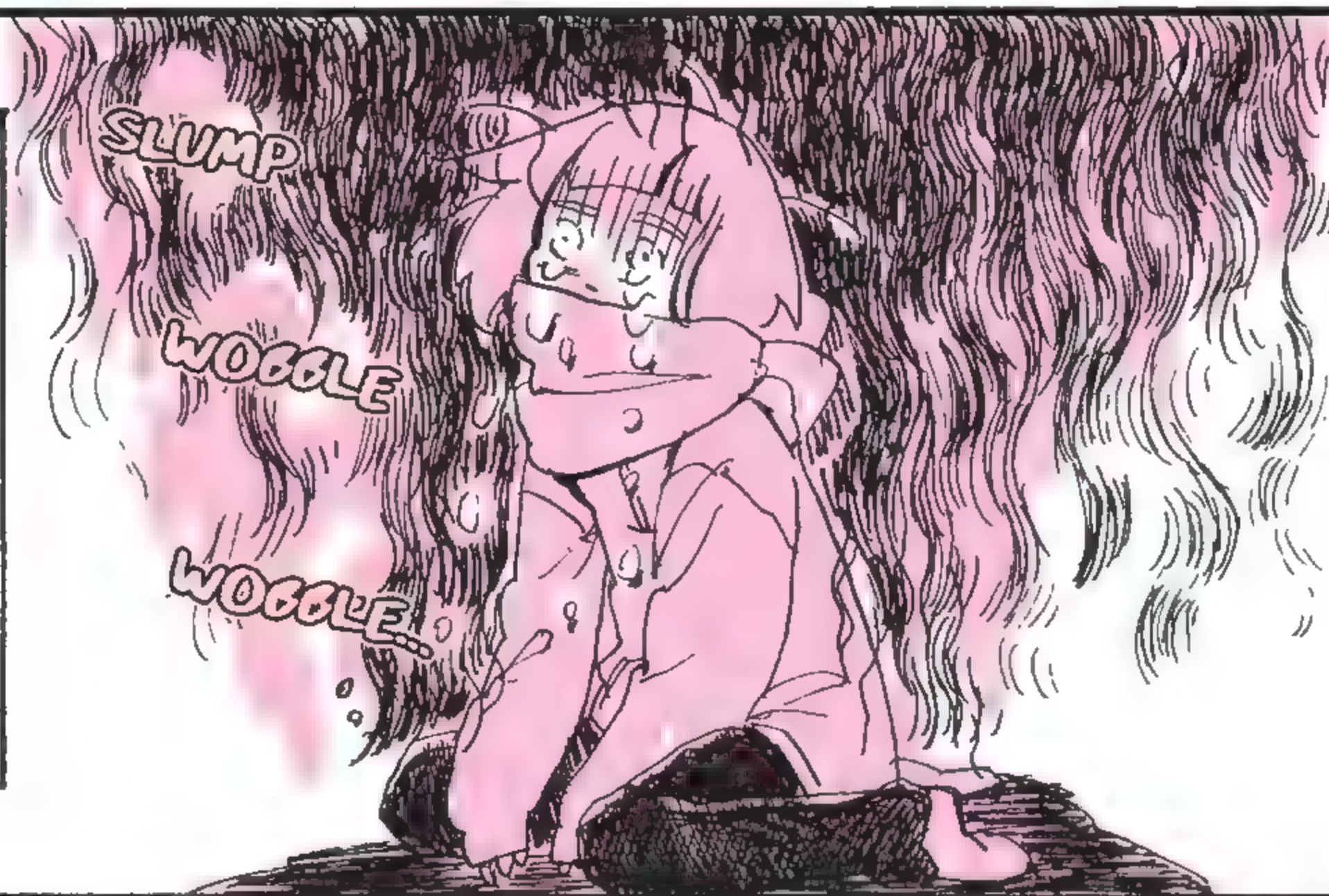
In my experience, you can try to do things like this on the sly, but people can basically tell.

My memories from that time probably fuel that.

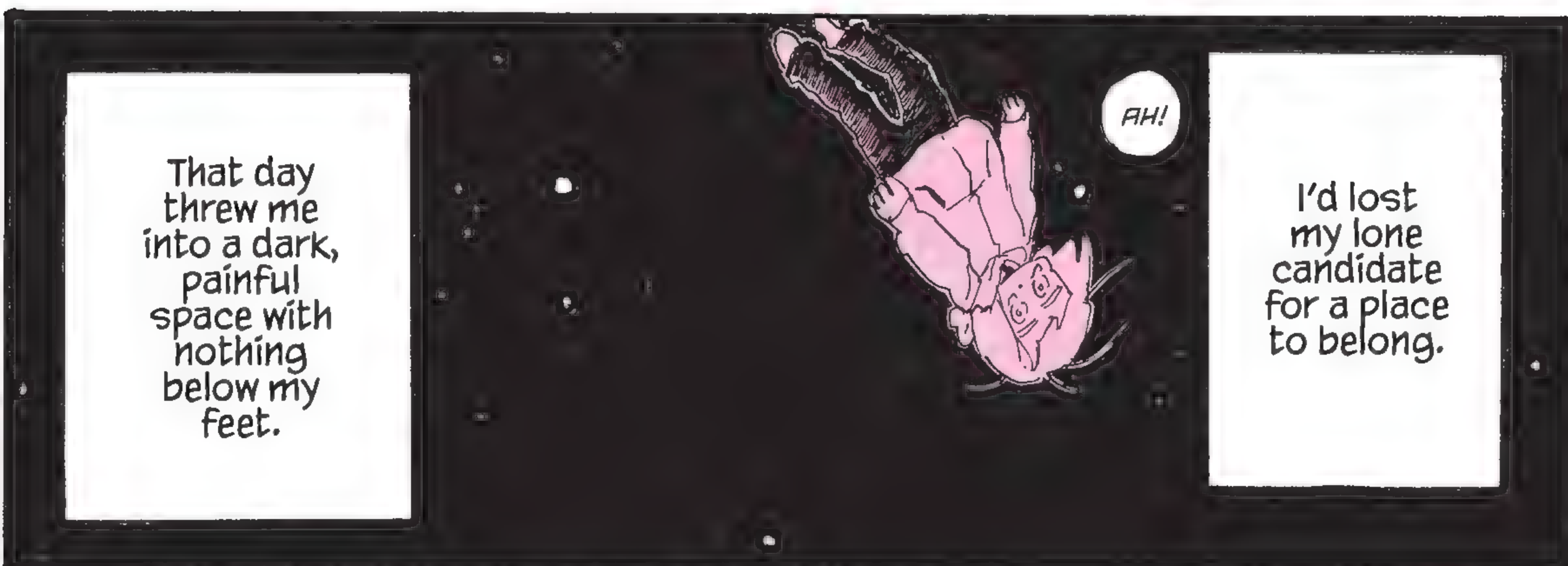
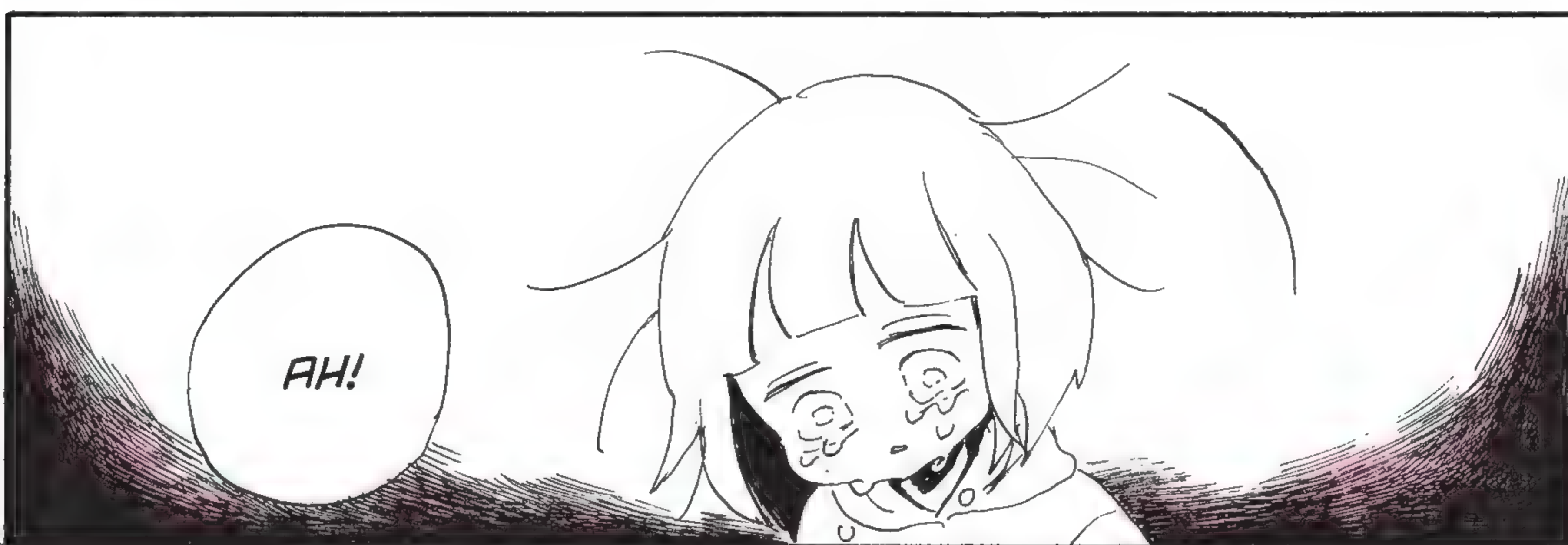
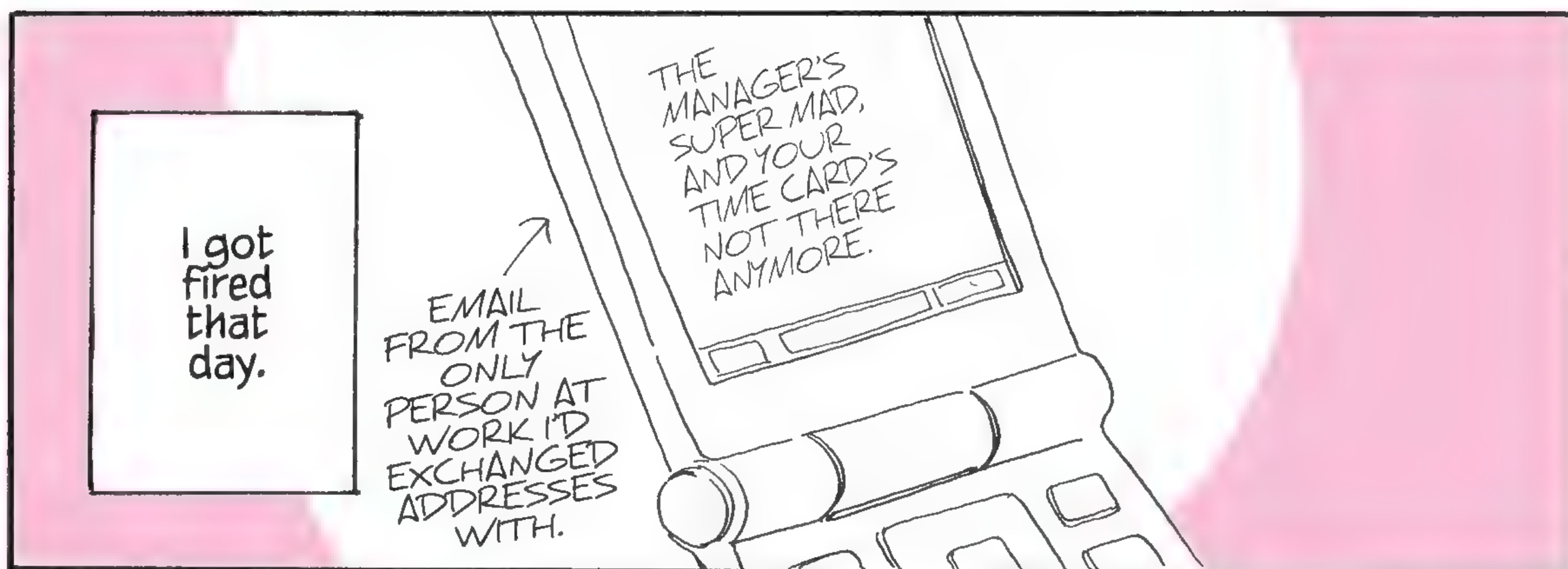


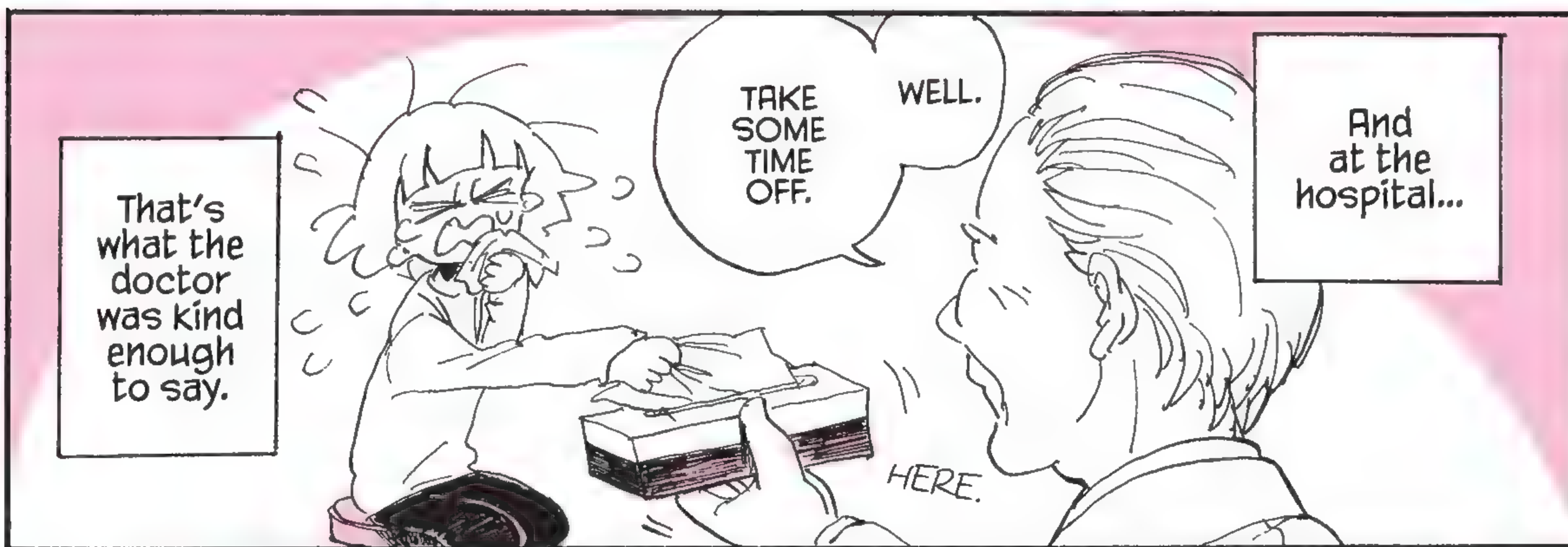
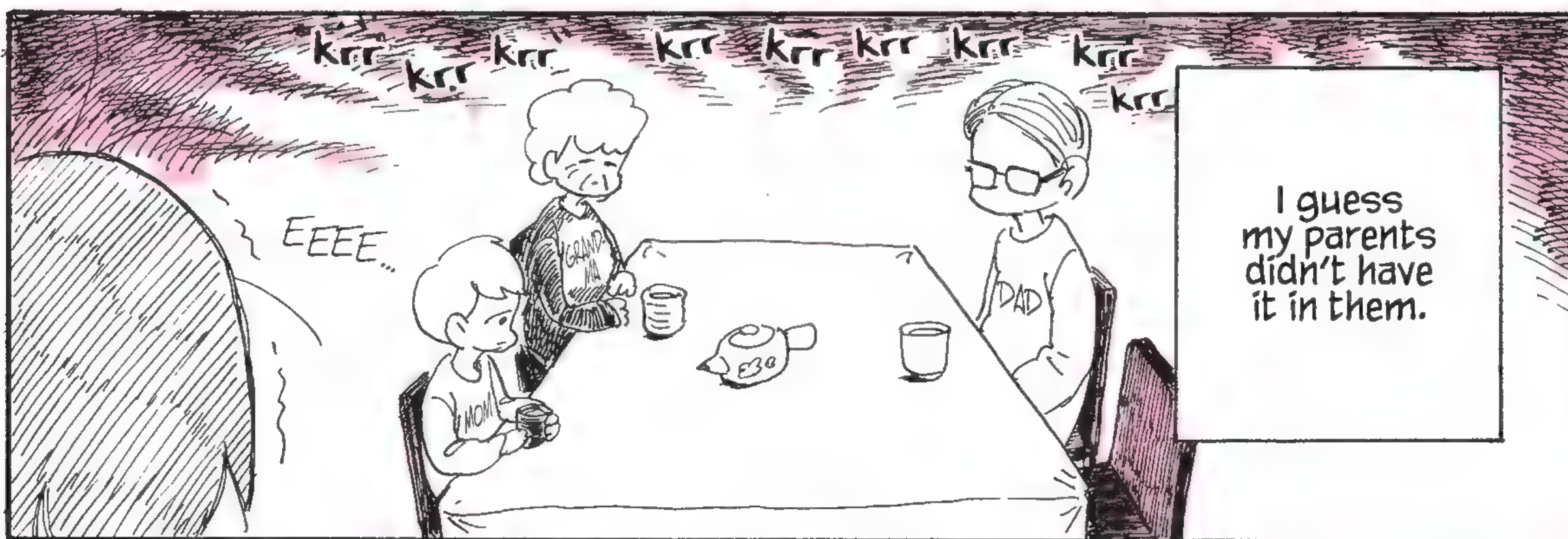
Even now, ten years later, I'm still held prisoner by the thought of what I'll do if I desperately want to run away, but can't leave my post.

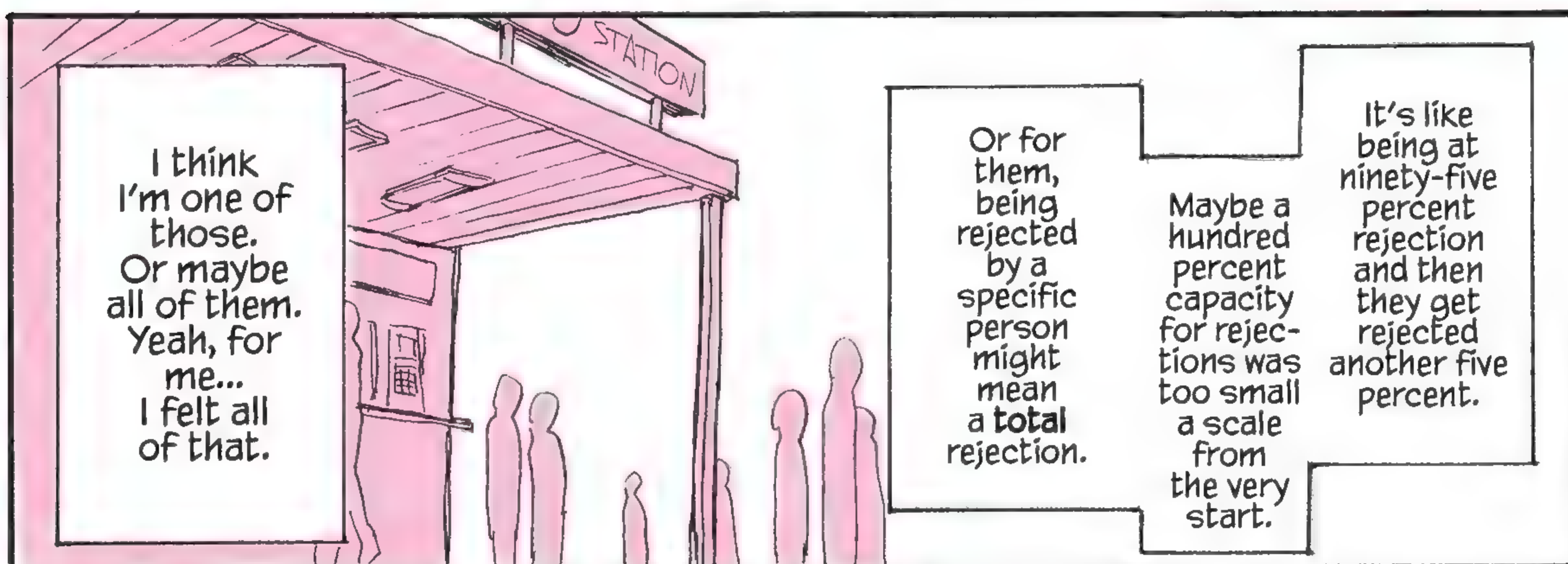
I tried to go to work and collapsed in the hallway of my house. I couldn't move.

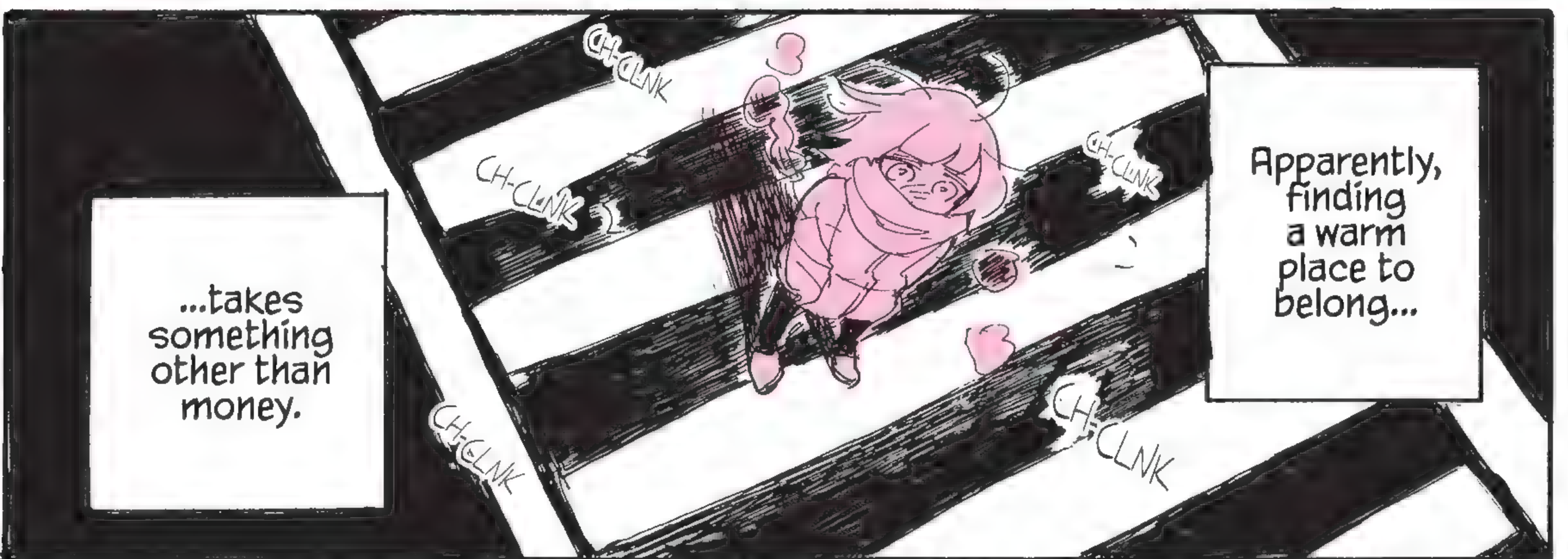


One cold morning, after six months of this...









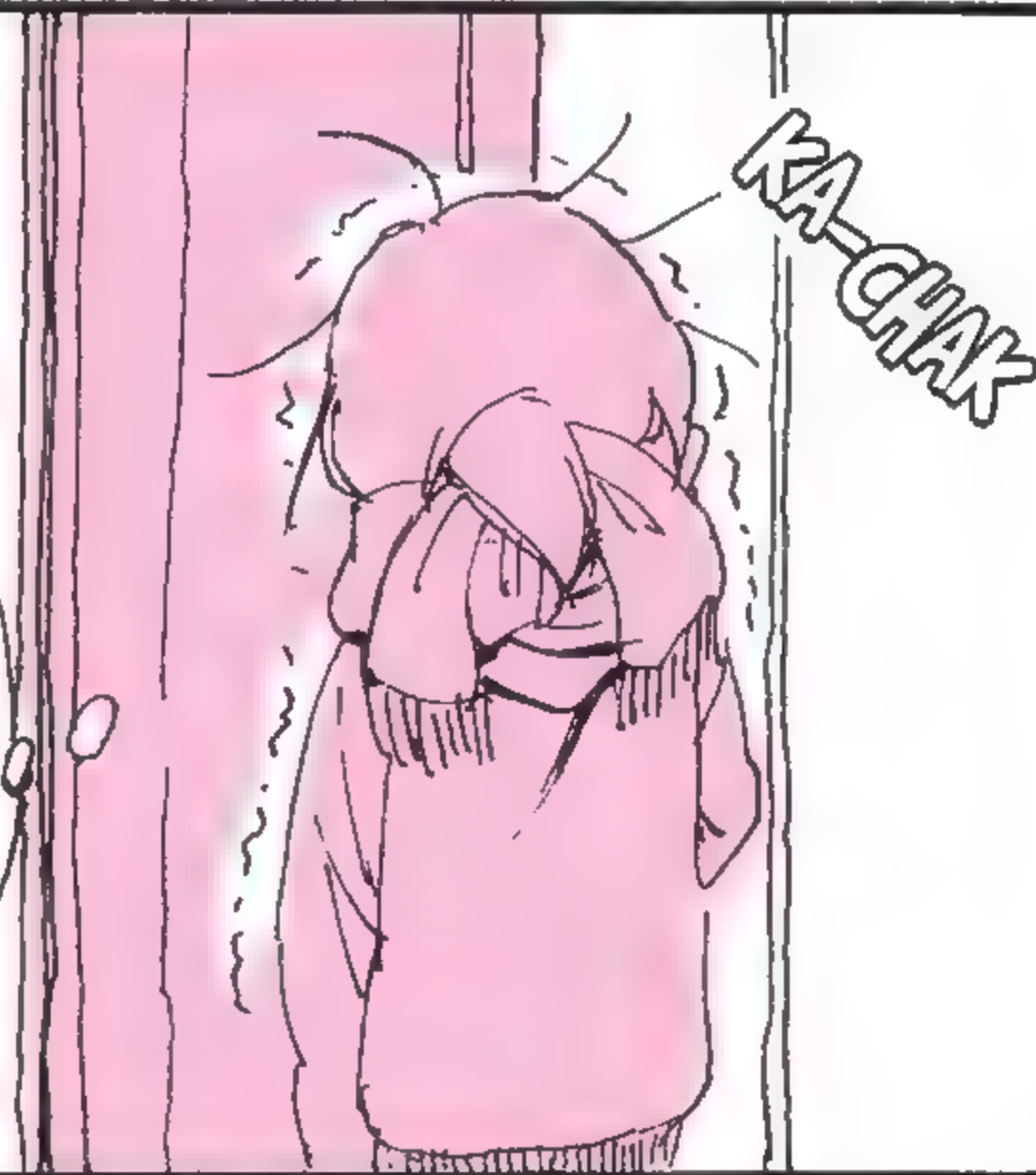
...was also required to enjoy food, to keep yourself neat and tidy, and to mutually respect people. But at the time, I didn't know that.



Several years later, I realized that this "something" other than money...

So eventually, I went home.

WHAT IS THIS...?



I ran out of the house because I'd had all I could take from my parents. But I actually had no choice but to rely on them.



It was pathetic. I hadn't thought I was so helpless. I was disappointed in myself.

I had that thought dozens of times over the next several years.

KEEP DOING THIS WITH YOU...

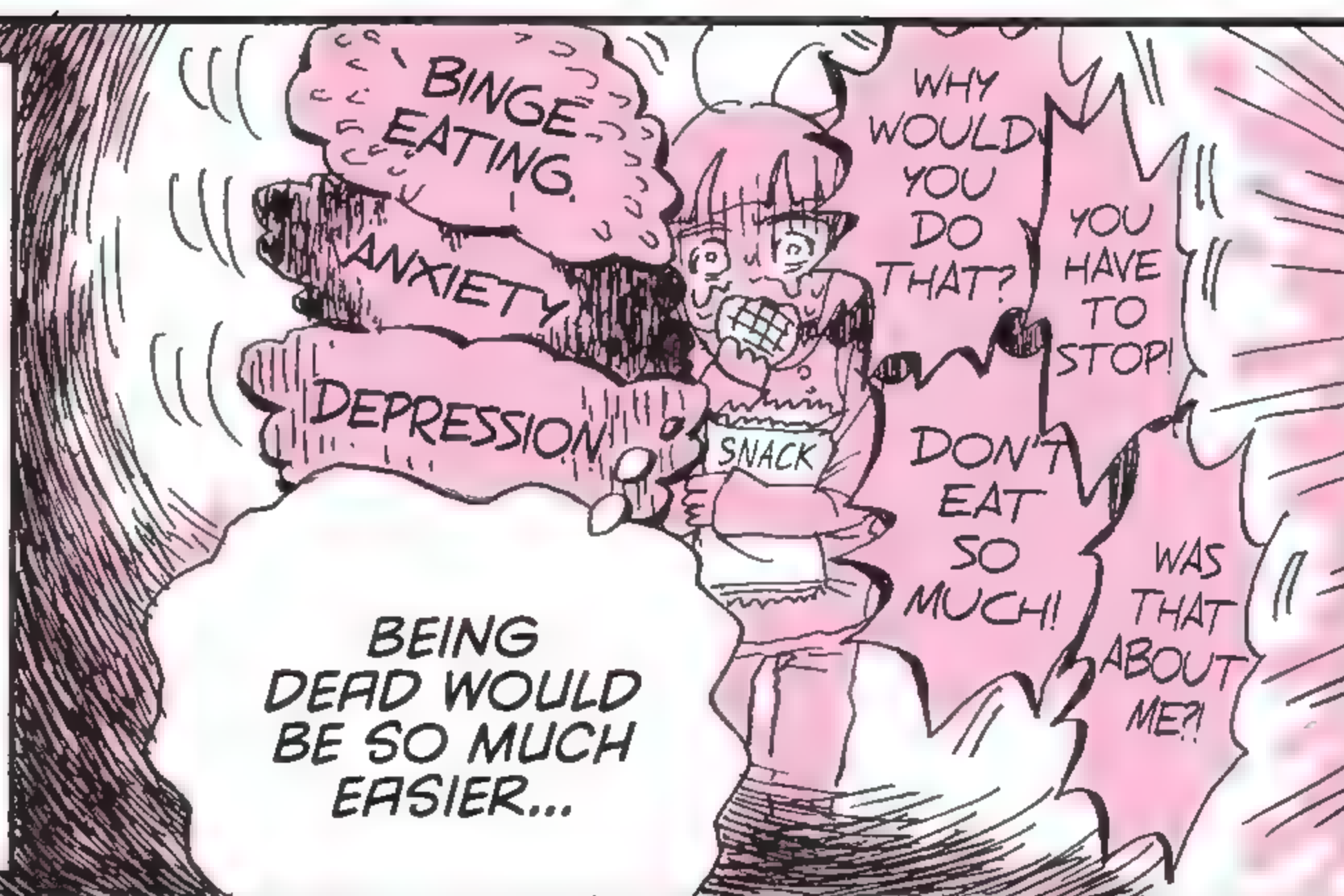
I JUST CAN'T...

IT'S TOO HARD.



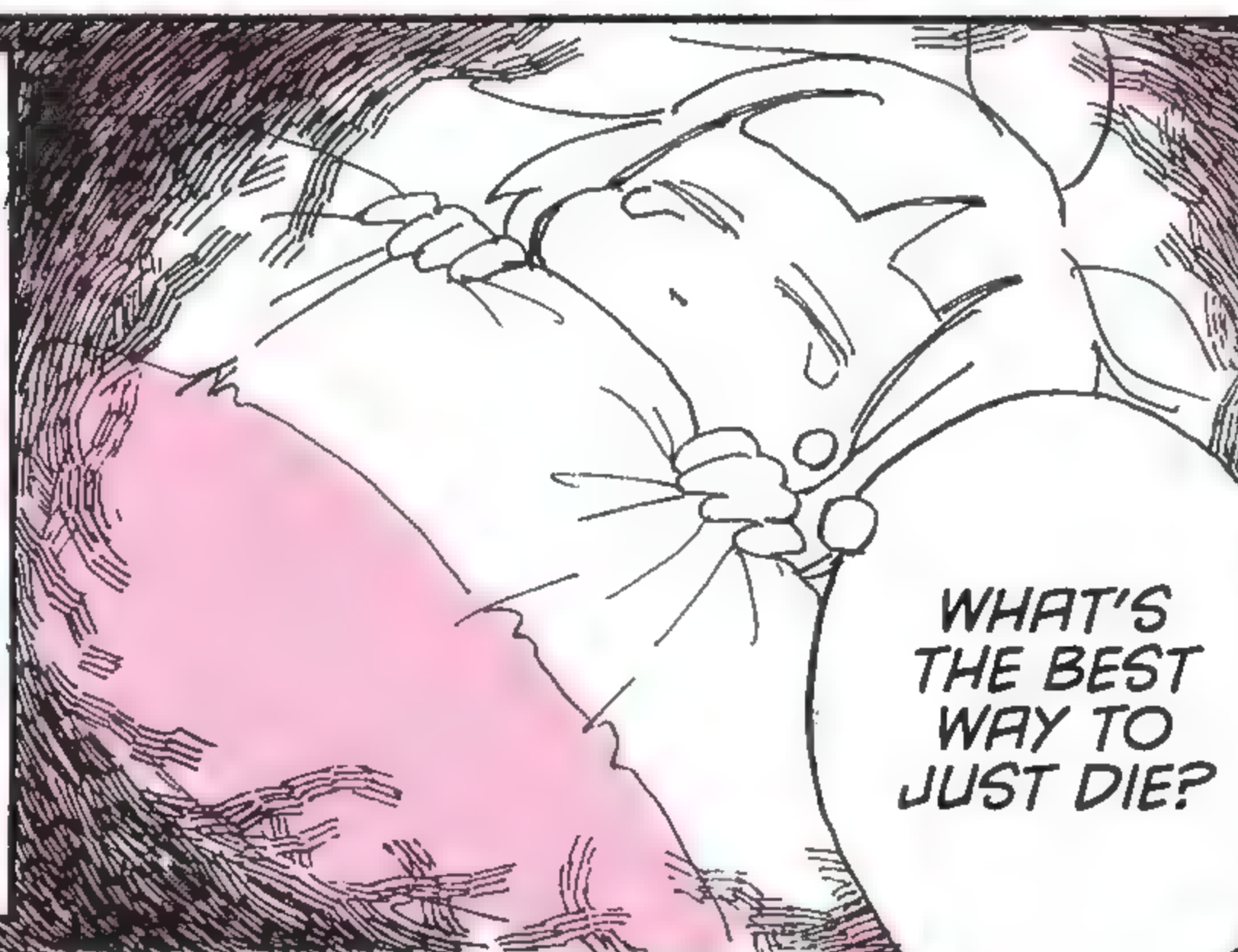
"I've finally reached the limit; I can't be any more disappointed in myself."

I always think it must be tough for people recuperating at home, too.



Whatever a binger looks like on the outside, they're seriously suffering on the inside.

But I'd think about the many merits of being dead over being alive...



Each and every day was hard. Twenty-four hours without a moment of respite. No matter how I looked at it, dying was an easier option.

...and it was surprisingly aggravating.

GRARI!

GOD-DAMMIT !!!

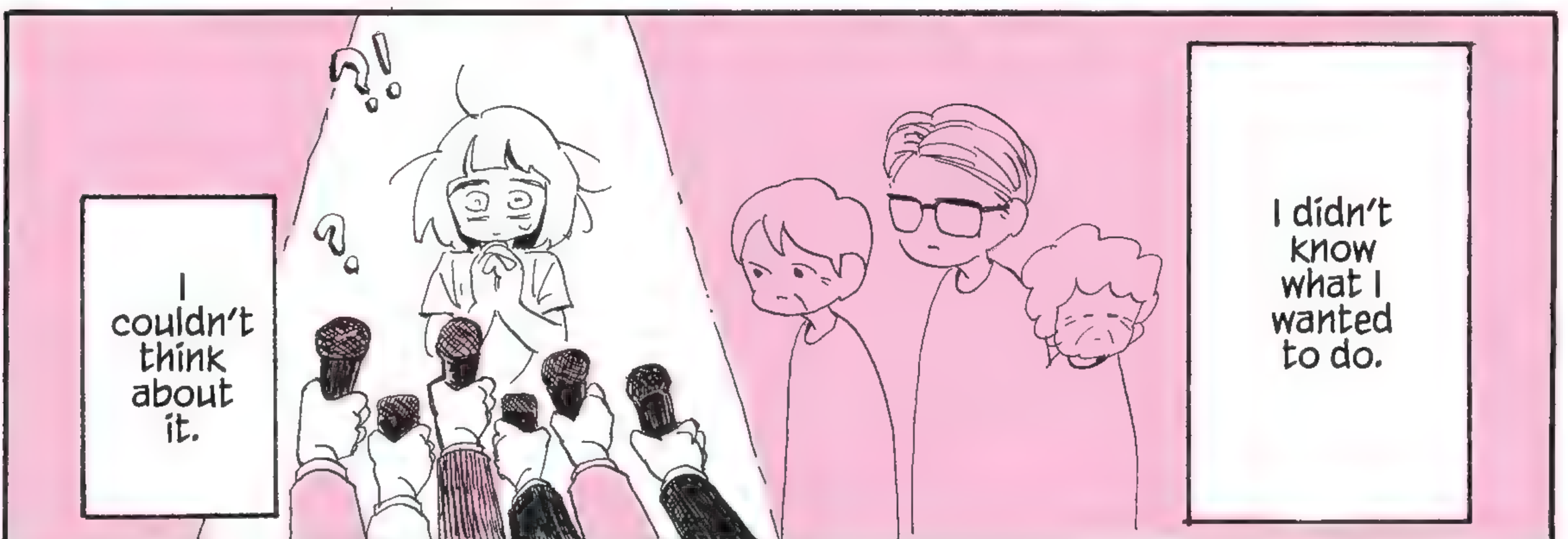
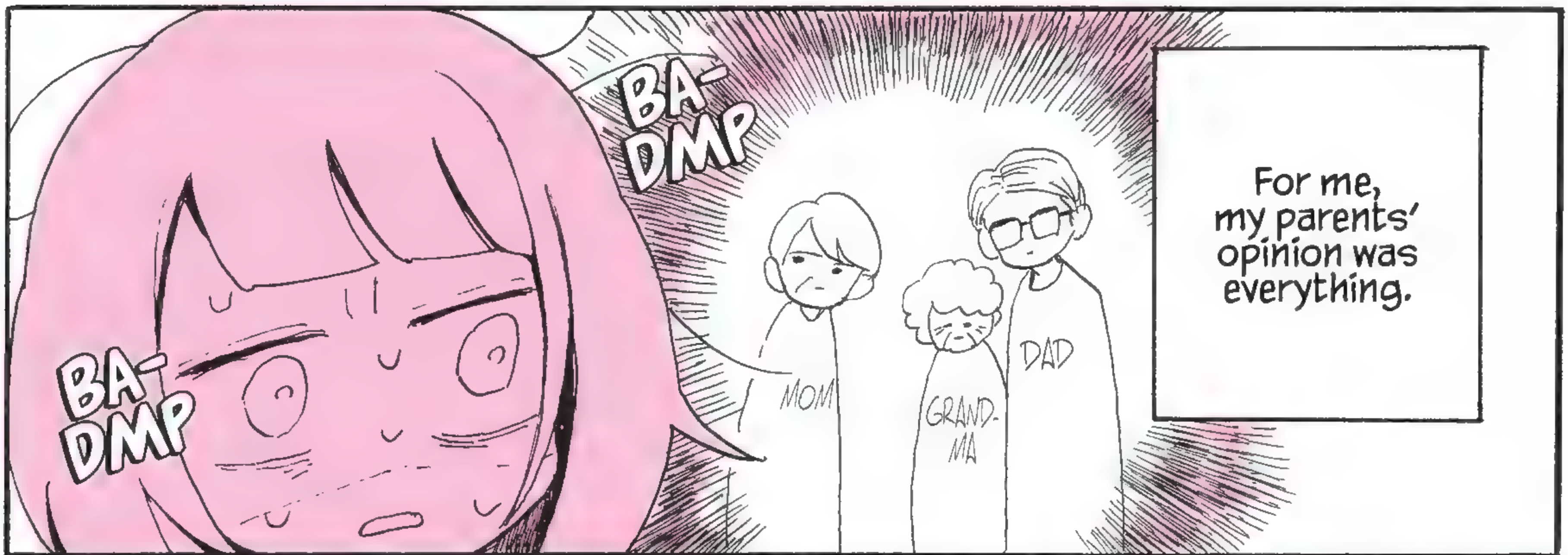
I'LL CLAW MY WAY OUT OF BED WITH MY LAST DYING BREATH!

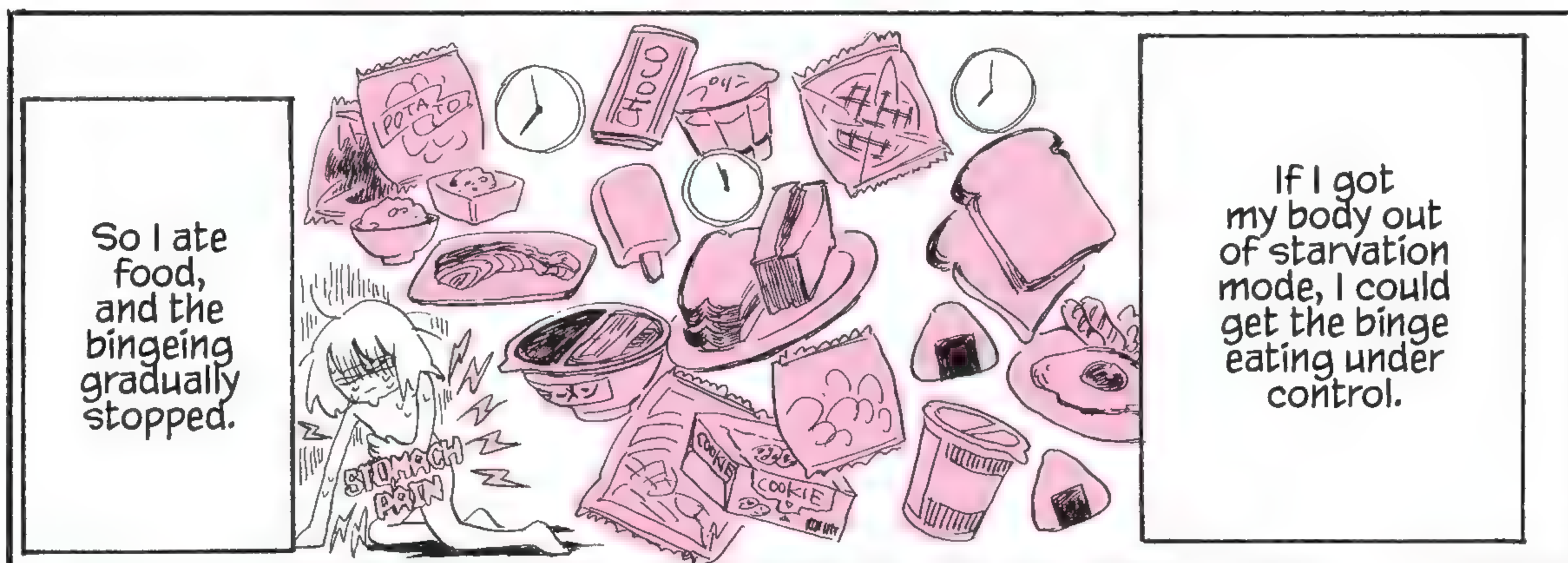
IF THIS IS HOW IT IS, I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE!

That was how I started to think.

The background of the entire page is a repeating pattern of diagonal stripes. The stripes are a light pink color and are set against a white background. They run from the top-left towards the bottom-right at a consistent angle.

My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness









*About \$10,000 US.





YOU
CAN DO
THAT ONCE
YOU'RE
A REAL
SALARIED
EMPLOYEE.

OH...
WE CAN'T
ACCEPT
THAT.

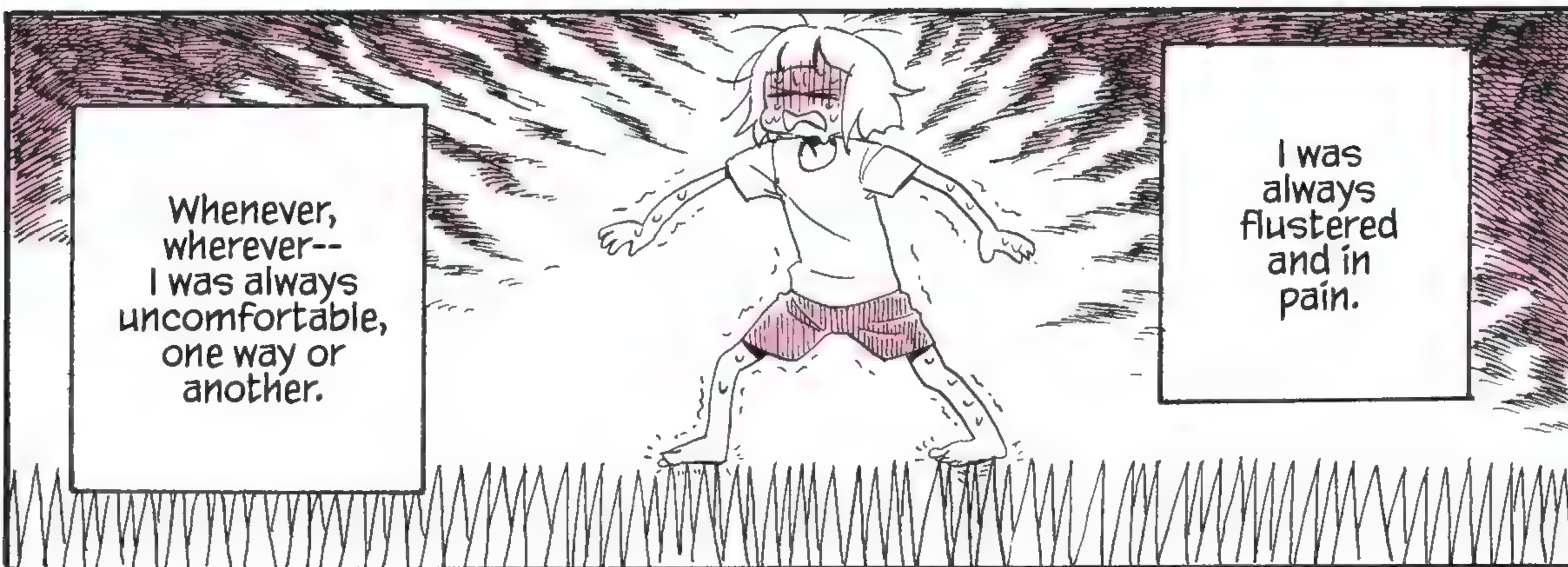


I didn't
know what
I wanted,
or where
I wanted
to go.

WHAT AM
I SUPPOSED
TO USE MY
MONEY
FOR?



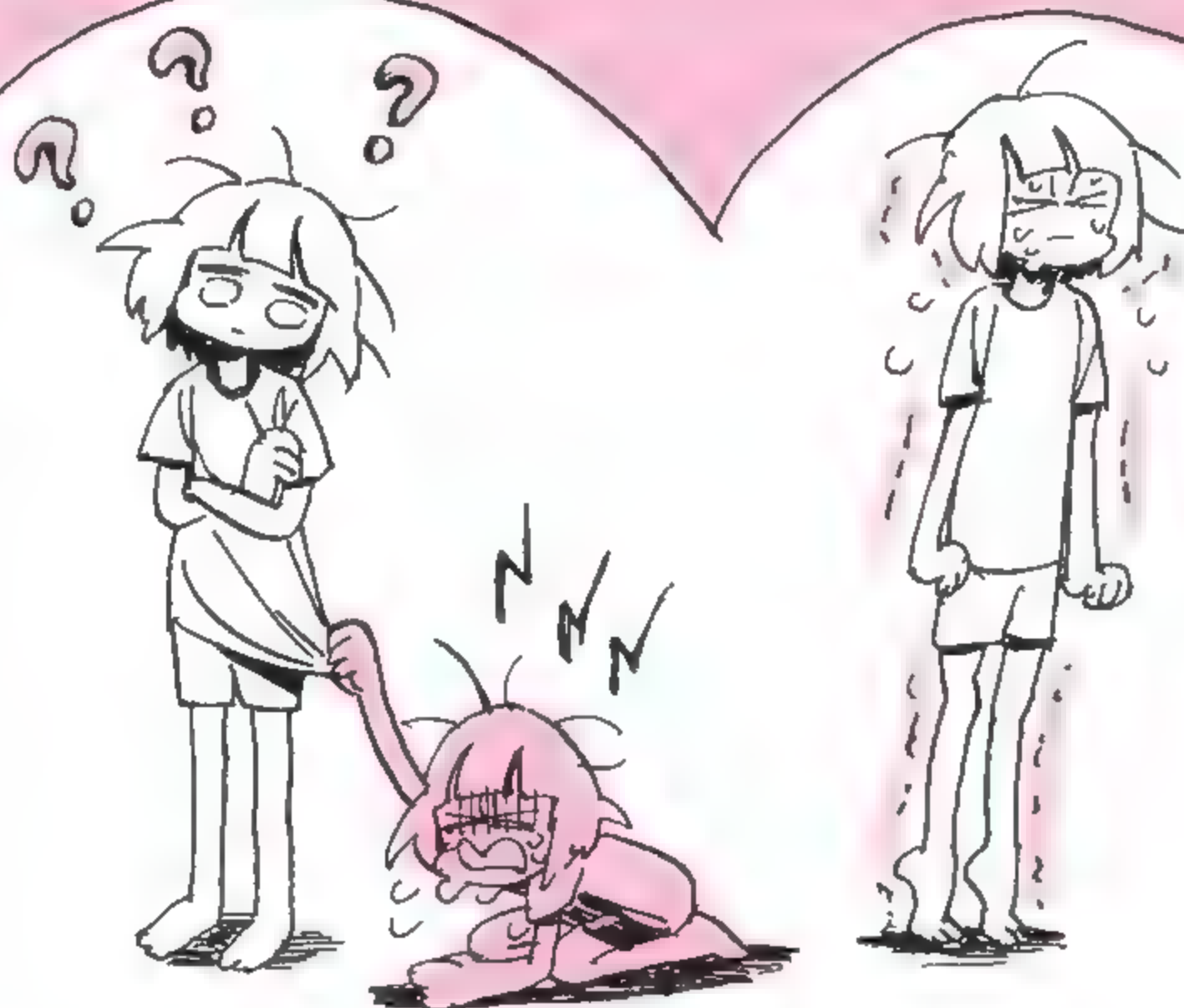
UGH.
IT'S TOO
HARD BEING
AT HOME,
SO I'LL JUST
GO TO
WORK.



Whenever,
wherever--
I was always
uncomfortable,
one way or
another.

I was
always
flustered
and in
pain.

...are related to when I'm trying to make myself look good due to an inferiority complex, or when I don't understand how I actually feel.



Recently, I've realized that the times when I'm uncomfortable...

TOTALLY BLANK RESUME



SALARIED EMPLOYEE STATUS.

LOOKS LIKE I JUST HAVE TO GO FOR IT.

I only had a high school diploma, but I looked for places that did mid-career hires and went to interviews.



I worked at the bakery for two years, but then I lost the will to work and stopped being able to get out of bed.

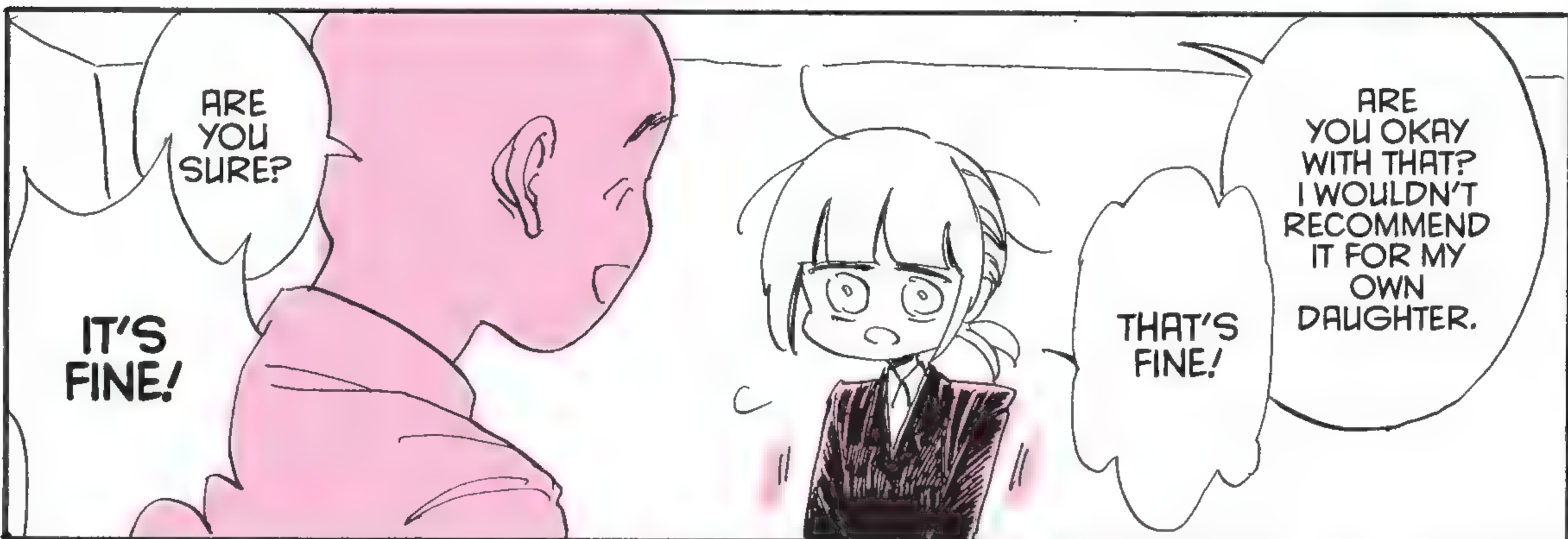
I simply sought my parents' approval.

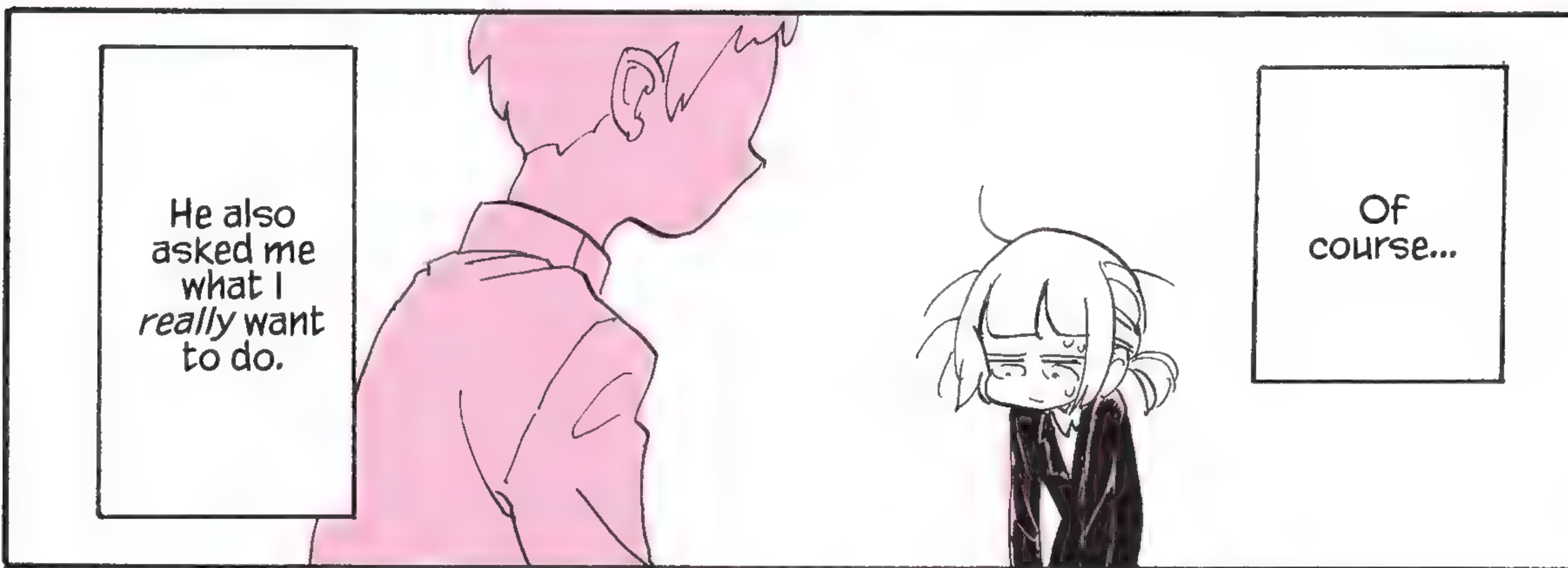
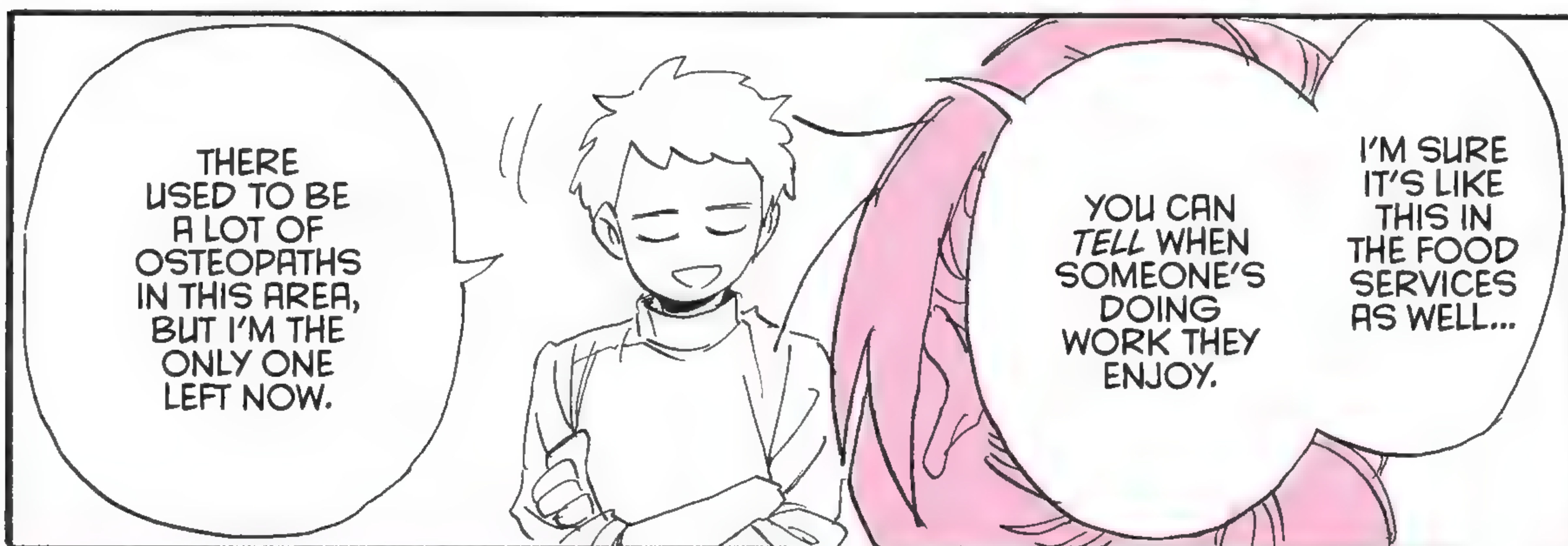


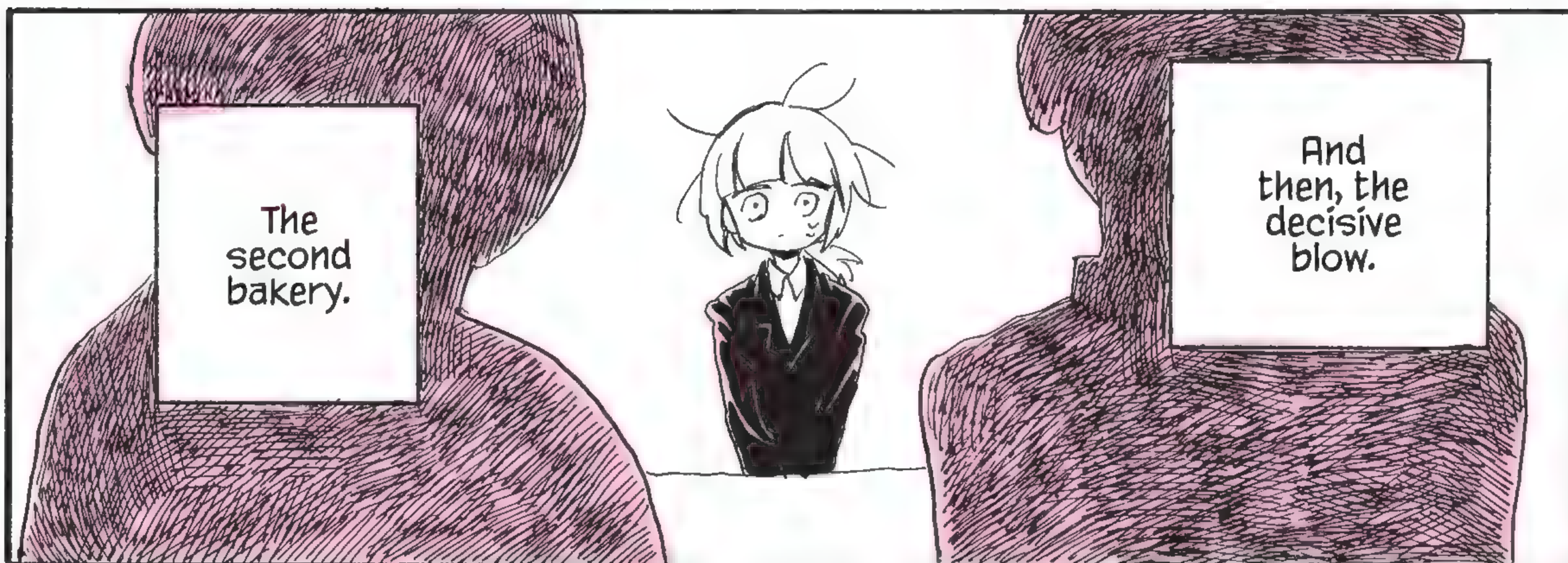
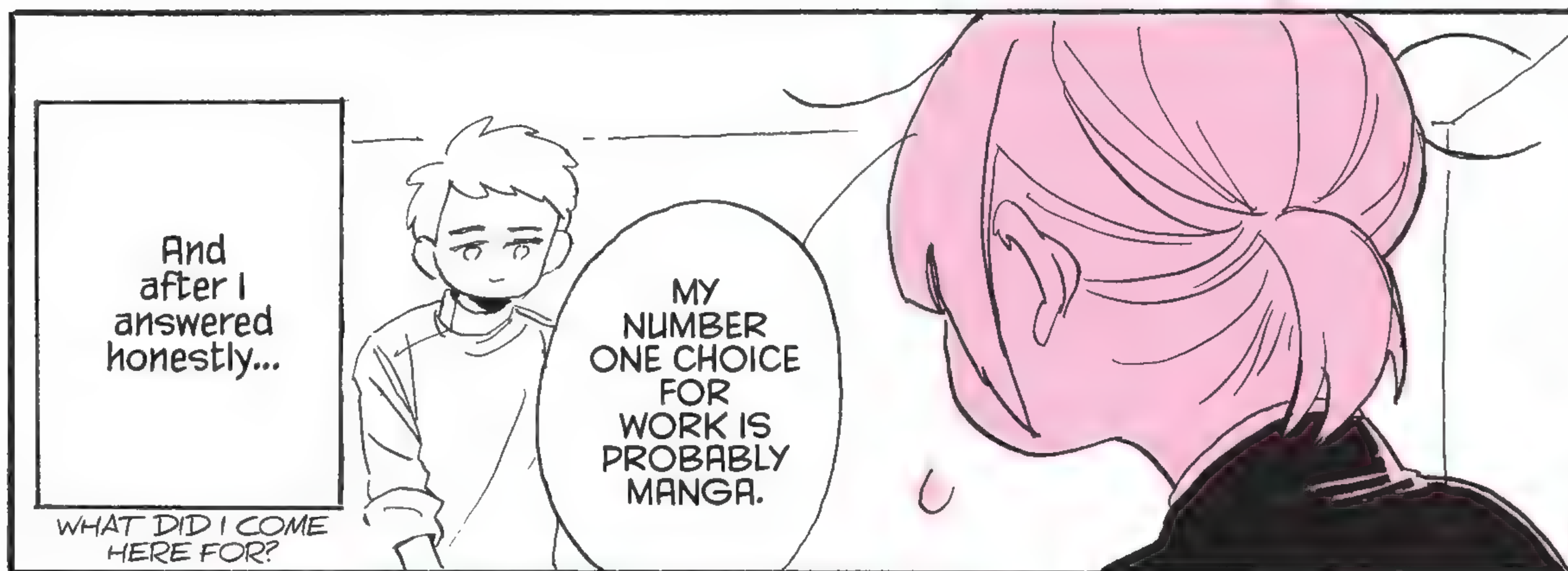
I'M GOING TO A JOB INTERVIEW.

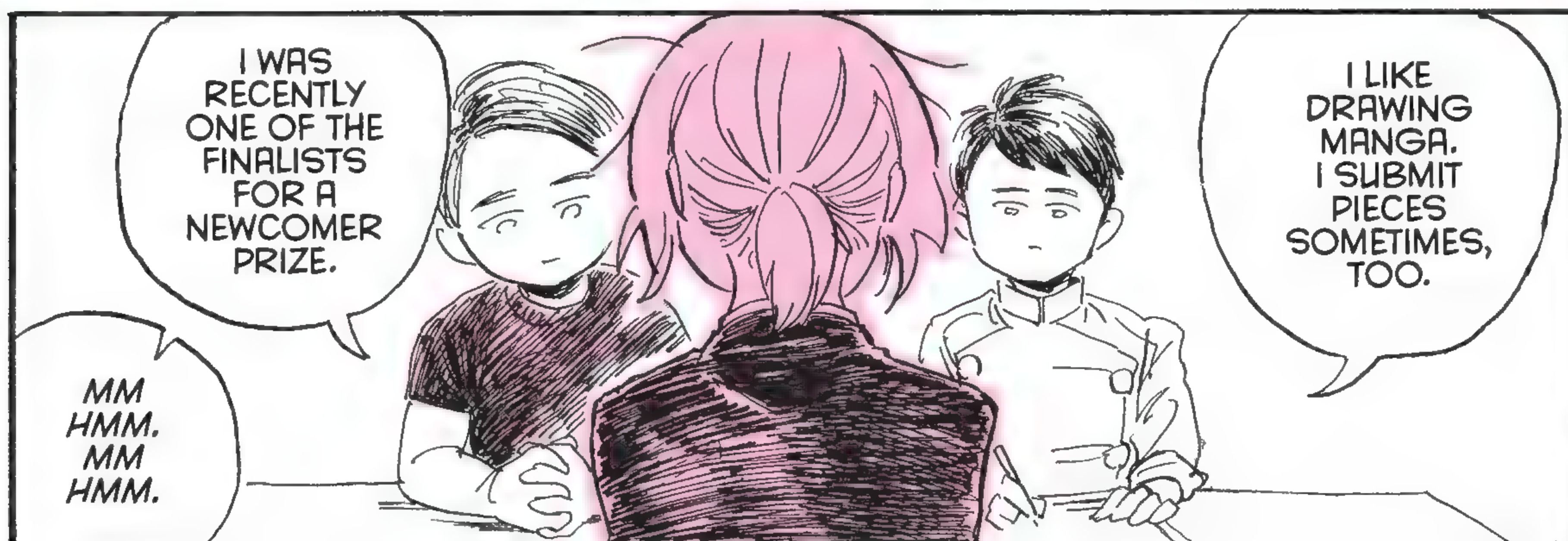
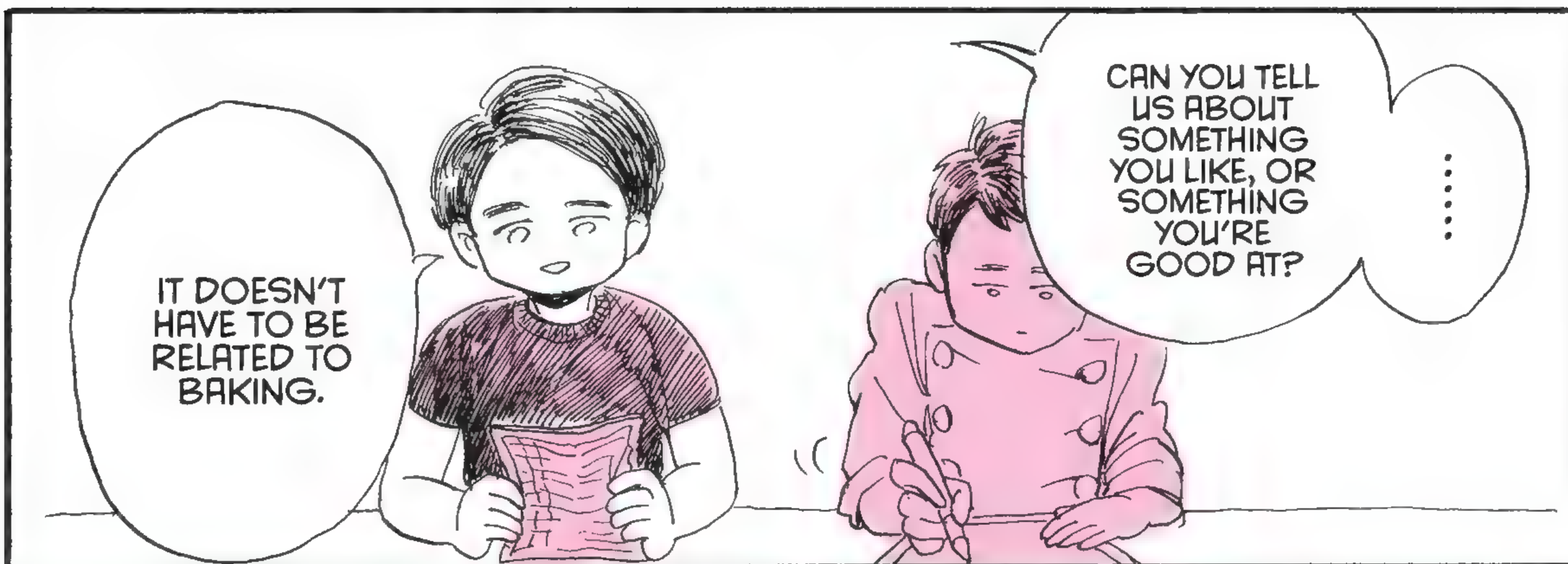
I'M TIRED! I TRIED!

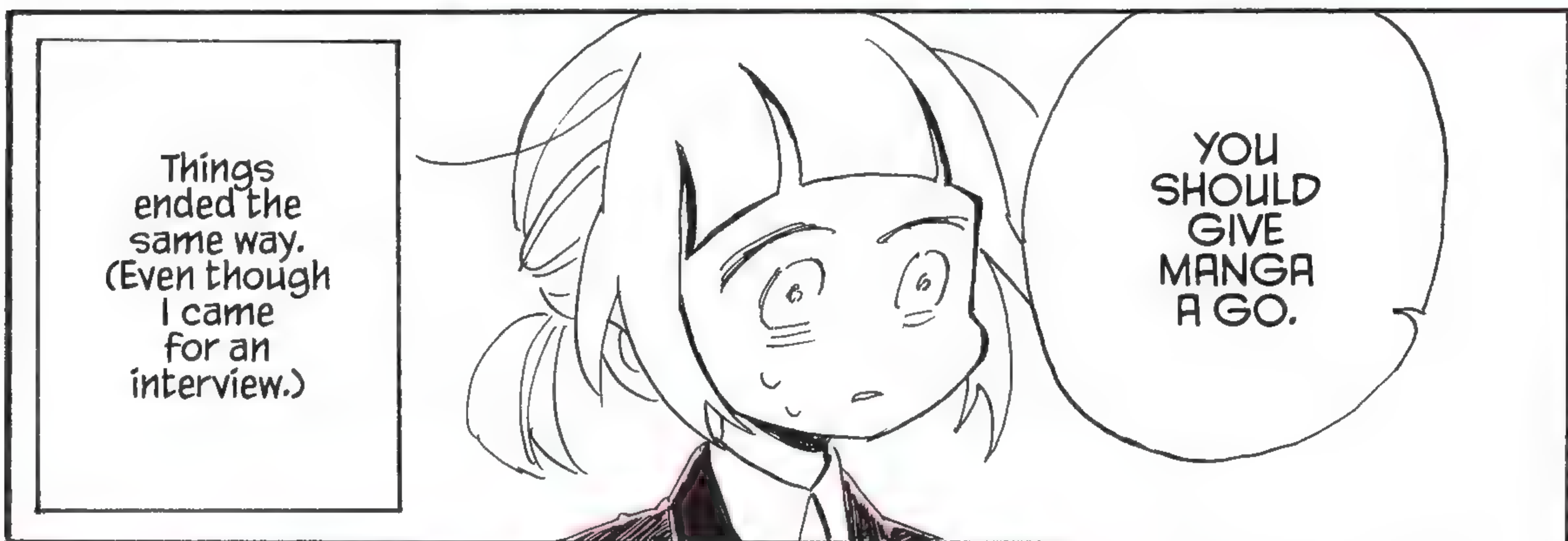
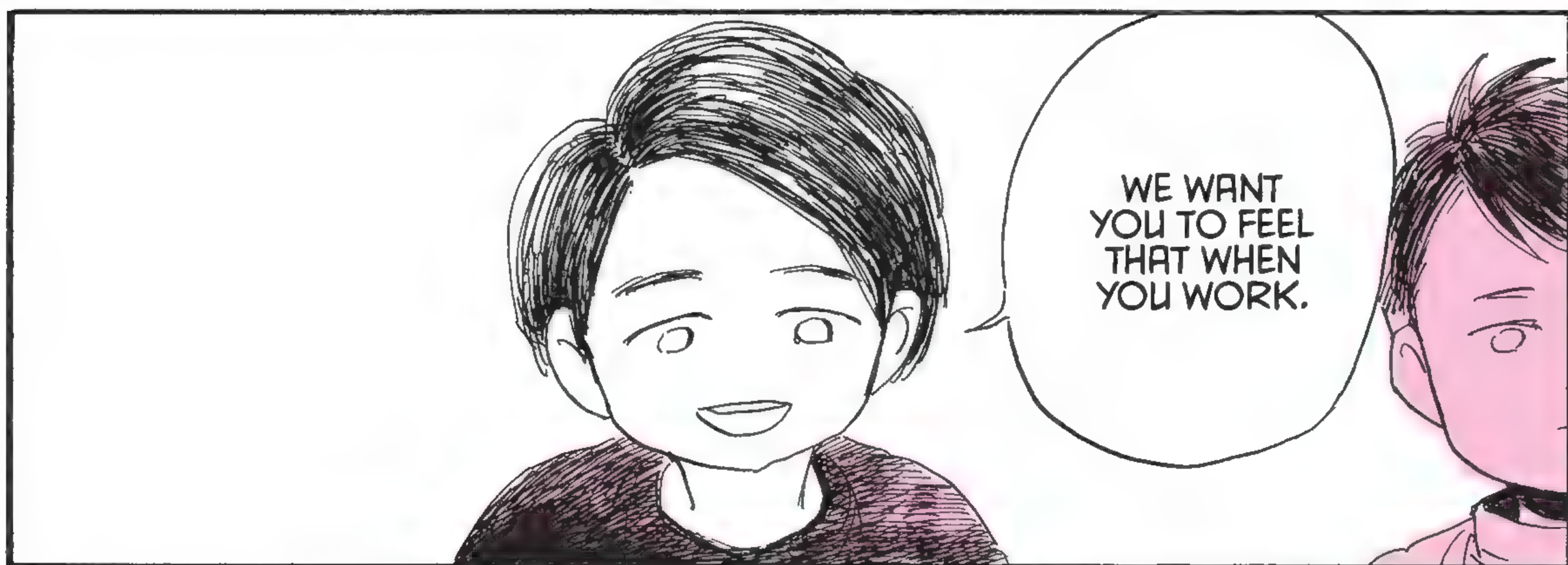
I couldn't listen to my own feelings, or have my own opinions about myself.

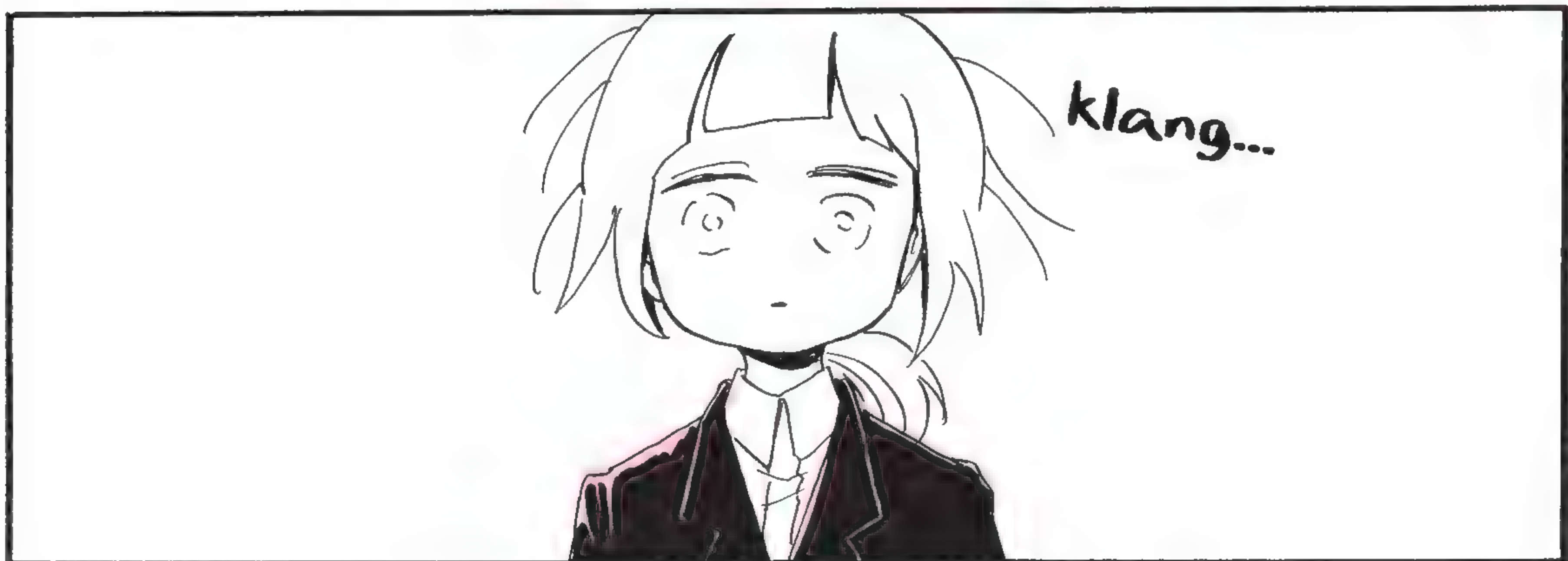
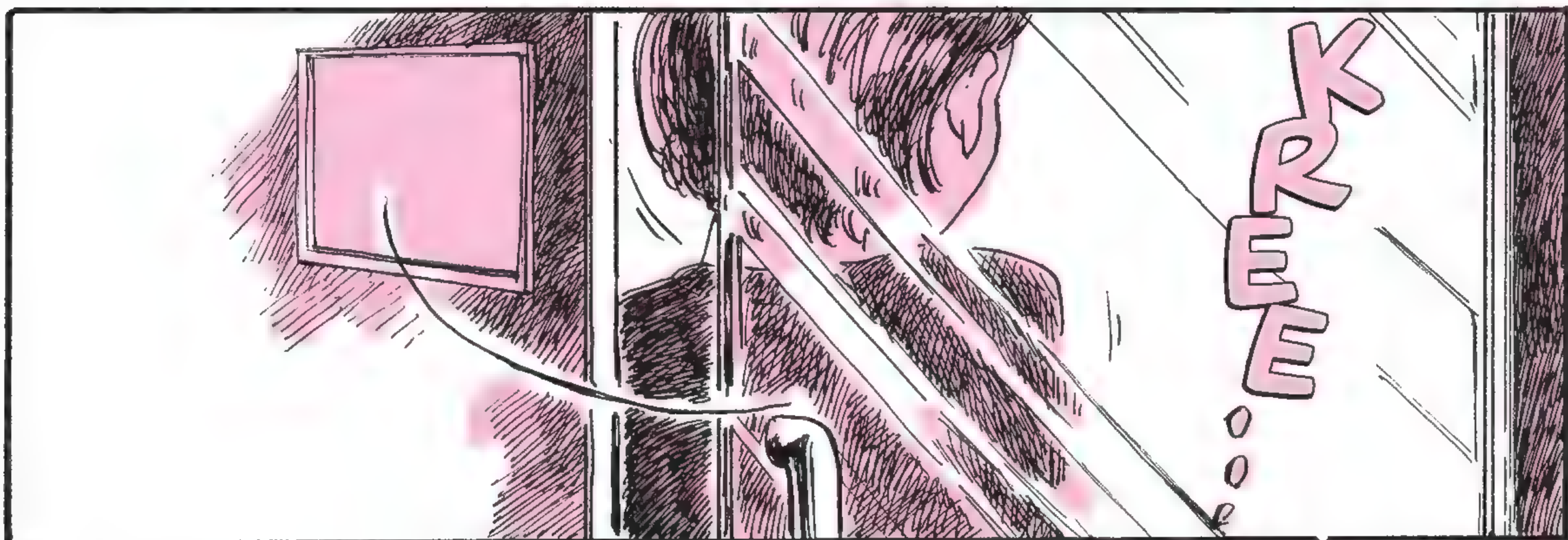
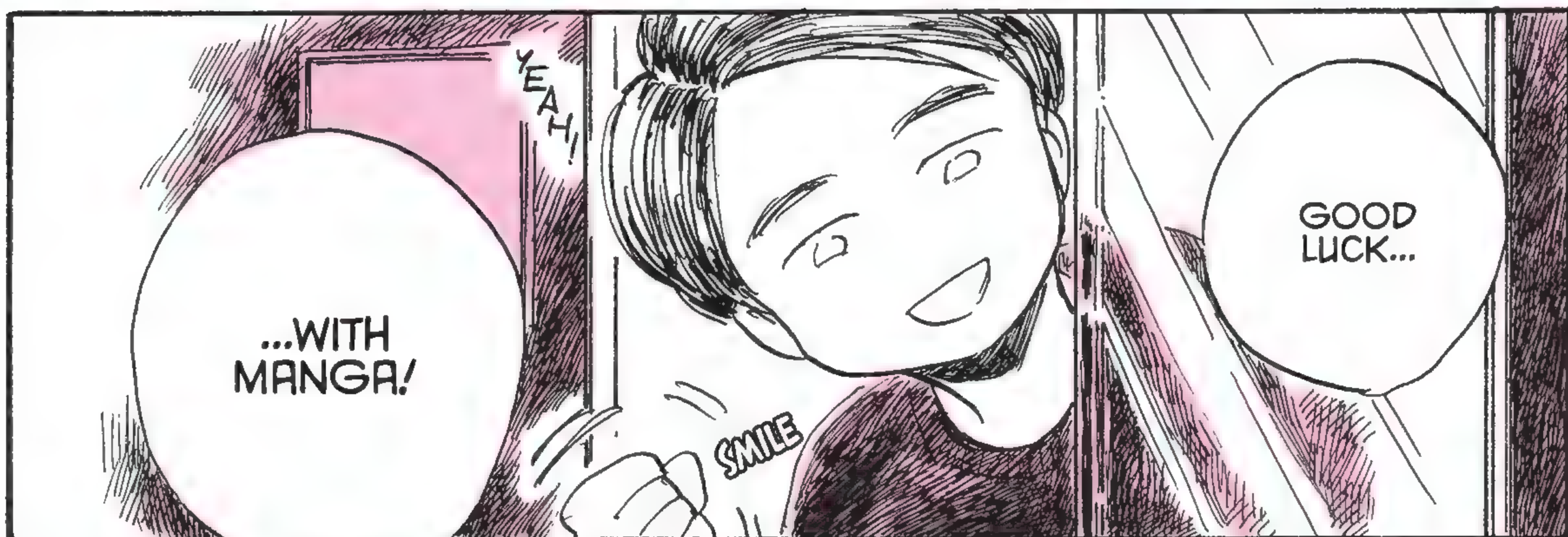
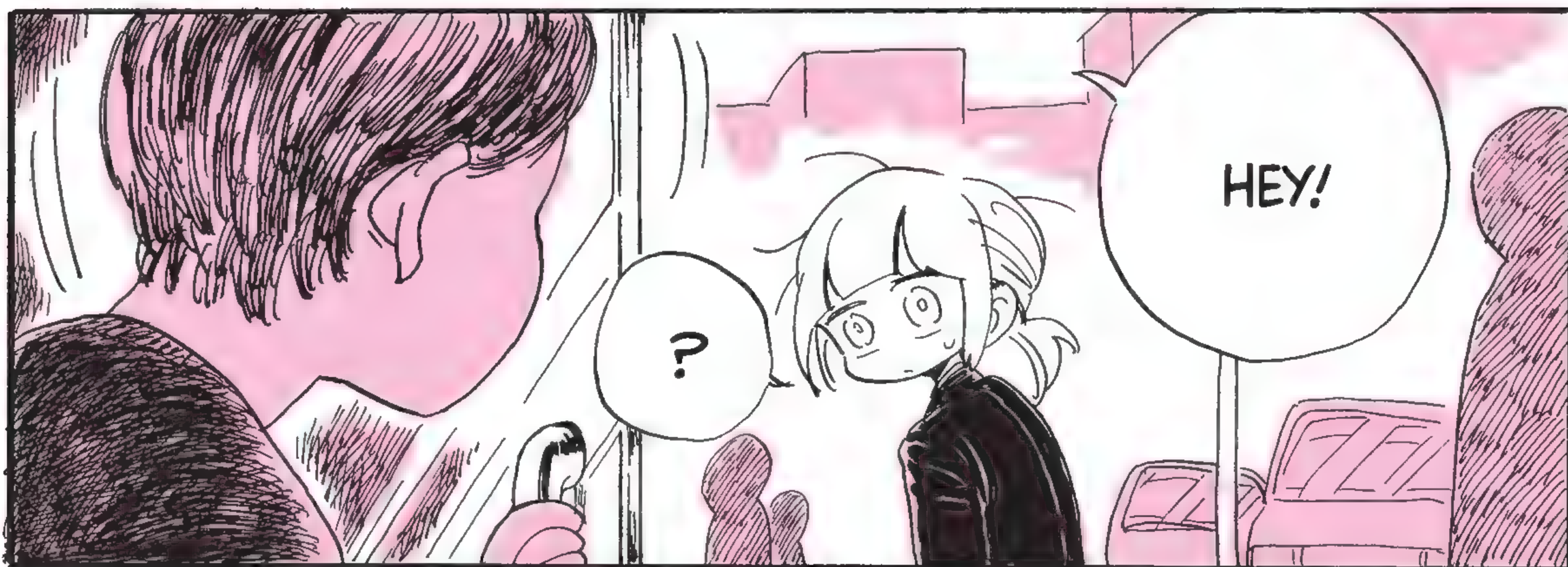














I'd never
said yes
to it,
either.

Although
I'd never
said *no* to
drawing
manga...



For some
reason,
they
reached
deep into
my heart.

UNH
UNH!

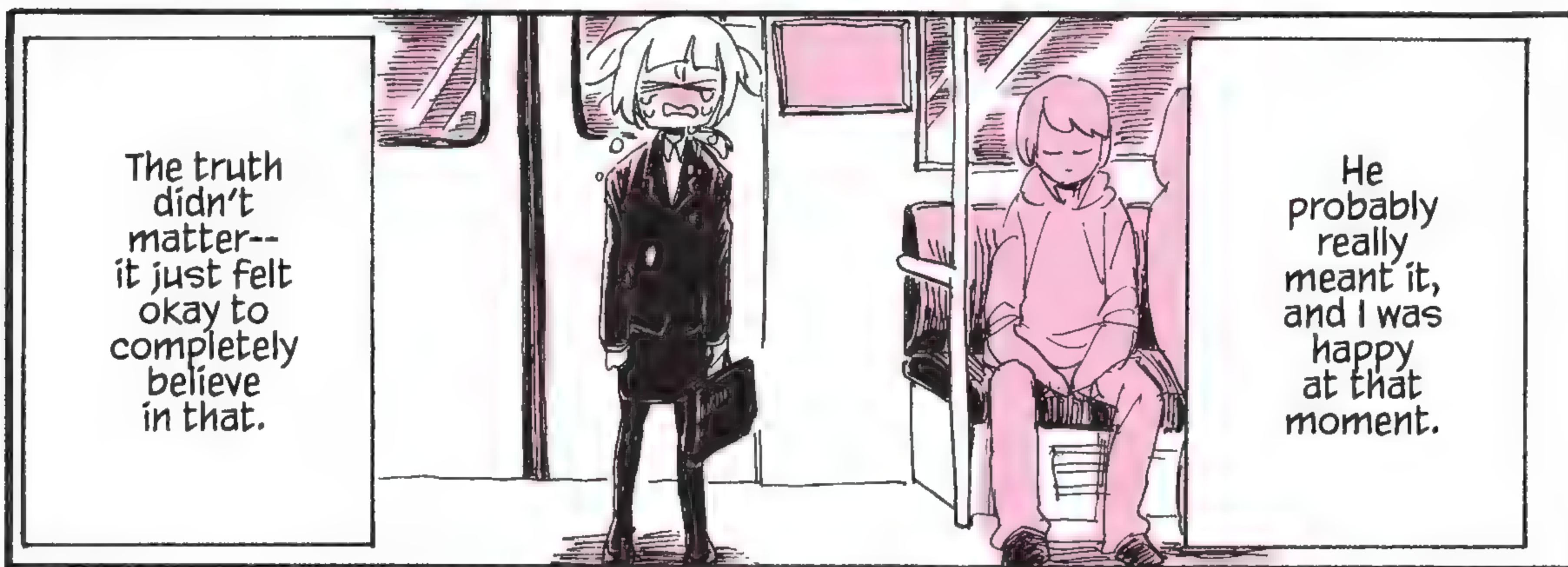
UNH
UNH
UNH!

The tone
of his voice,
the fist
pump, the
smile, even
the air
around
him...



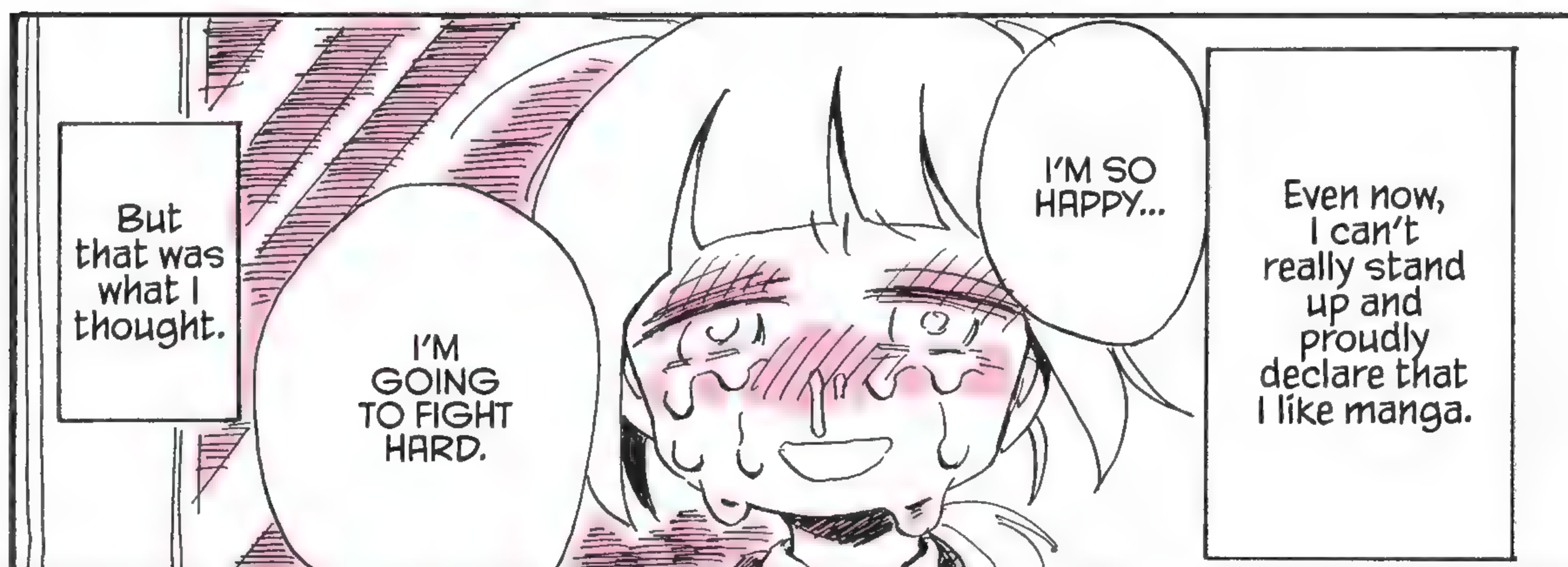
I couldn't
stop crying.
Not after
I got to the
station,
not after
I got on
the train.

Even
though he'd
only said,
"Good luck
with
manga"...



The truth
didn't
matter--
it just felt
okay to
completely
believe
in that.

He
probably
really
meant it,
and I was
happy
at that
moment.



But that was what I thought.

I'M GOING TO FIGHT HARD.

I'M SO HAPPY...

Even now, I can't really stand up and proudly declare that I like manga.



SMILE
YEAH!
GOOD LUCK!!
CLENCH

AH!

I still remember him while I'm drawing, and I straighten up every time.



But even though the people who interviewed me all had tough jobs, they had enough energy to smile. They seemed like they were enjoying themselves.

BREAD

I had thought that adults never had fun. I had thought everyone was suffering.

There was one other impression I took home from those interviews.

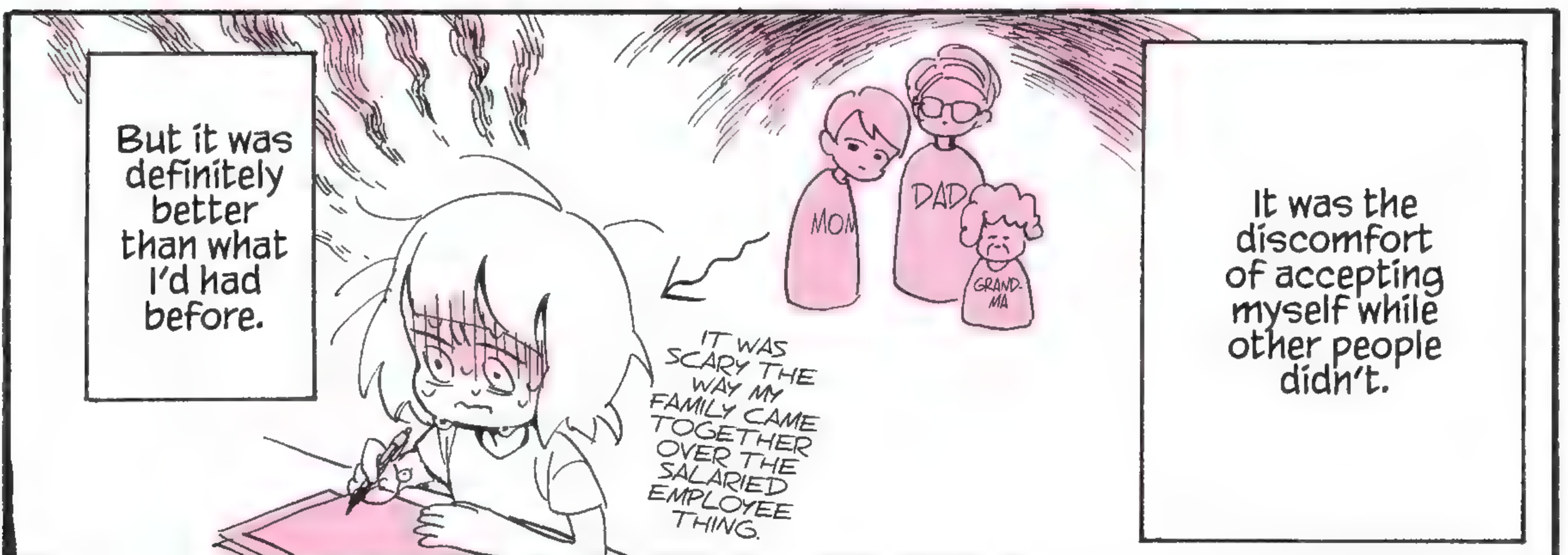
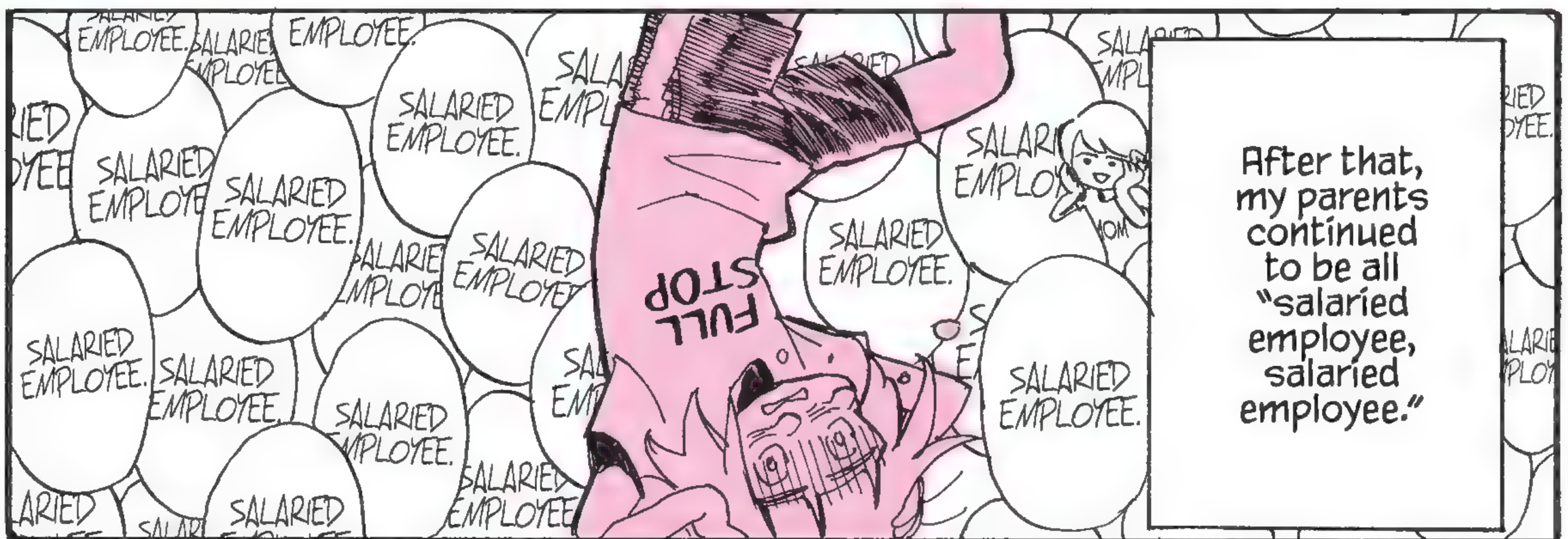


But would I get there if I was always worrying about what my parents thought?

I'M HOME.

KREE

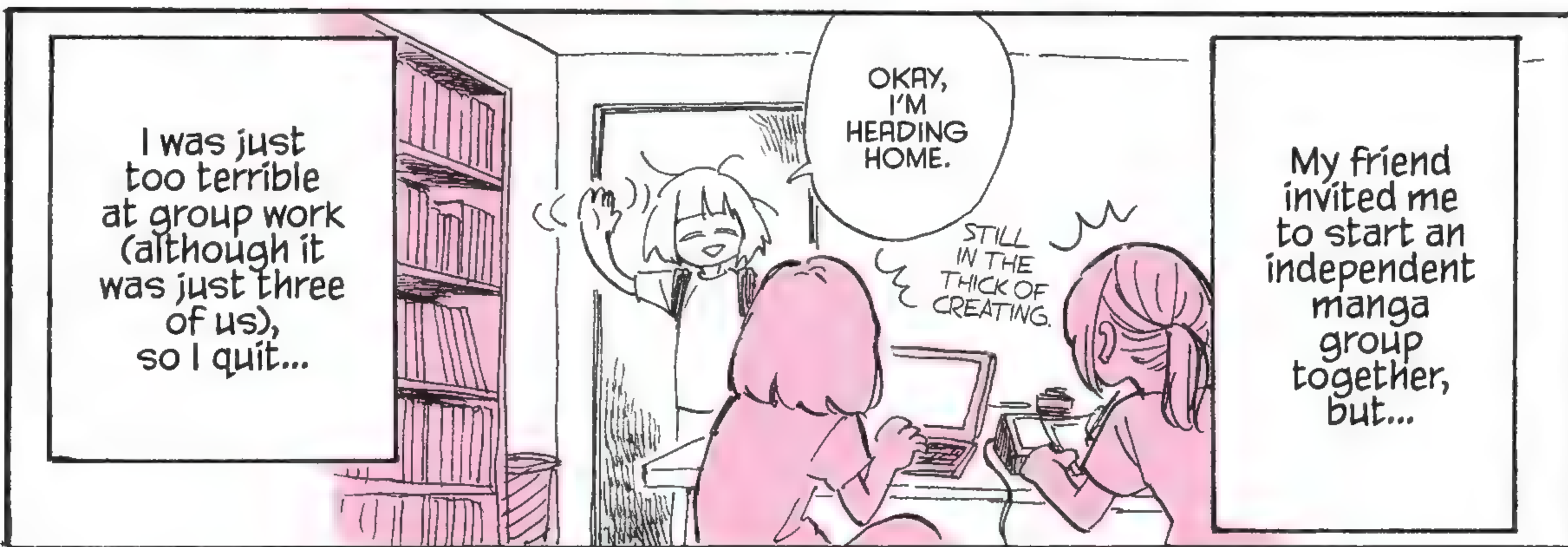
I wanted to be that kind of shining adult.





HONORABLE
MENTION...

For three
years,
I submitted
to newcomer
creator
contests
while working
part-time.



I was just
too terrible
at group work
(although it
was just three
of us),
so I quit...

OKAY,
I'M
HEADING
HOME.

STILL
IN THE
THICK OF
CREATING.

My friend
invited me
to start an
independent
manga
group
together,
but...



It was
like a wall
grew between
my friends
and me,
and I spent
several years
not seeing
anyone.

CATCHING
UP ON
RECENT
SOCIAL
ACTIVITY
ONLINE.

I felt bad,
and that
made it
hard for
me to see
them.



The million
yen, plus the
money I'd
saved from
odd jobs,
was finally
used up.

WHAT
AM I
GOING
TO DO?

And
then,
around
that
time...



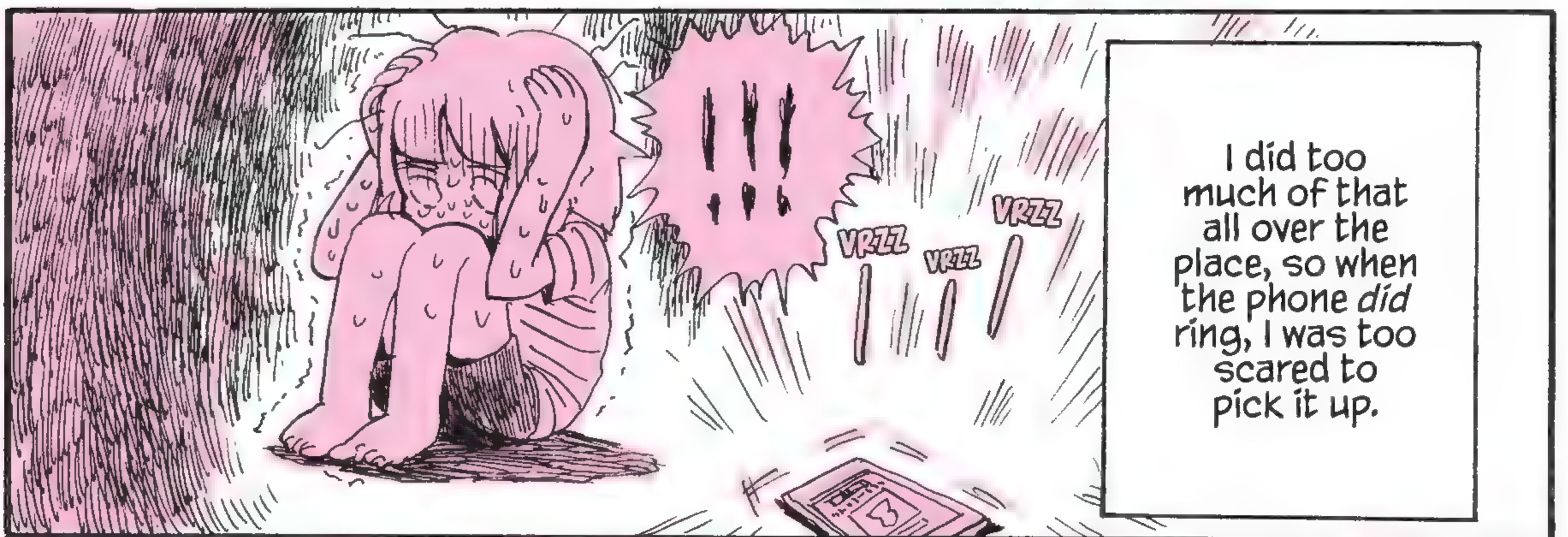
I was even more unemployable.

And now that I'd been out of work for two years after quitting my part time job...



I'd make it to the building, but wouldn't go in. Or I'd run away during the break.

After going to about twenty interviews and getting no job offers, I couldn't even make it to any others. I just gave up right away.

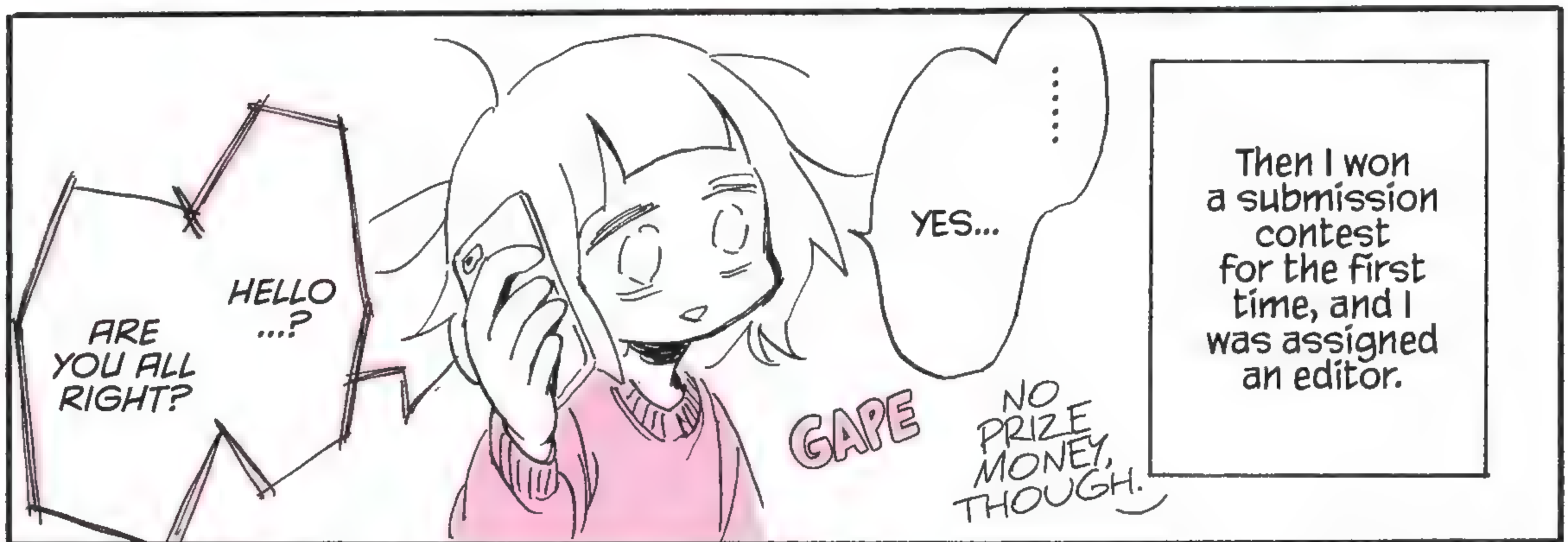


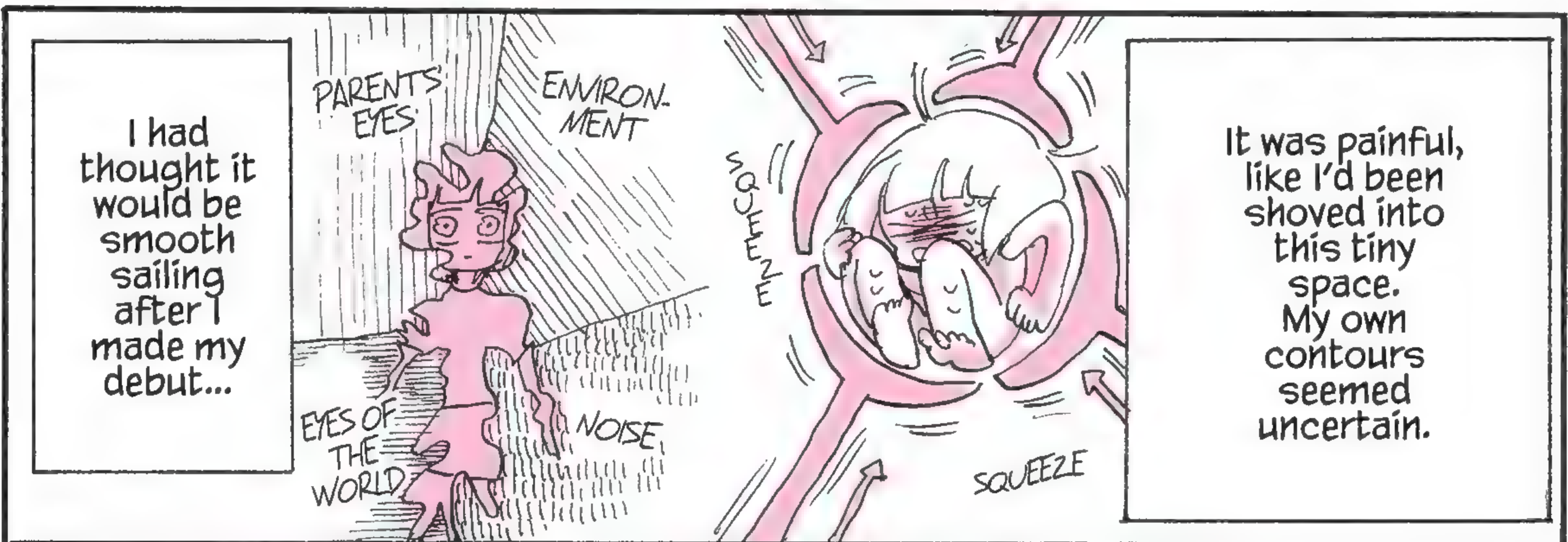
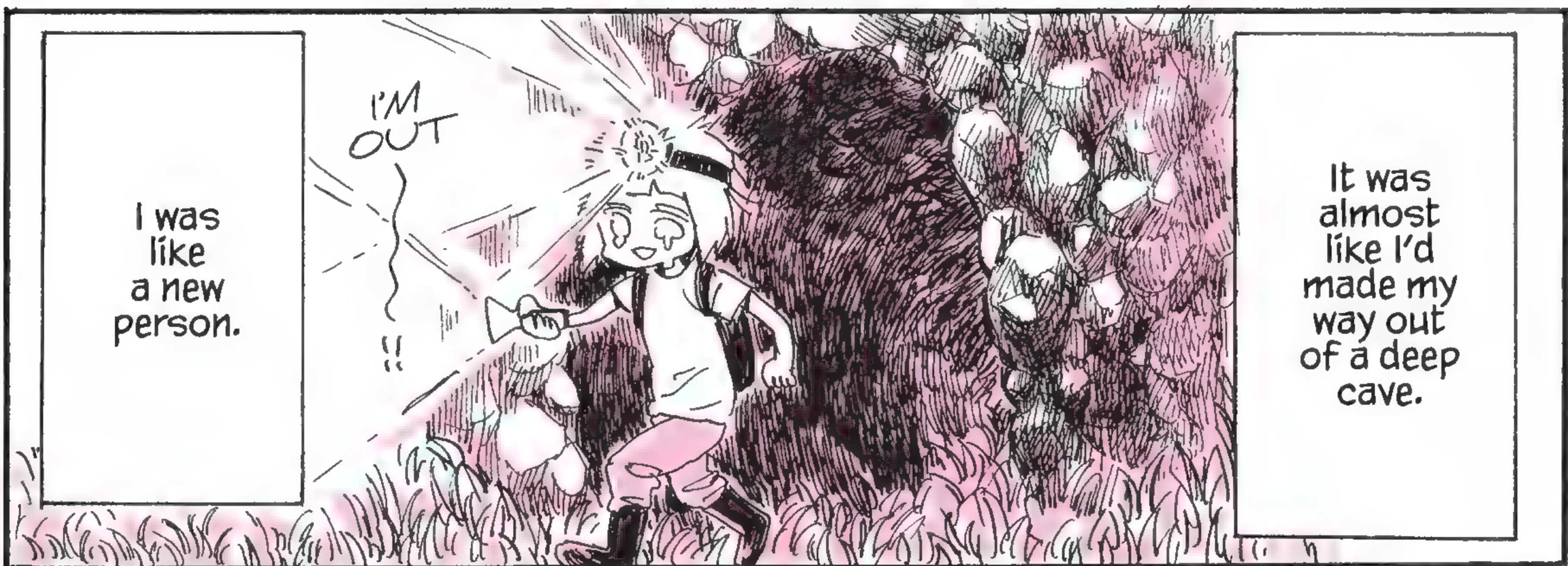
I did too much of that all over the place, so when the phone *did* ring, I was too scared to pick it up.



I GUESS I HAVE TO DIE, AFTER ALL...

I'M SO BAD AT BEING ALIVE...







This went on for several months, so I went to a doctor for the first time in ages.



I could read text again.

I CAN READ!
I CAN REEED!

I UNDERSTAND THE MEANING!!

I started taking a prescription, and the first thing to improve...

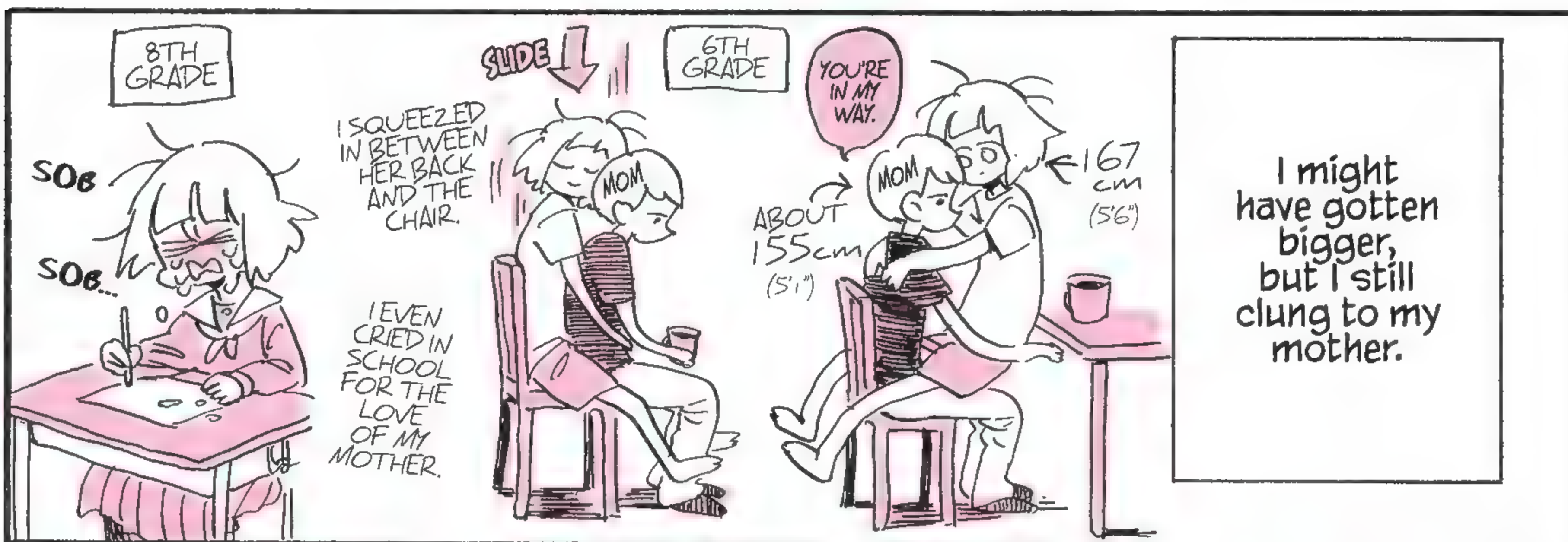


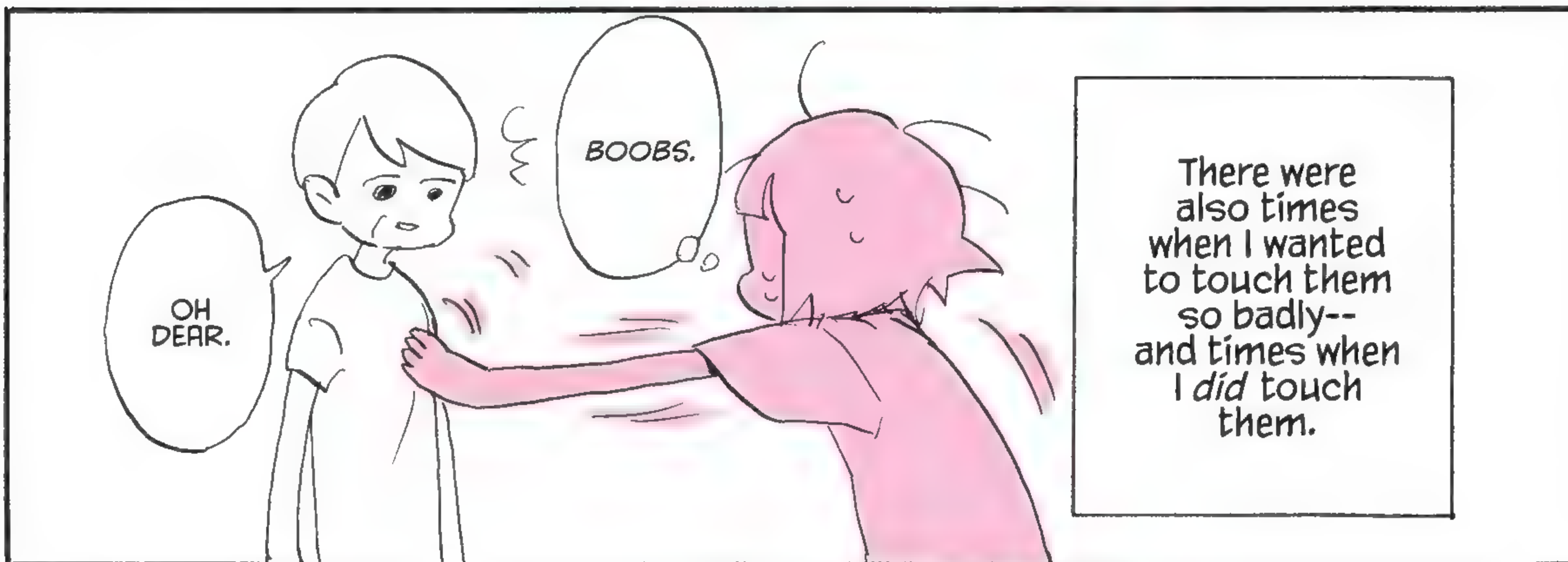
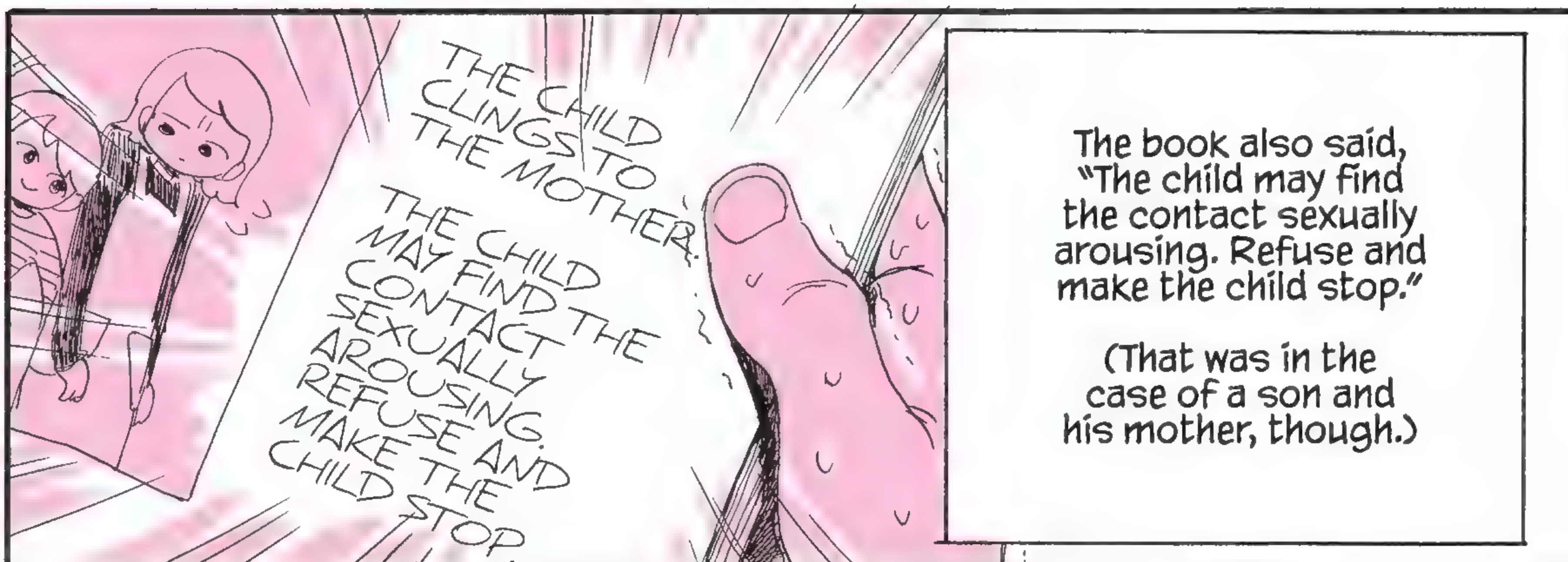
I started reading articles and books that seemed related to the topic.

I wanted to find some hints as to where this pain came from, and how I could resolve it.



Eventually, I came across a book on mental illnesses in pubescent children, and somehow...



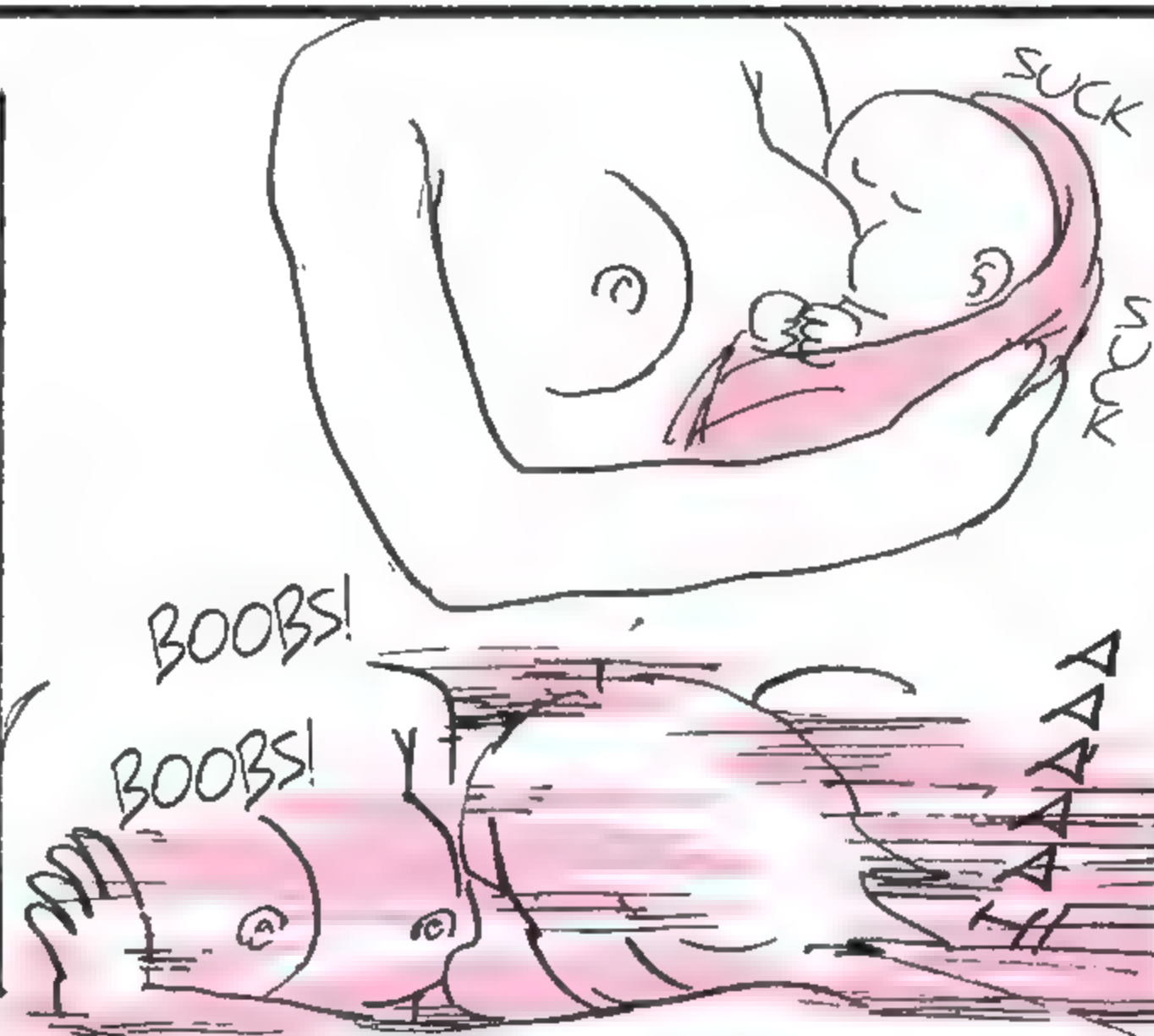


I wondered
if I still had
desires
from when
I was a
baby.



And I was
so happy
when my
mom would
look at my
butt or
touch it.

...maybe
the desire
to devour
boobs
was a
regression.



I mean,
isn't there some
part of sexual
desire that
resembles a
baby's desire?
I didn't know,
but...

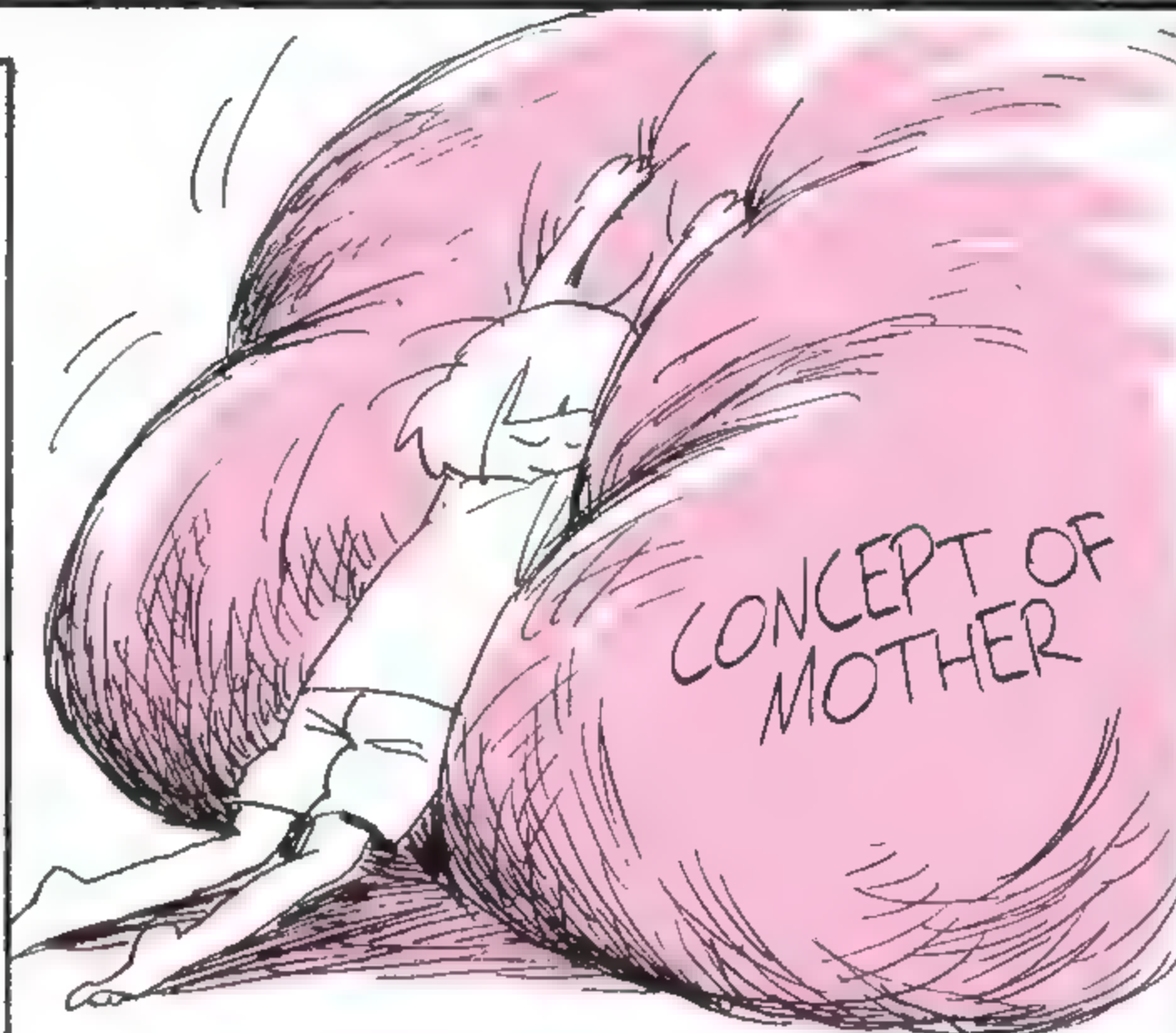
That
was all
I could
think.

THAT'S
WHAT I
WAAA-
AAANT
!!

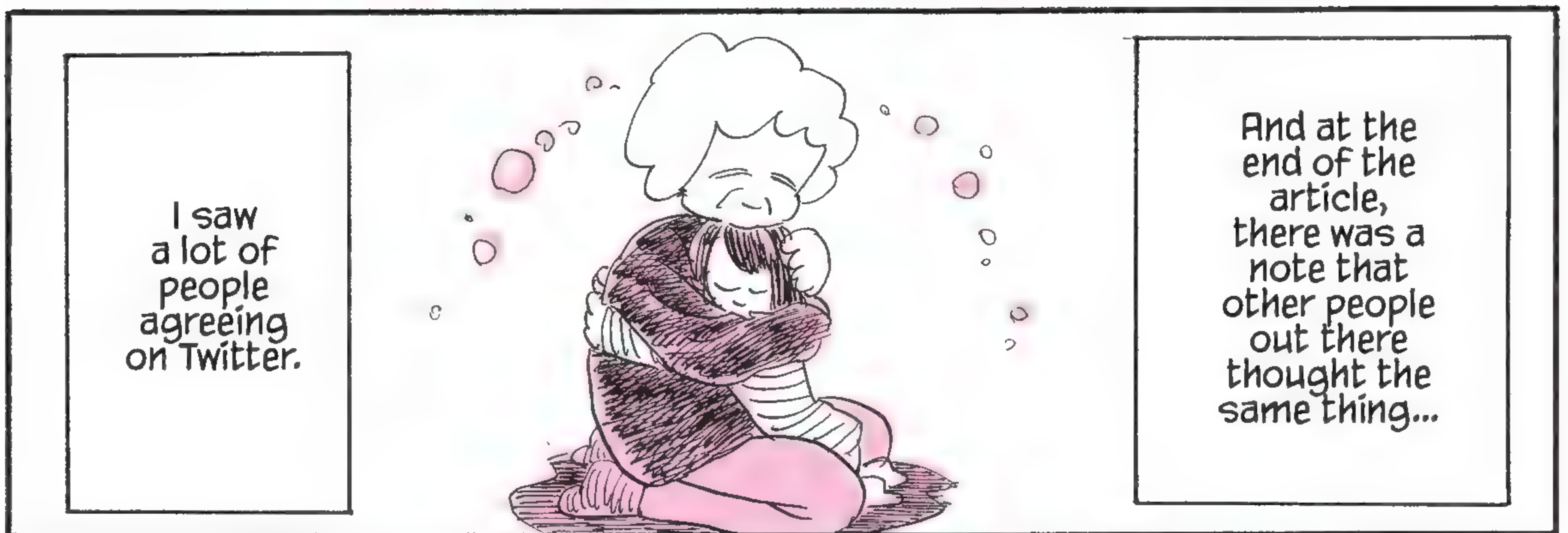
AAAAH!!

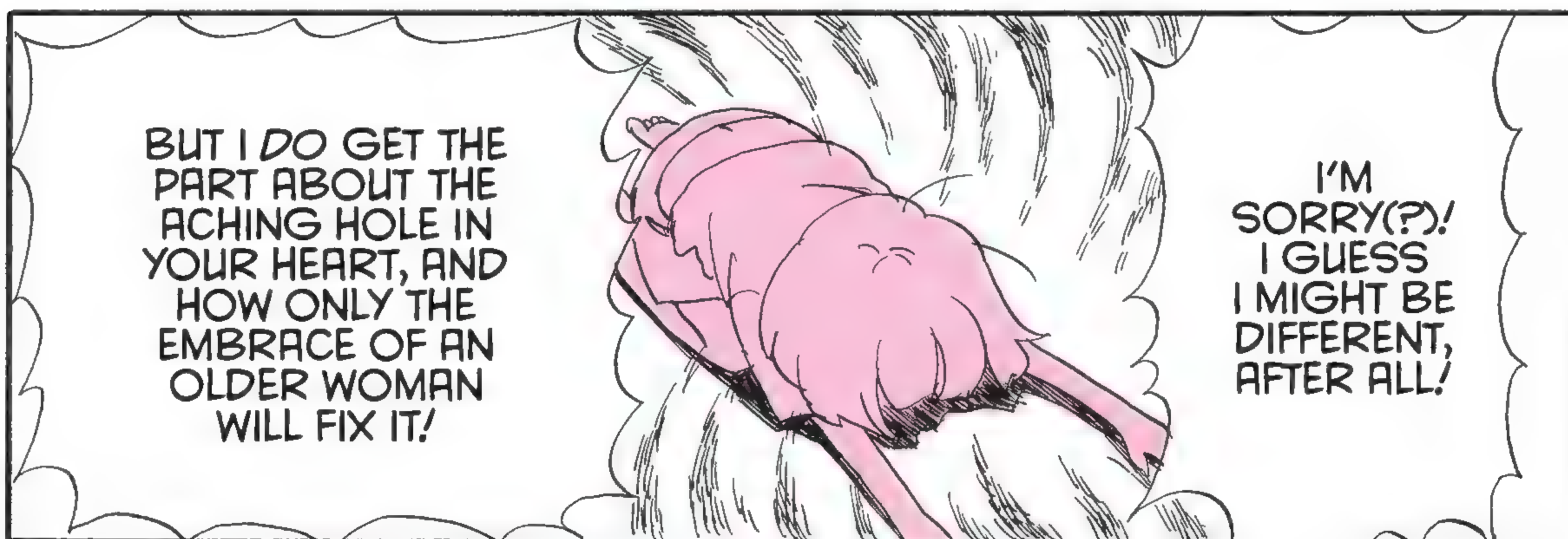
I saw a woman
write on Twitter
(or something)
that maybe what
men seek in women
is a mother who
lets them have
sex with her.

But I wanted
something *more*,
like the general
concept of a mother--
a presence that
would accept me,
which is something
everyone wants.



I'll just
say this:
a "mother"
might be the
person who
takes care
of the house.







At any rate, thanks to that article, I was able to view my desire head-on.



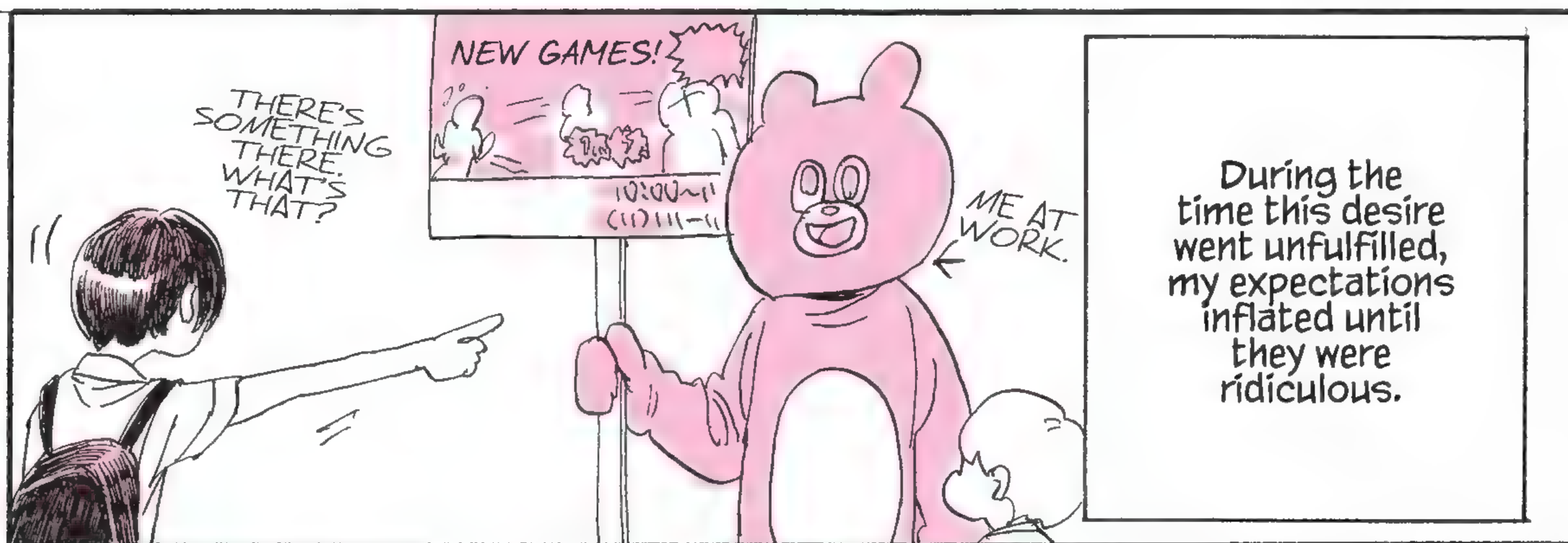
When I thought about it, I had a long history of wanting to be held.



When I was nineteen, I'd be behind the register, thinking anyone would do, for just two seconds of it--or *one* second. I only wanted someone to hold me.



And at my therapist's office...



And having my back touched did make me feel calm and happy.



Which reminds me. When I worked at the bakery, I went for massages a lot.

The other forty percent was my desire to relax under someone's touch.



Sixty percent of why I went was my sore neck and shoulders.

But my neck and shoulders weren't particularly sore.



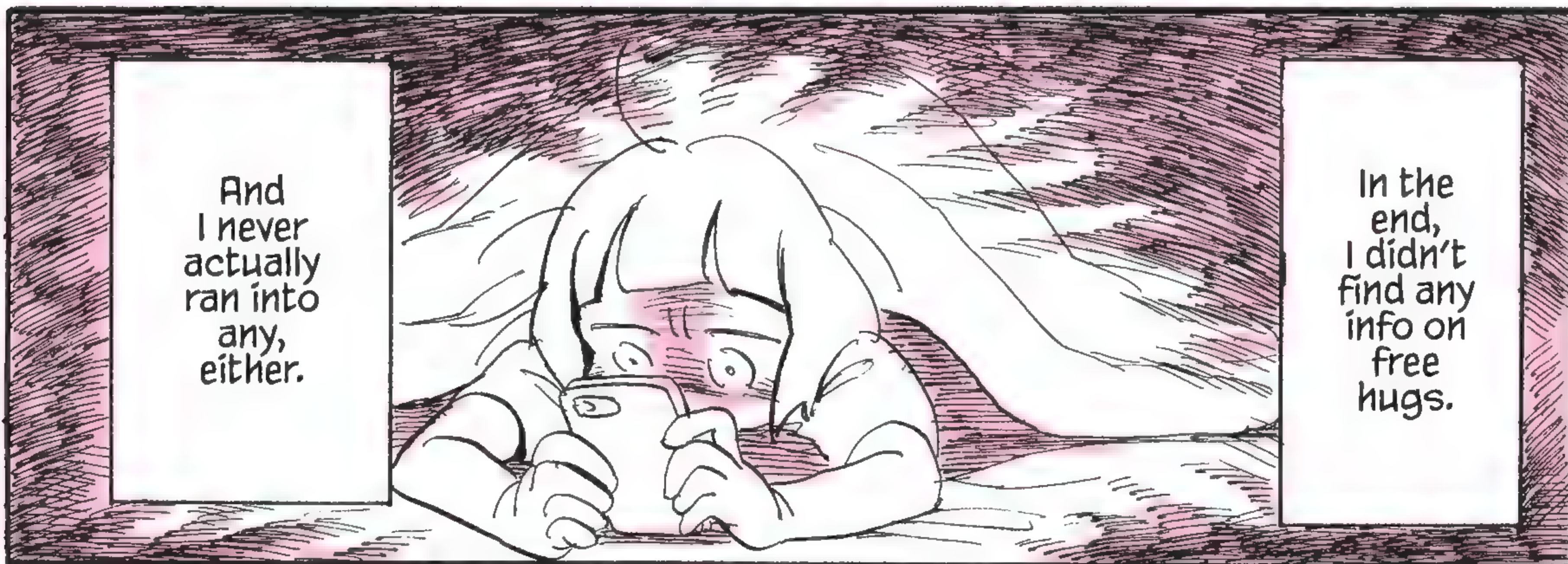
I thought about maybe going for massages again.

I searched Twitter daily for "free hugs" and the name of a location, thinking I might find something.



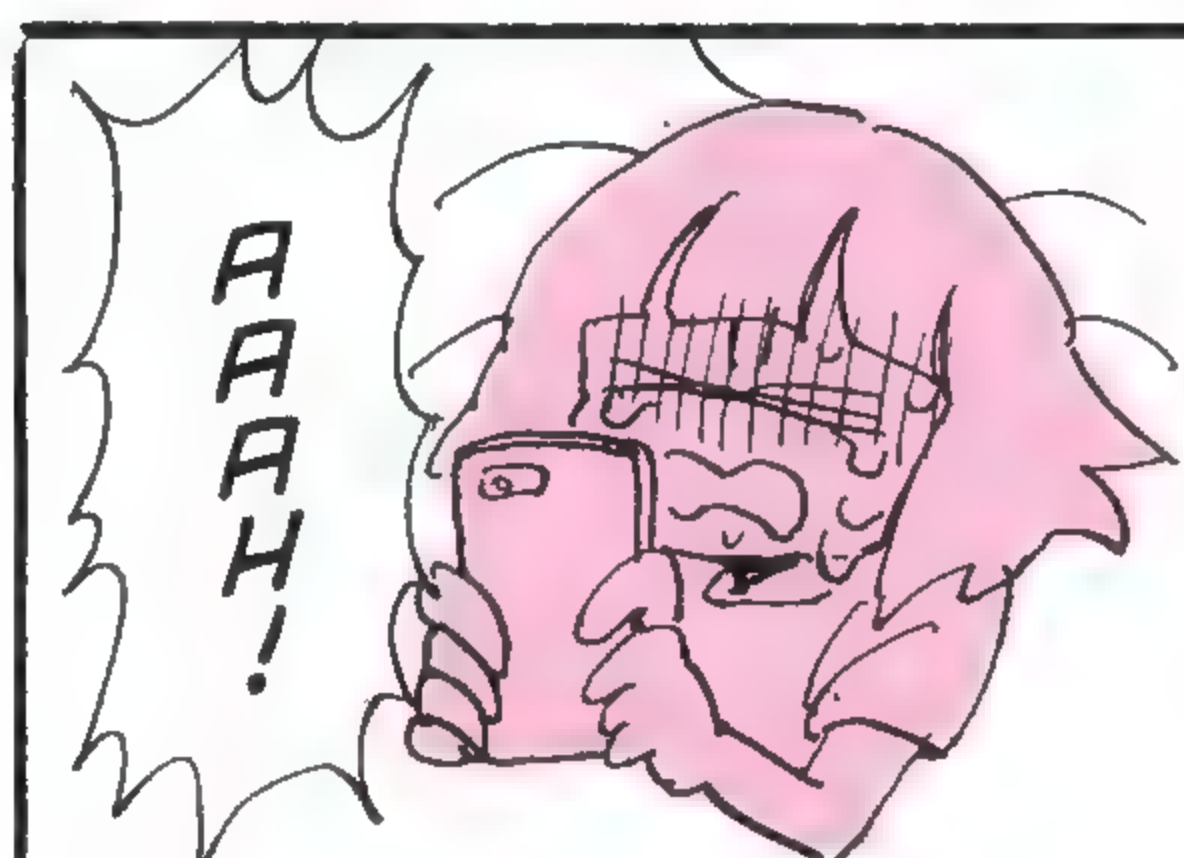
IS SOMEONE MAYBE DOING FREE HUGS SOMEWHERE?!

OH!



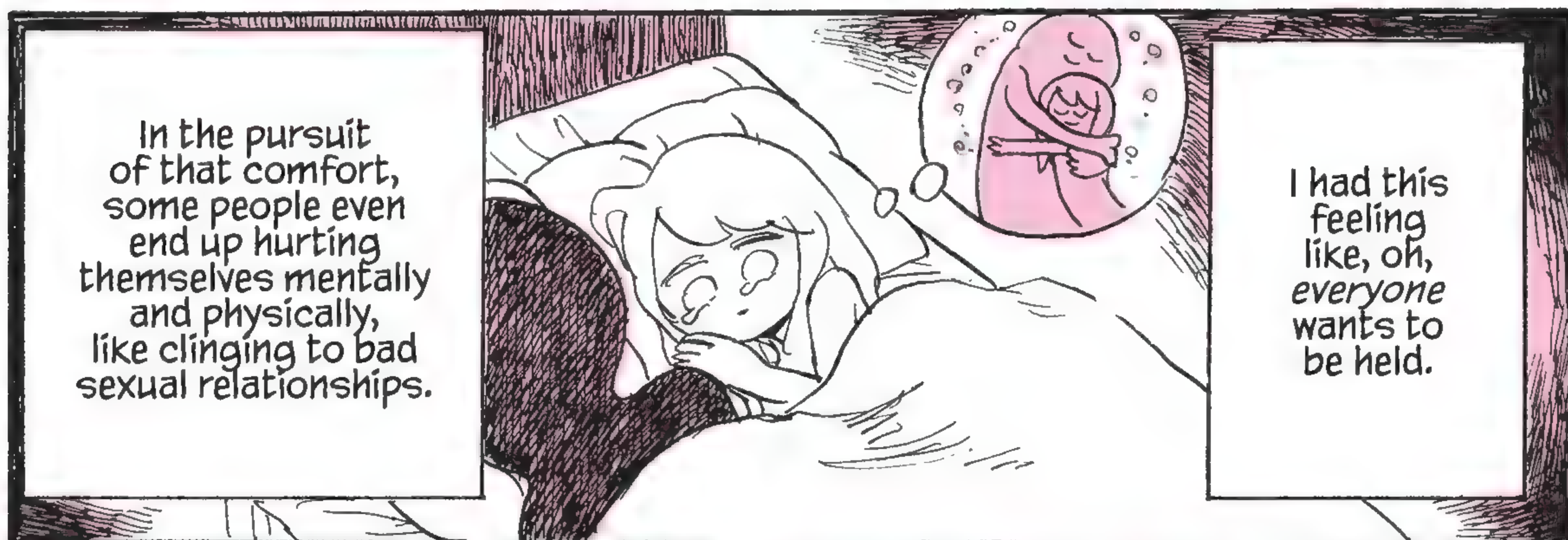
And
I never
actually
ran into
any,
either.

In the
end,
I didn't
find any
info on
free
hugs.



AAAH!

Recently, I read an article online
that described feelings of
confusion teenage girls have
the first time they try sex.
That sometimes all the girl
really wanted was an embrace,
cuddling up in bed,
or even just a nice meal.



In the pursuit
of that comfort,
some people even
end up hurting
themselves mentally
and physically,
like clinging to bad
sexual relationships.

I had this
feeling
like, oh,
everyone
wants to
be held.



HOW
HARD
IS IT,
EXACTLY?

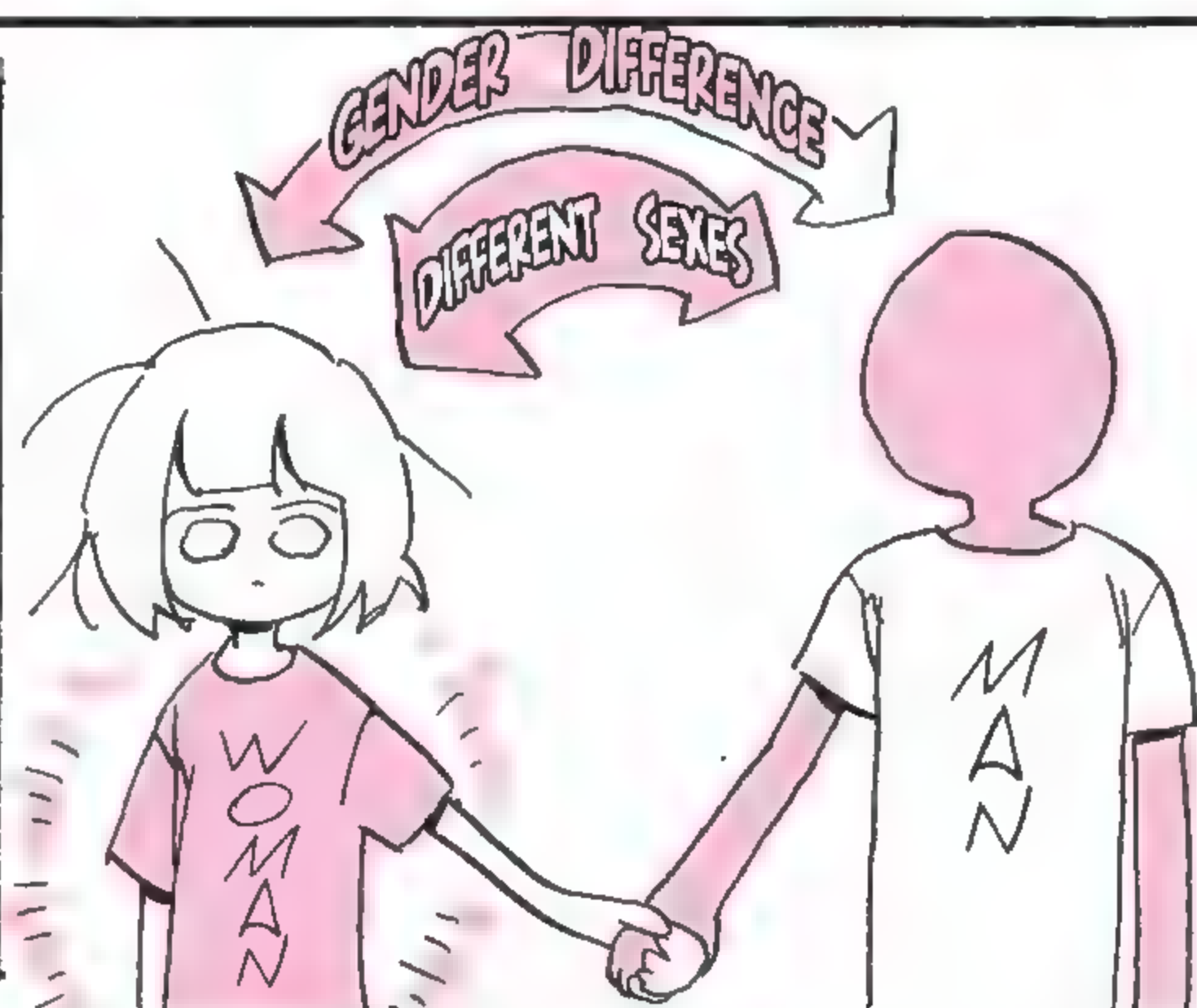
GETTING
SOMEONE
TO HOLD
YOU, AND
FEELING
SAFE...

But for anything more than that, I'd only want to pursue it with a woman. And the reason behind that...



By the way-- when it comes to free hugs, gender doesn't matter to me.

It wasn't that I wanted to be a man; it was more like I hated belonging to a gender at all.



...was that I didn't want to accept that I was a woman.

...before I was seen as myself.

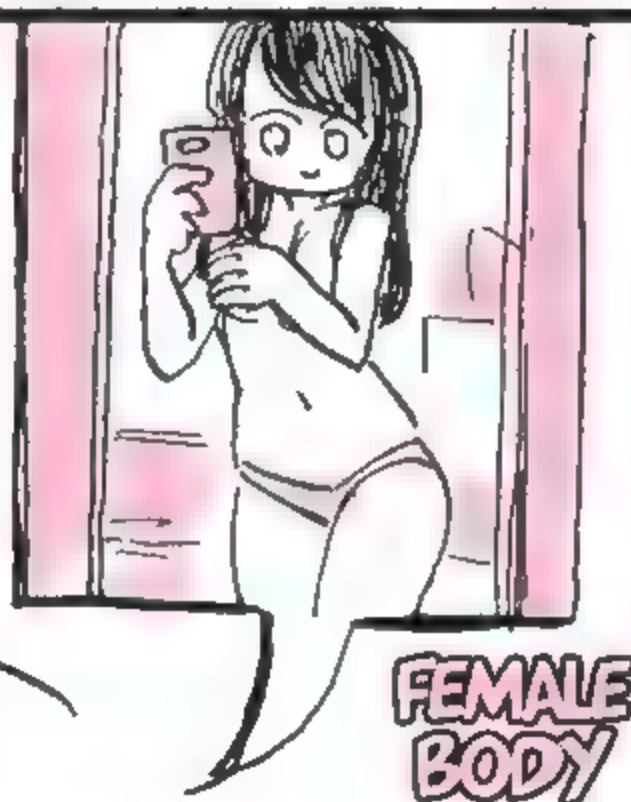
YOU'VE BECOME A WOMAN, HM?

YOU REALLY ARE A GIRL, HUH?



I was excessively afraid of being defined as a woman...

SAVING THIS!!

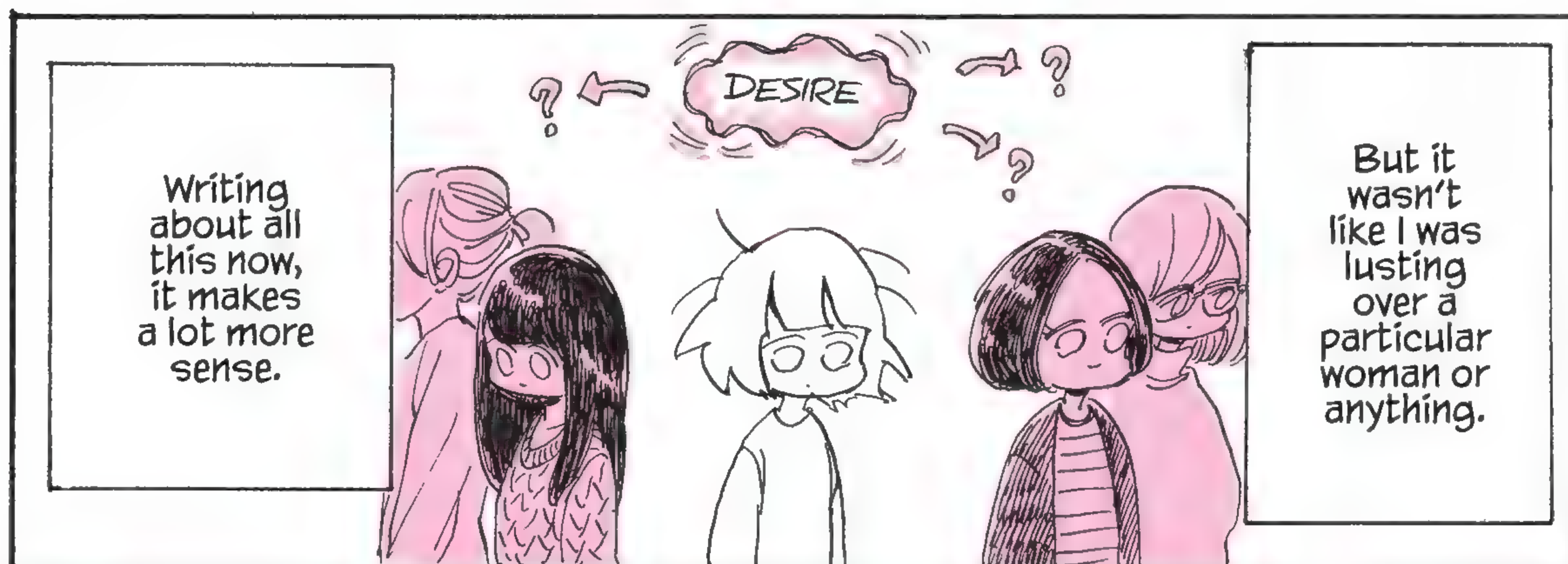


HE SURE IS NAKED.



NOTE THE DIFFERENCE.

Plus, I was more sexually interested in women's bodies than men's.



Writing about all this now, it makes a lot more sense.

But it wasn't like I was lusting over a particular woman or anything.



Back then, though, I was totally, utterly... clueless.

And, as you can probably guess, these are all things that I know now, from experience.



I was sure I'd go my whole life and die without anything even vaguely sexual.

I felt like I shouldn't even be *thinking* about things like that.



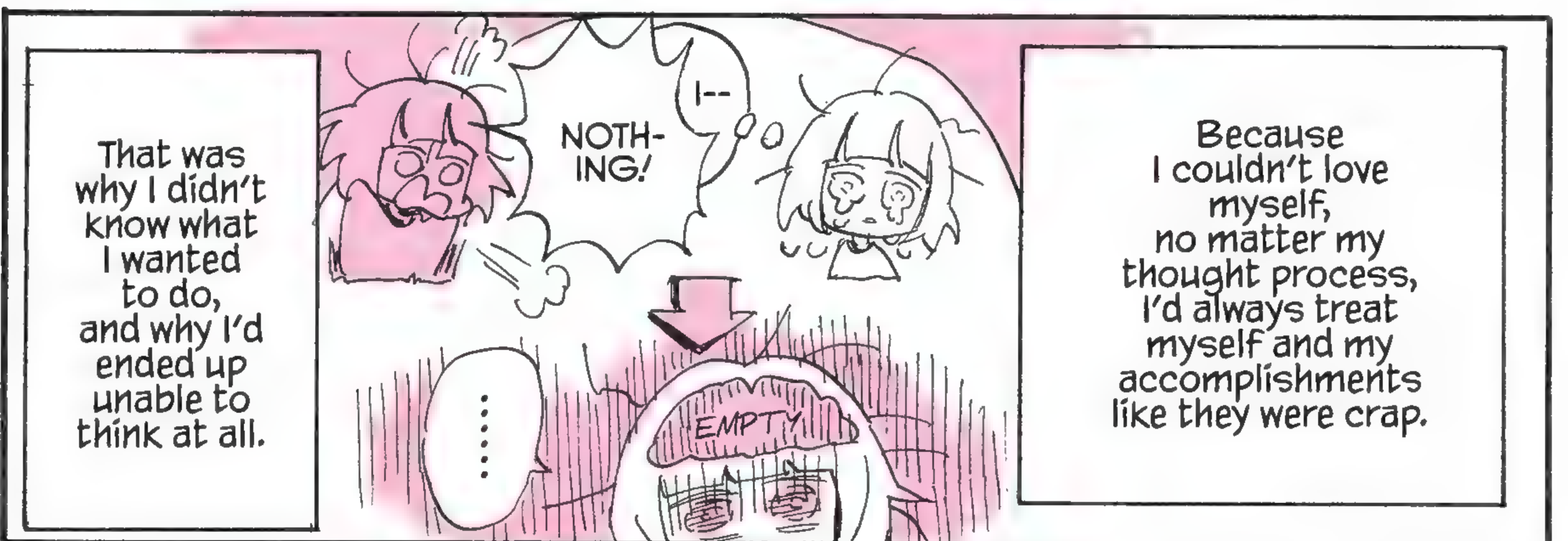
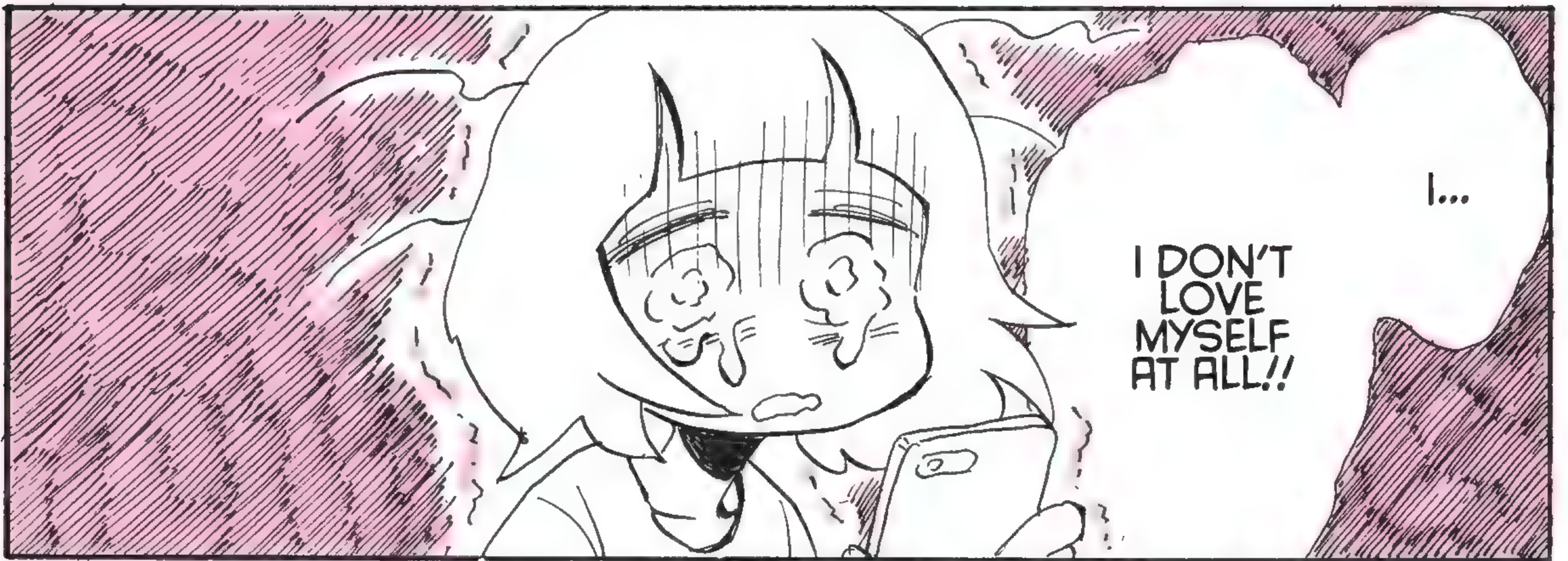
I-I'VE NEVER THOUGHT ANYTHING LIKE THAT!!

Reading that really shocked me.

"Because I can remember what it felt like to appreciate life, I don't want to be a disaster--for my own sake."

By the way-- in her manga at that time, Natsuko Taniguchi wrote:

※Life's Mountains and Valleys [人生山あり谷口] (LEED Publishing), Chapter 13



But wasn't I actually responding to the demands of the me who wanted to please my parents?

I had thought I wanted to live up to my parents' expectations.

Oh! What if...

It was all because that wasn't what they wanted. The me who wanted their approval--who was making me do all this work--had totally missed the mark...

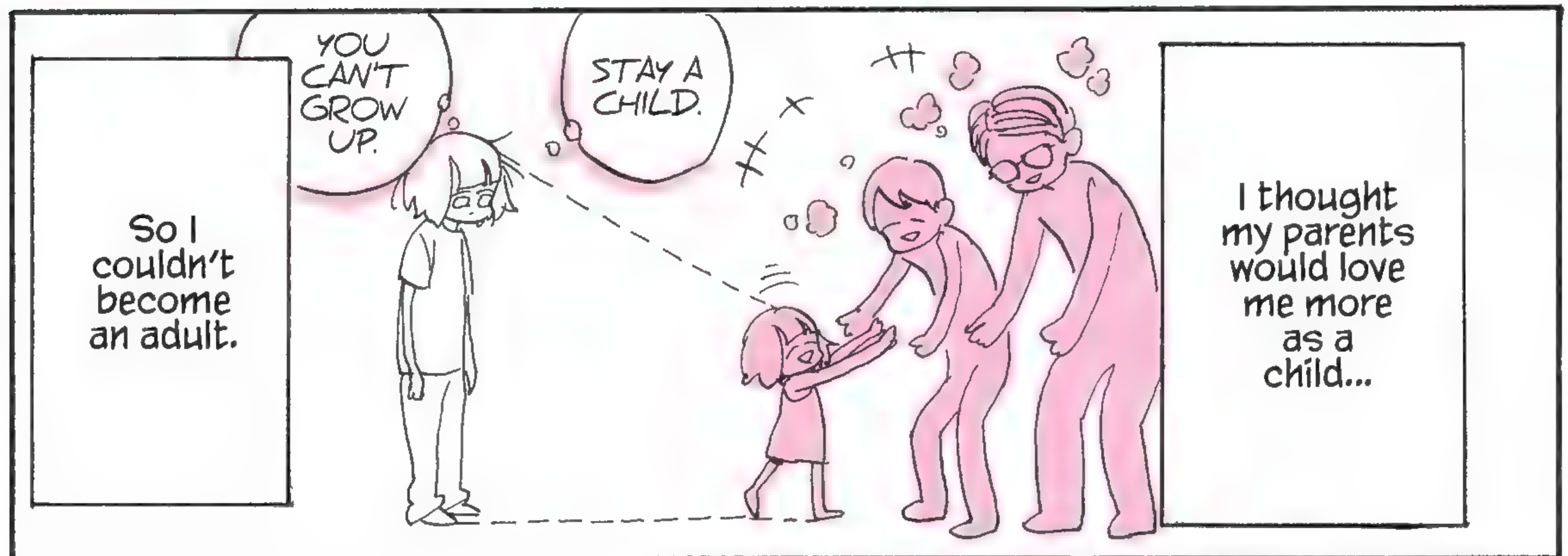
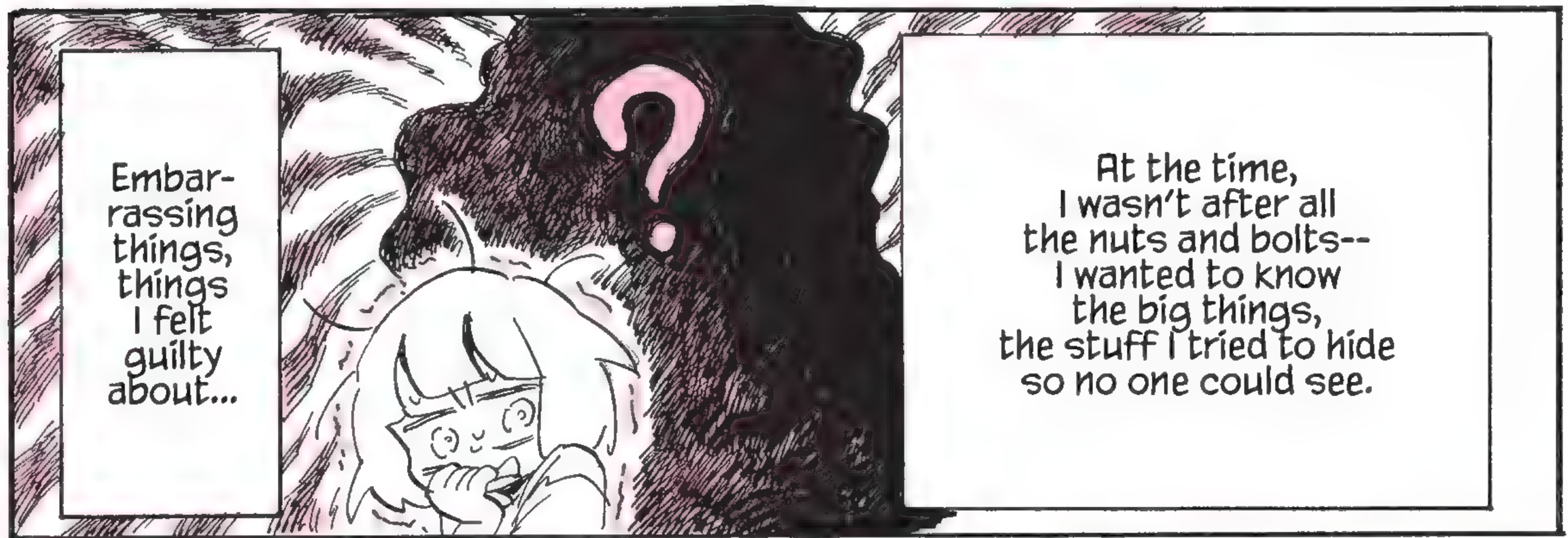
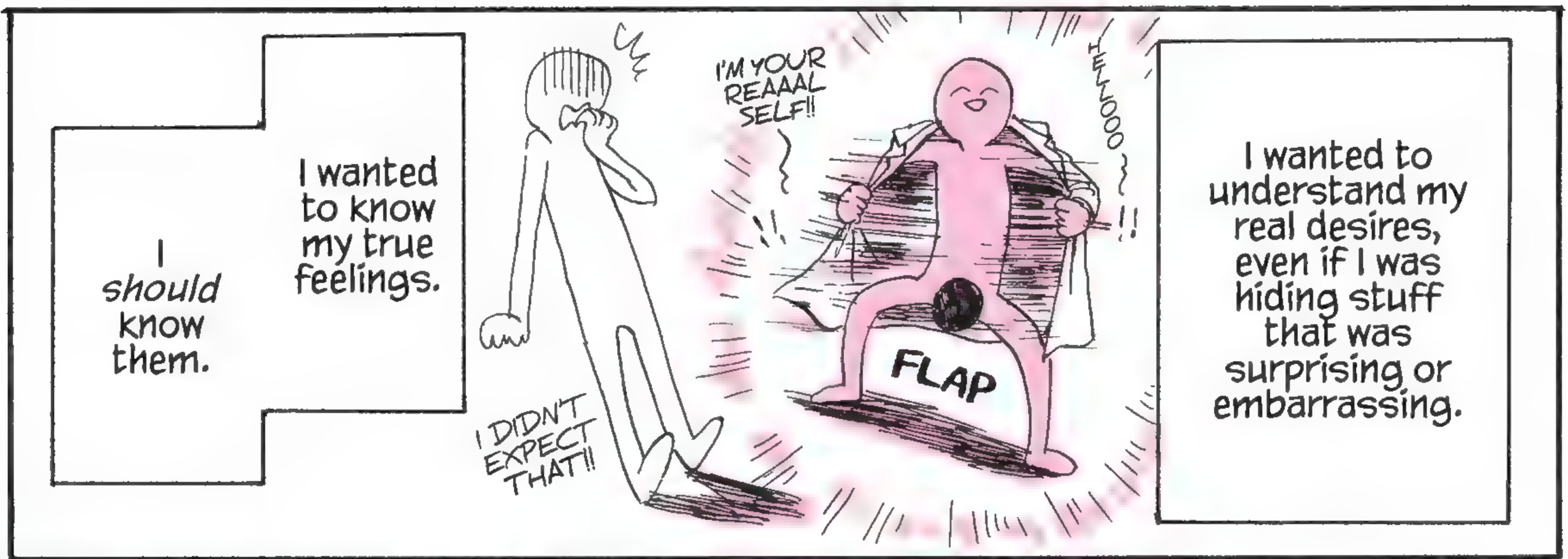
The fact that they weren't the least bit satisfied even though I was supposedly doing all this for them...

Was that why I'd been suffering for so long?

And the me trying to please my parents was the only version of me I'd listened to.

I WANT TO BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND MY OWN FEELINGS!!

I WANT TO LOVE MYSELF.

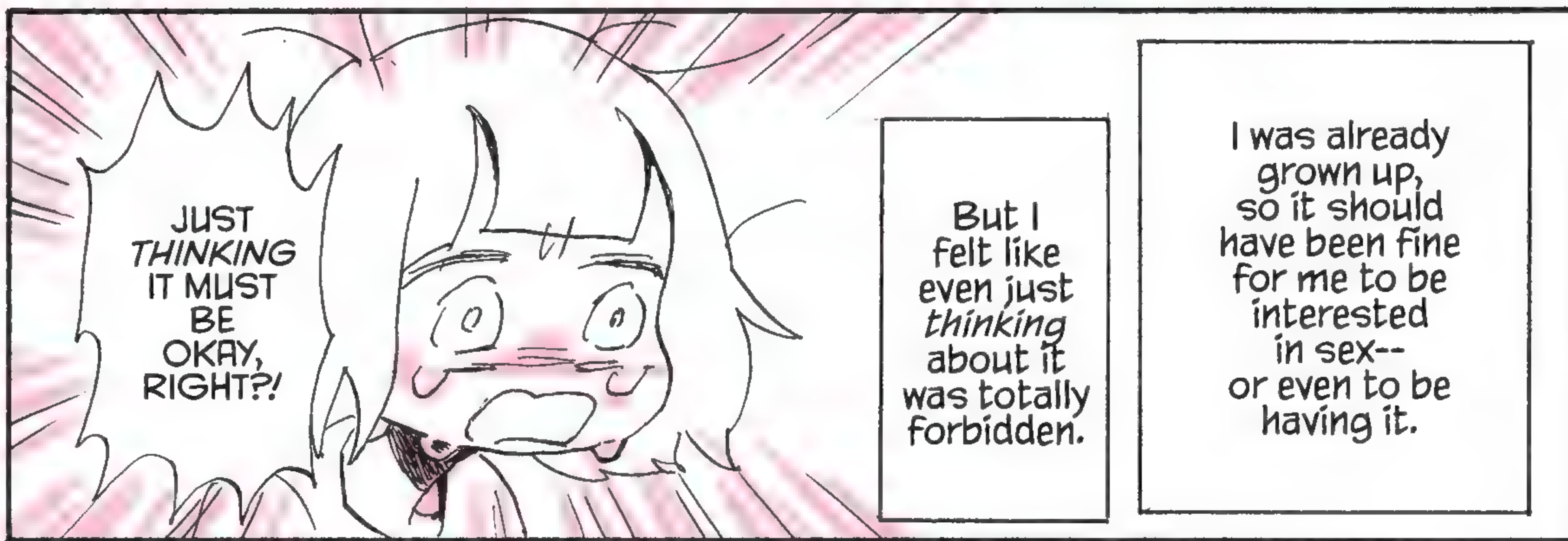




Maybe it was *this*.

DON'T GROW UP. STAY A KID.

The pain of being pushed into a tiny place...



JUST THINKING IT MUST BE OKAY, RIGHT?!

But I felt like even just *thinking* about it was totally forbidden.

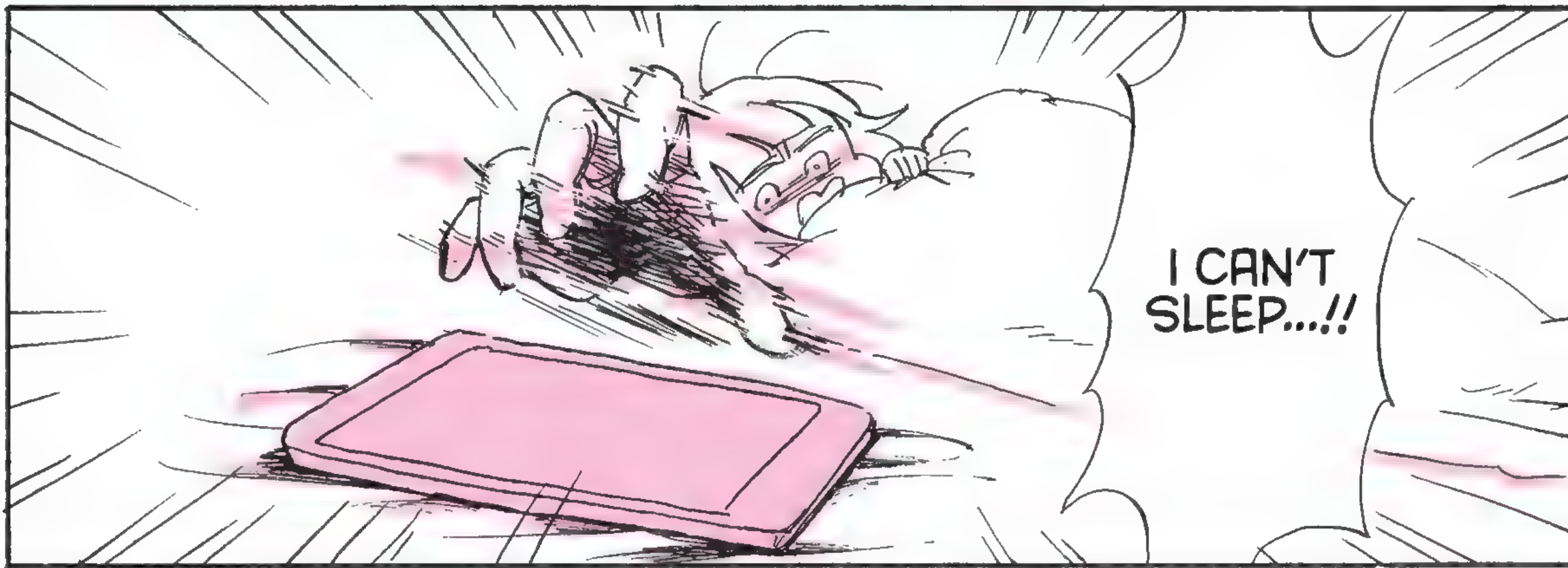
I was already grown up, so it should have been fine for me to be interested in sex-- or even to be having it.



I'M GOING TO SLEEP!!

I WANT TO LEARN TO UNDERSTAND MY OWN FEELINGS!

I DON'T WANT TO SUFFER ANYMORE!



I CAN'T SLEEP...!!



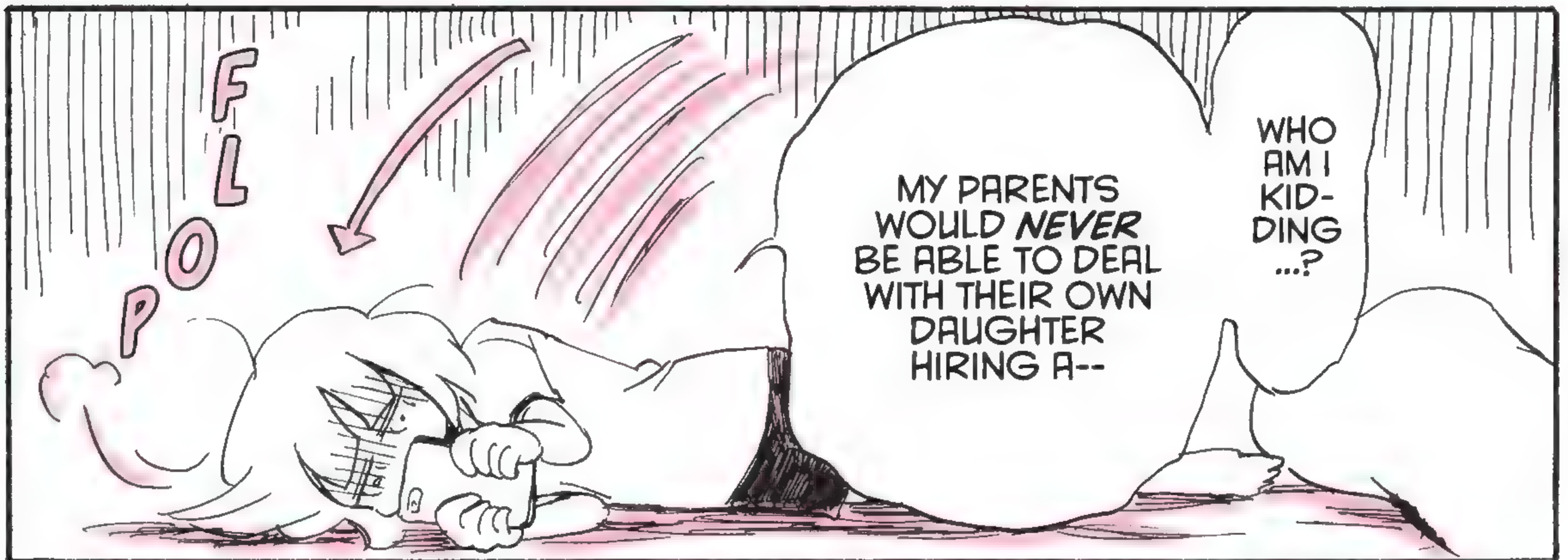
I'M DONE
THINKING--
I'LL JUST
LOOK
IT UP!



THERE'S
ONE
SUPER
CLOSE
BY...?!

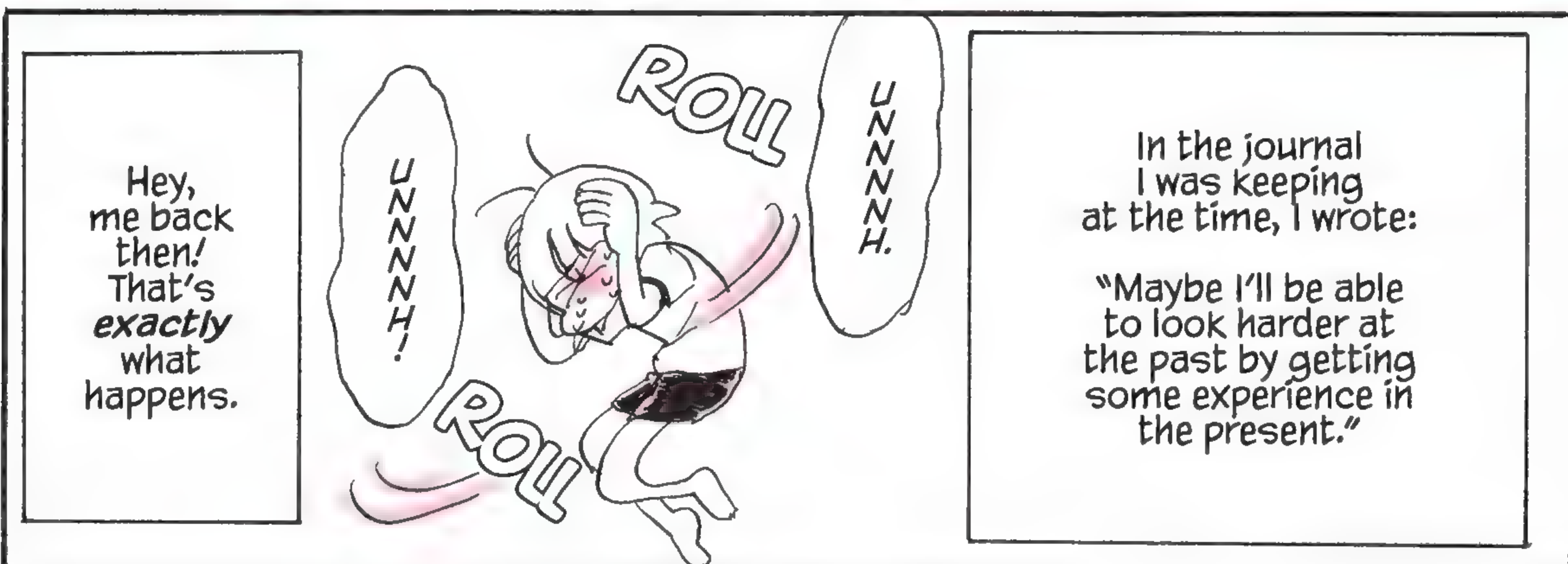
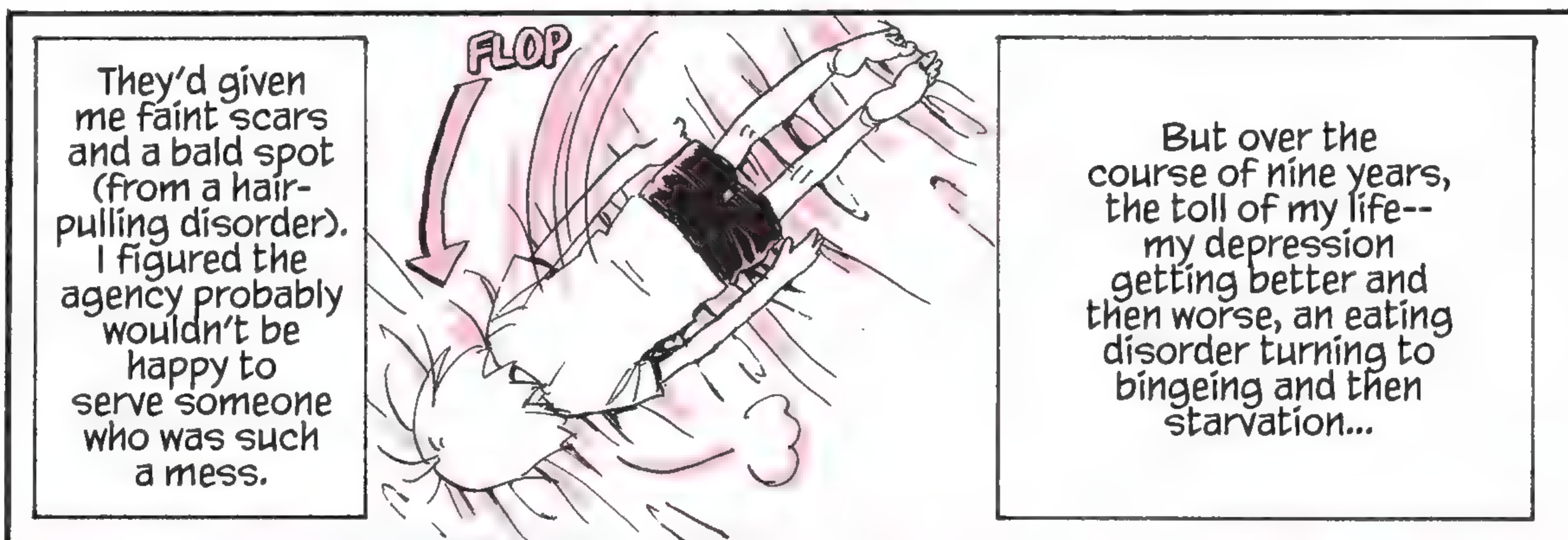
JOLT

WHAT
?!



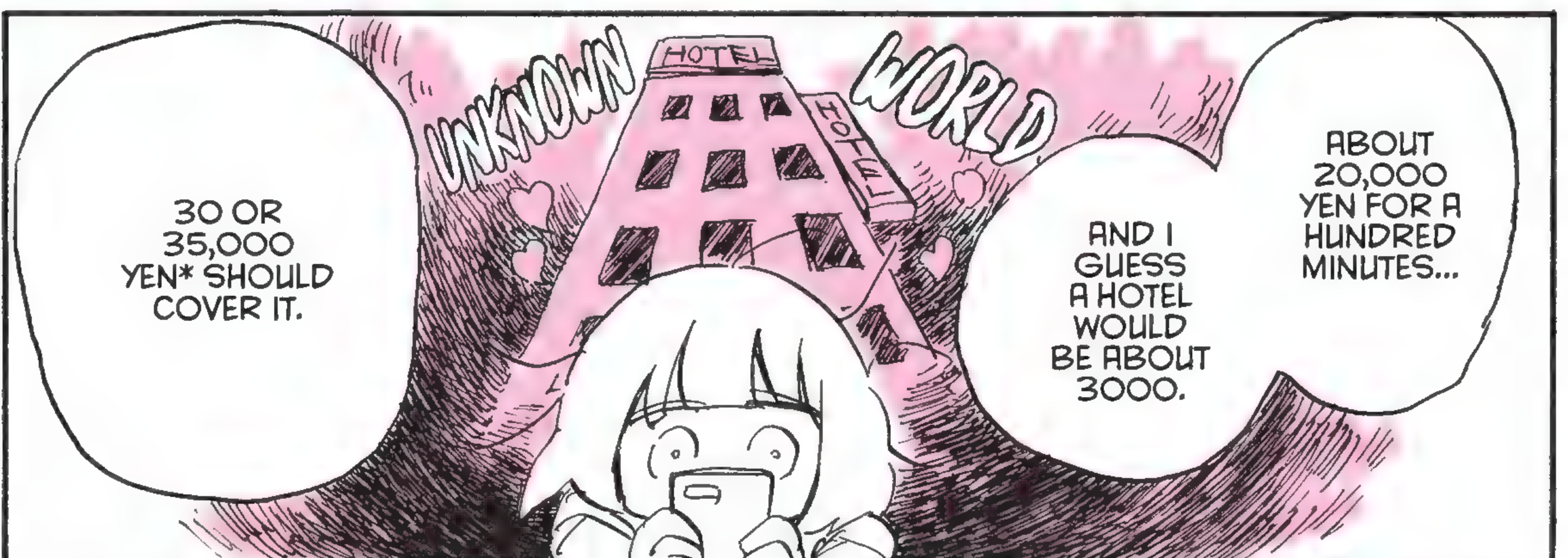
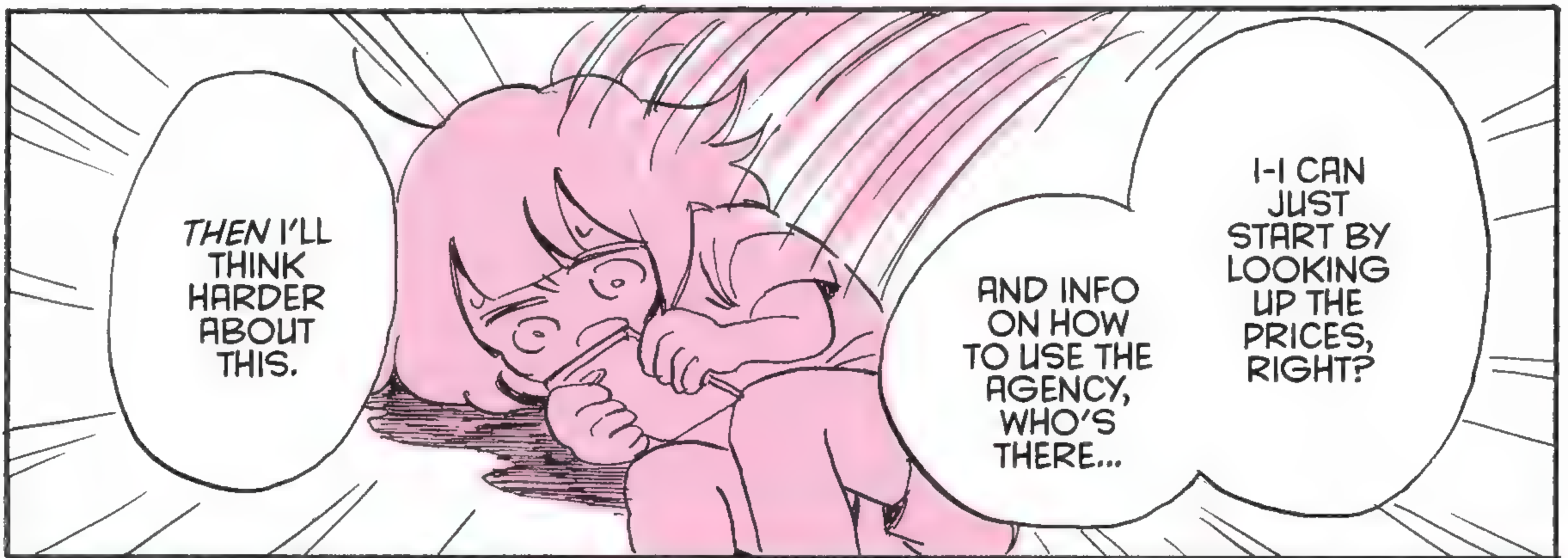
MY PARENTS
WOULD *NEVER*
BE ABLE TO DEAL
WITH THEIR OWN
DAUGHTER
HIRING A--

WHO
AM I
KID-
DING
...?





My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness



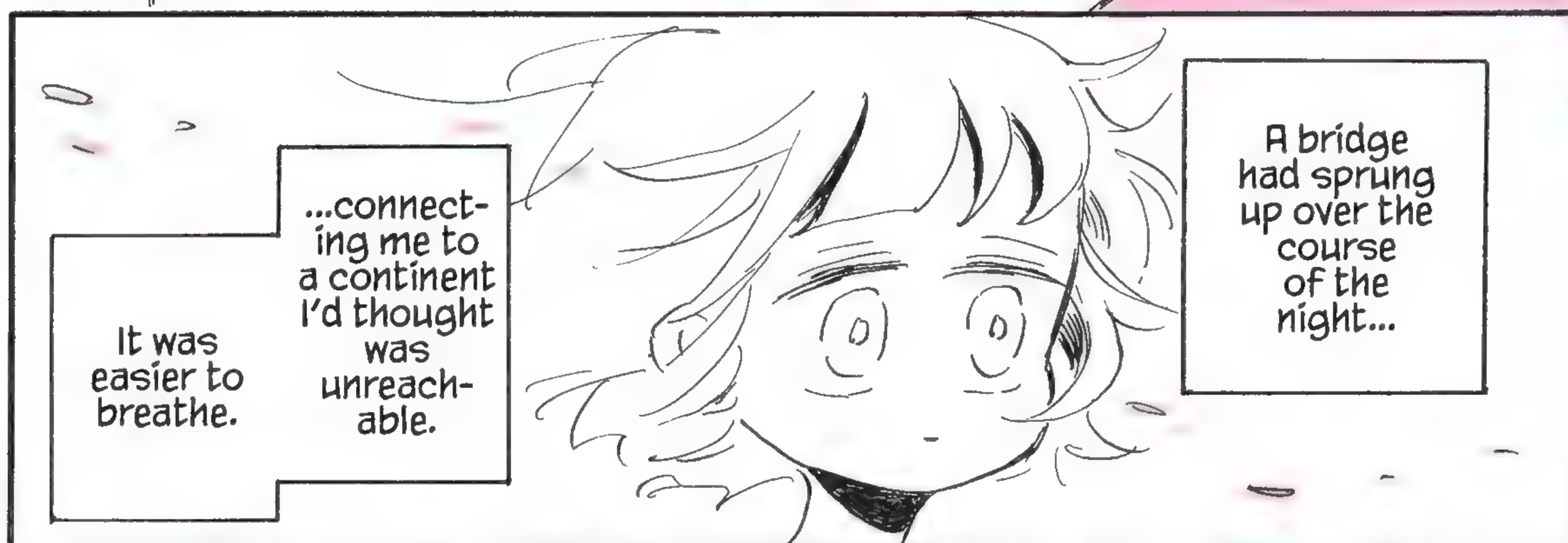
*About \$250-\$300 U.S. Dollars.





The
next
day...

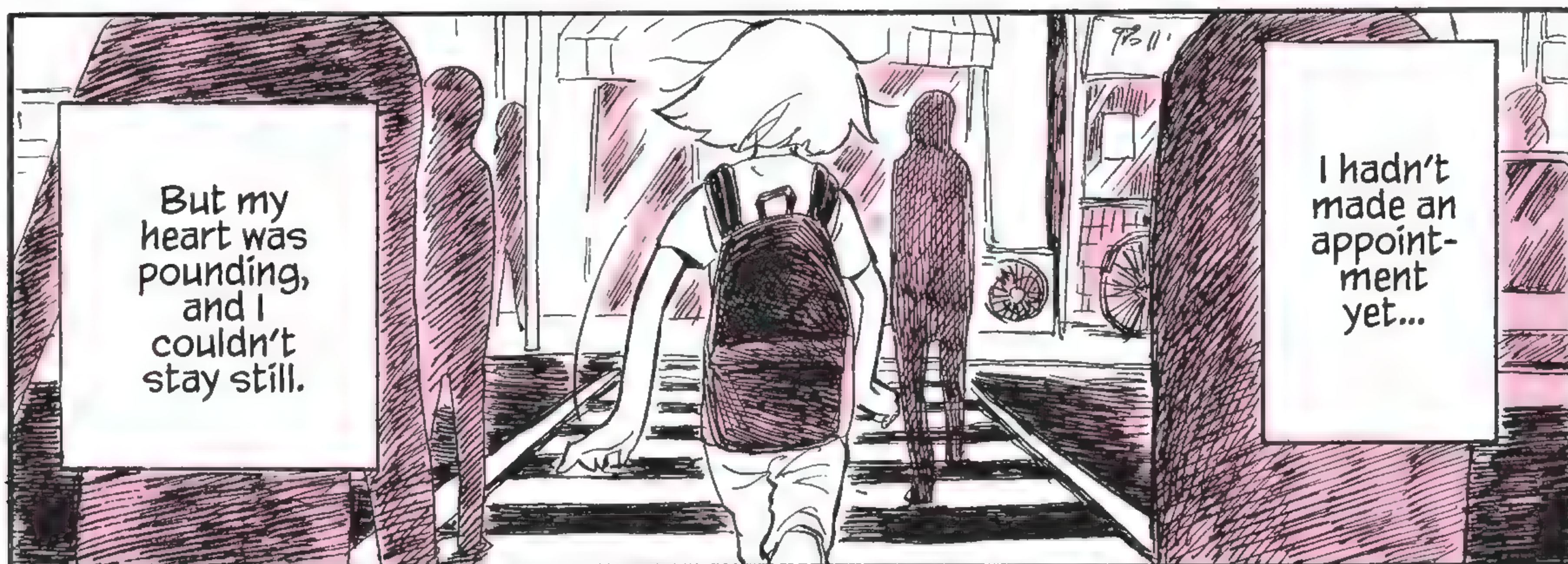
...the
world
was a
bigger
place.



It was
easier to
breathe.

...connect-
ing me to
a continent
I'd thought
was unreach-
able.

A bridge
had sprung
up over the
course
of the
night...



But my
heart was
pounding,
and I
couldn't
stay still.

I hadn't
made an
appoint-
ment
yet...

Instead of bowing to the demands of the me who wanted to please my parents, I was thinking and acting for my *OWN* sake.



Since I'd looked at the place's website--no, since I'd run the first search...



I couldn't believe how fulfilling it felt.

My physical body hadn't changed, even if the world had opened.

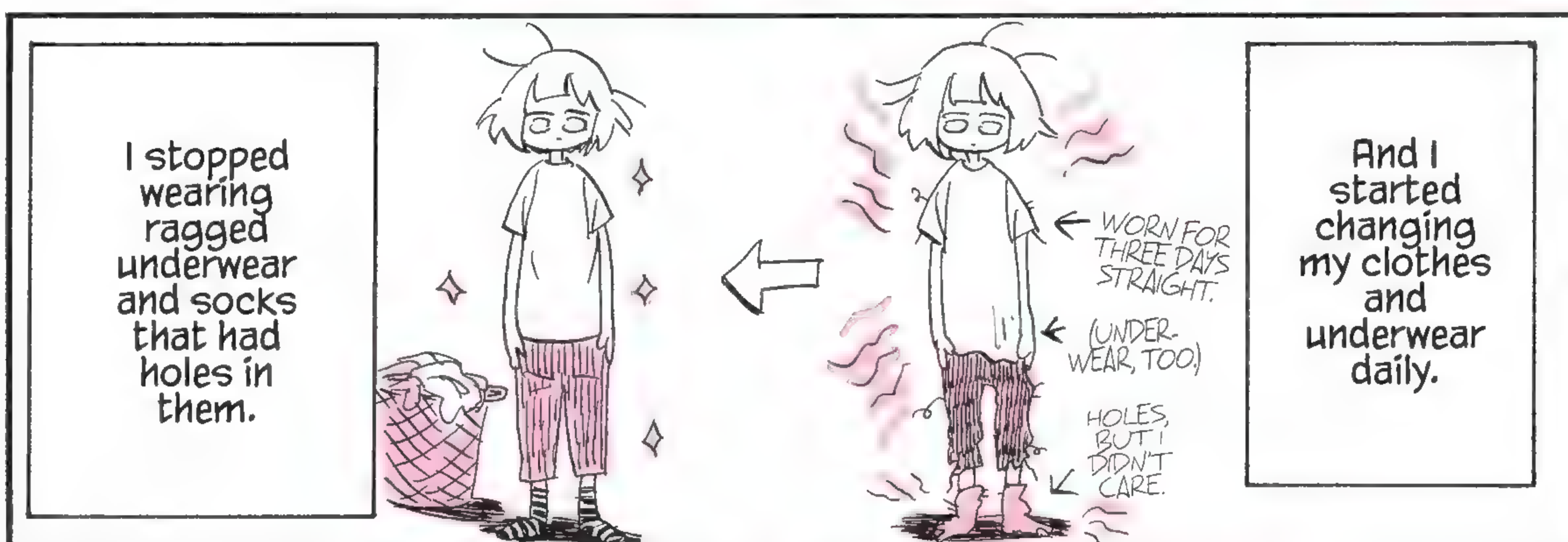


I finally realized something.

So I could go anywhere I wanted in this bigger world.



I had to clean up.





...and keeping neat and clean was loving myself.

I thought spending time, effort, and money on myself...

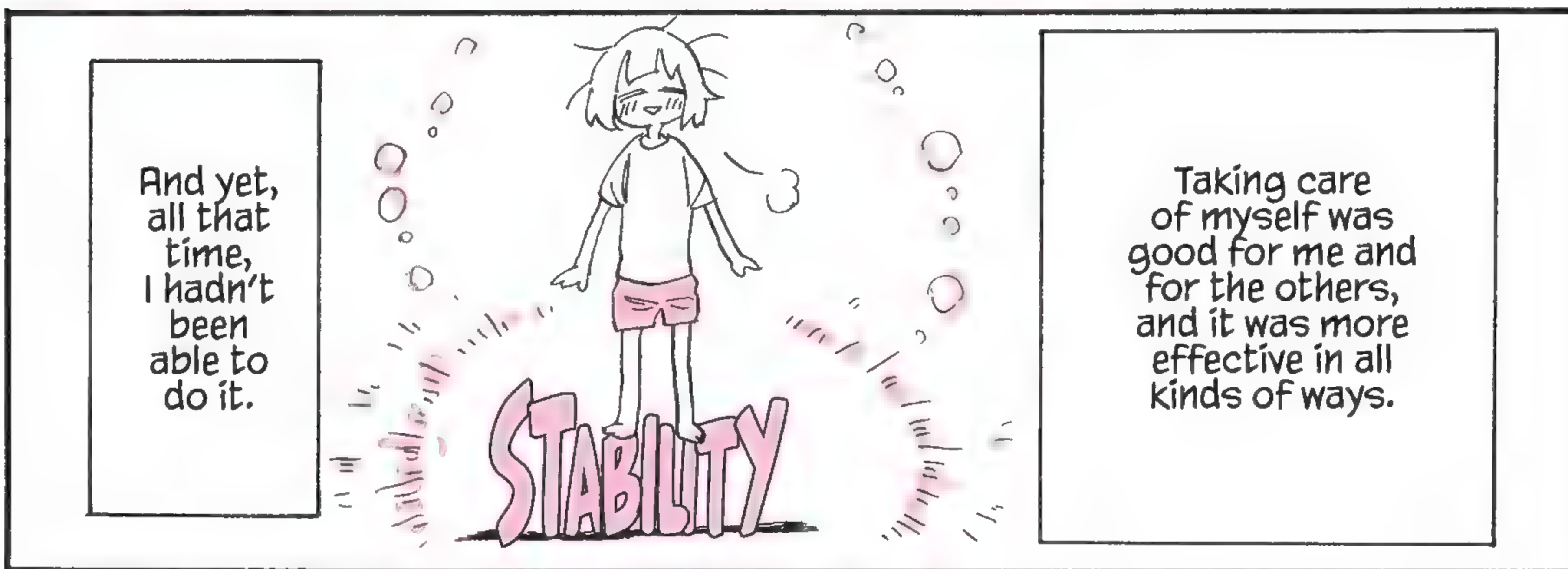


...the people around me were nicer, too.

And when I was able to love myself...

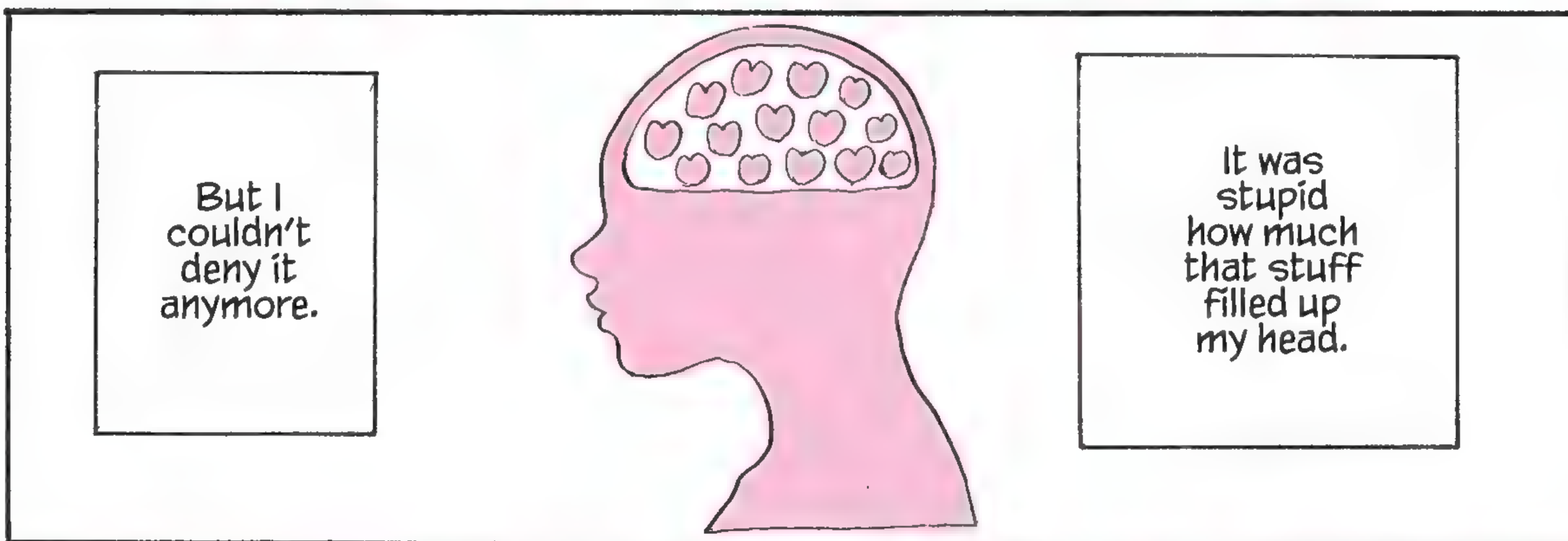


When I relied on other people for everything, it was hard for me and it burdened everyone else.



And yet, all that time, I hadn't been able to do it.

Taking care of myself was good for me and for the others, and it was more effective in all kinds of ways.

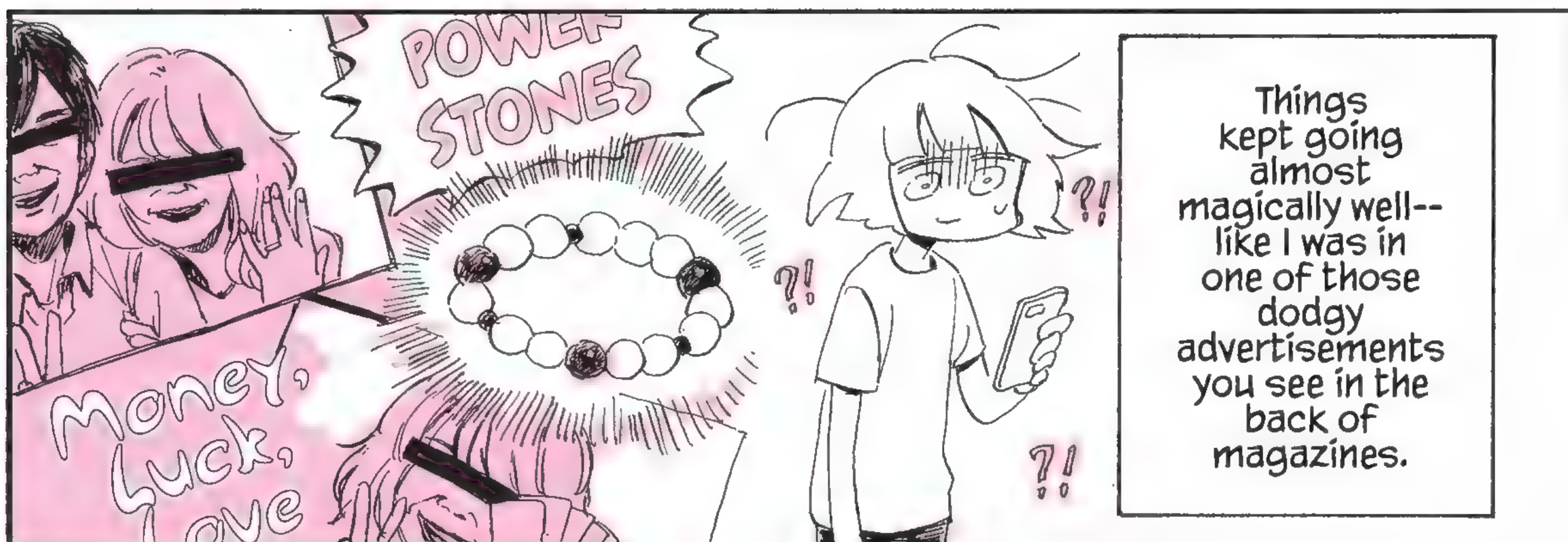




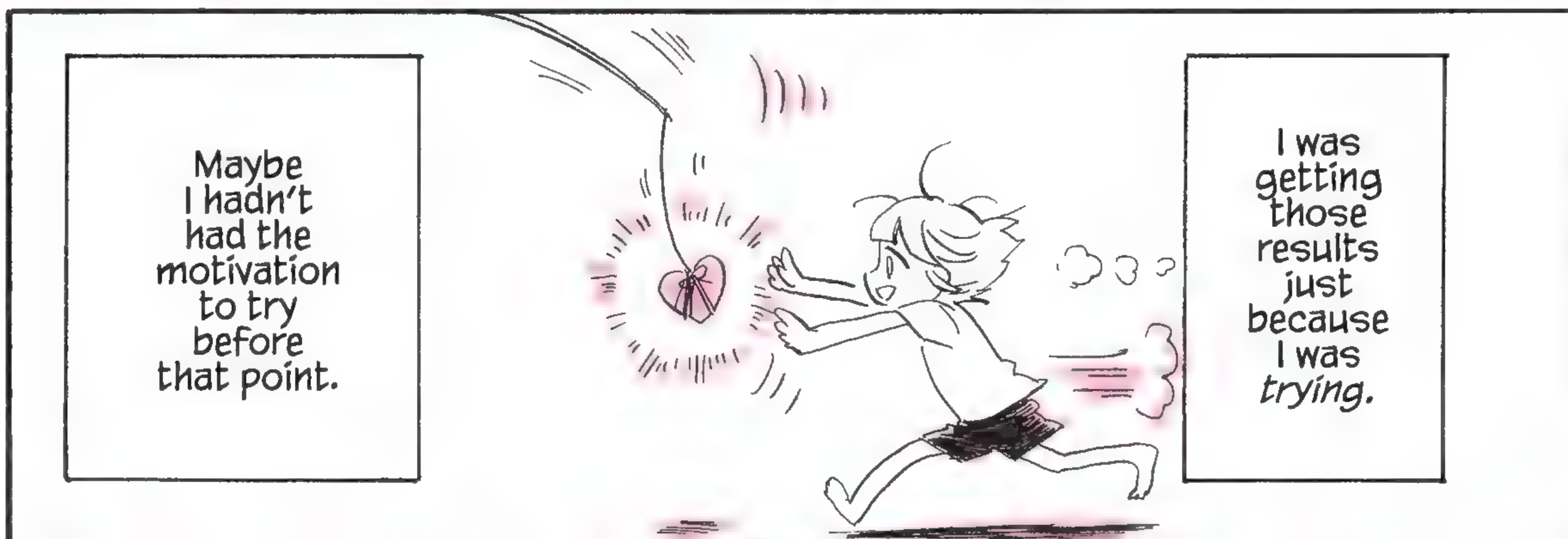
...for the first time in over a year, I got the go-ahead for one of my pitches.

OKAY, PLEASE START ON A DRAFT OF THIS.

And...

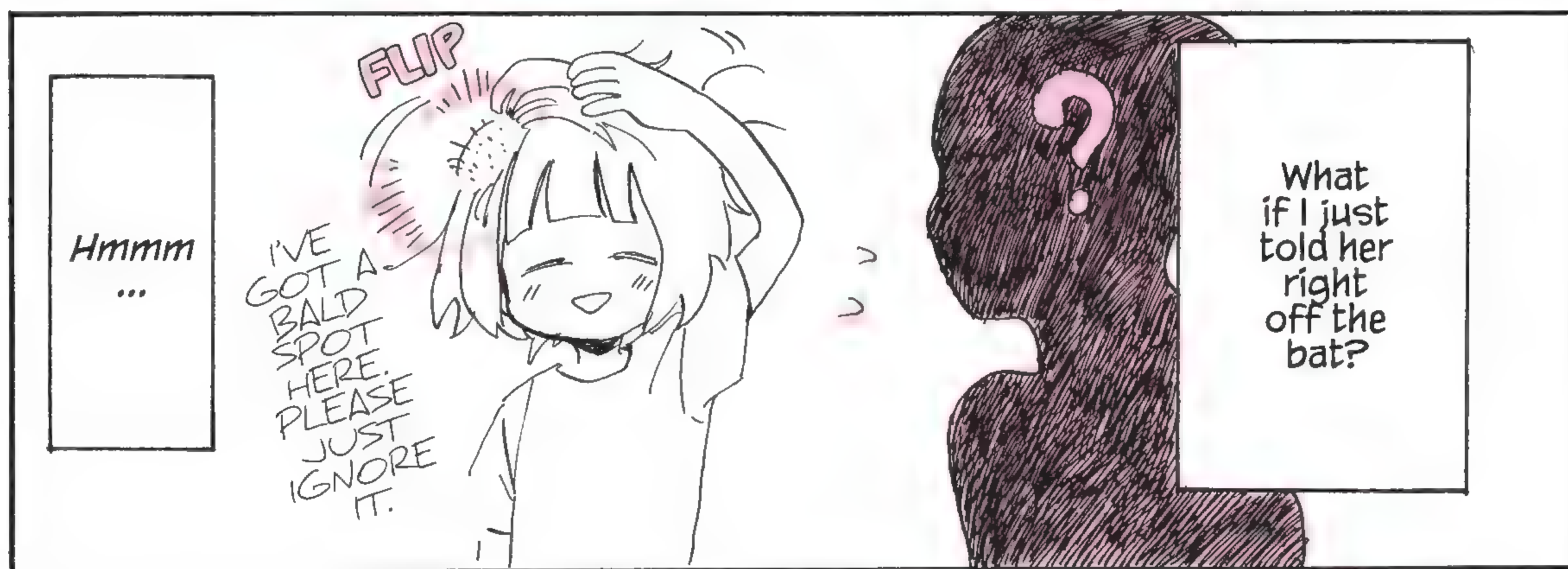


Things kept going almost magically well-- like I was in one of those dodgy advertisements you see in the back of magazines.

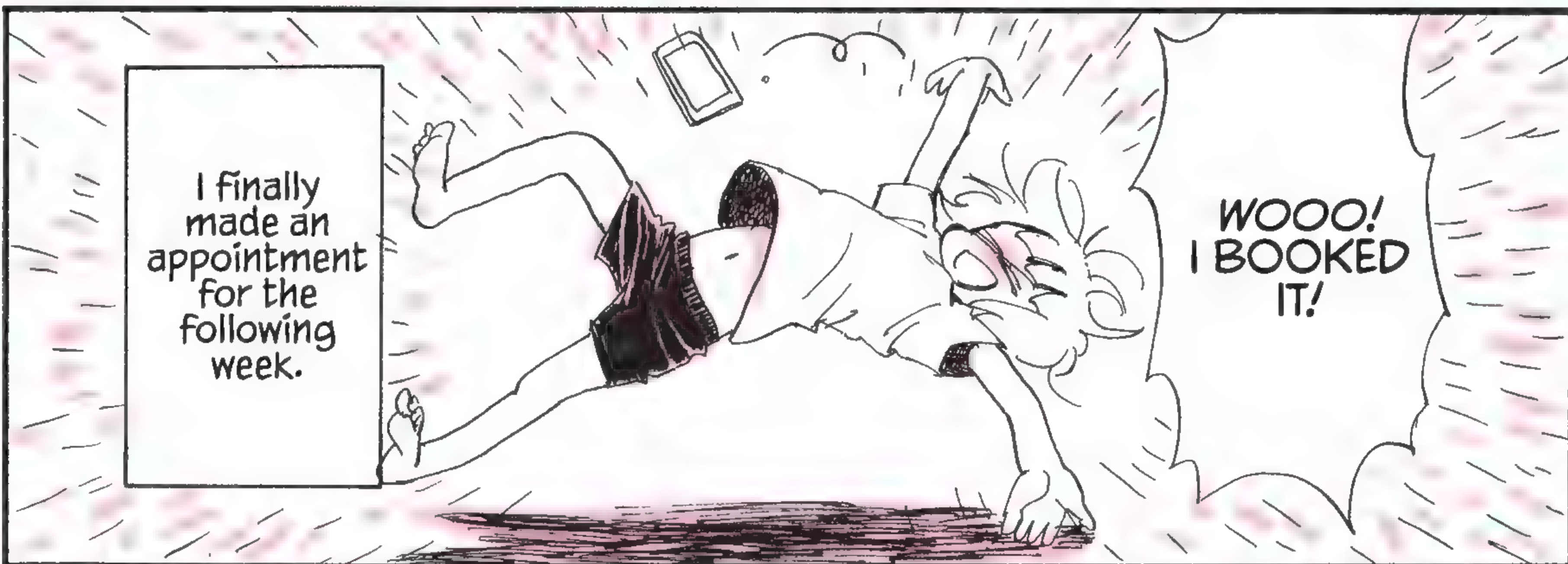


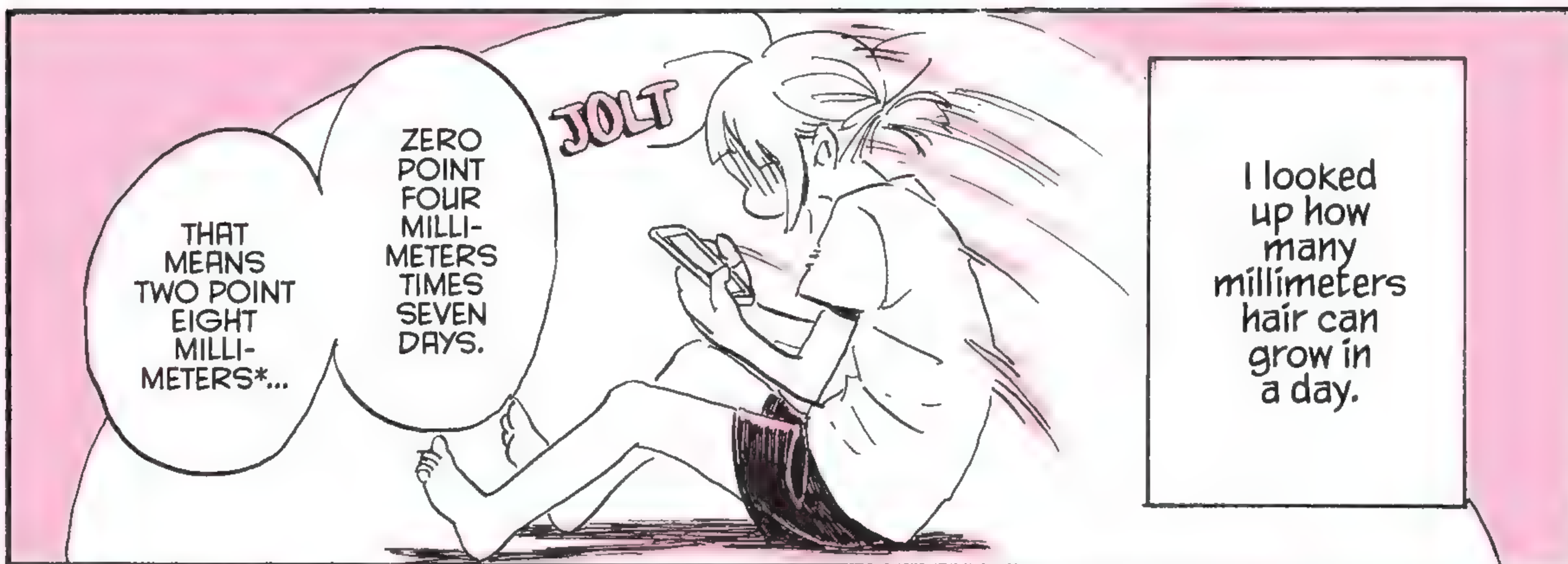
My mind kept wandering. I couldn't concentrate.

But even when I was working...

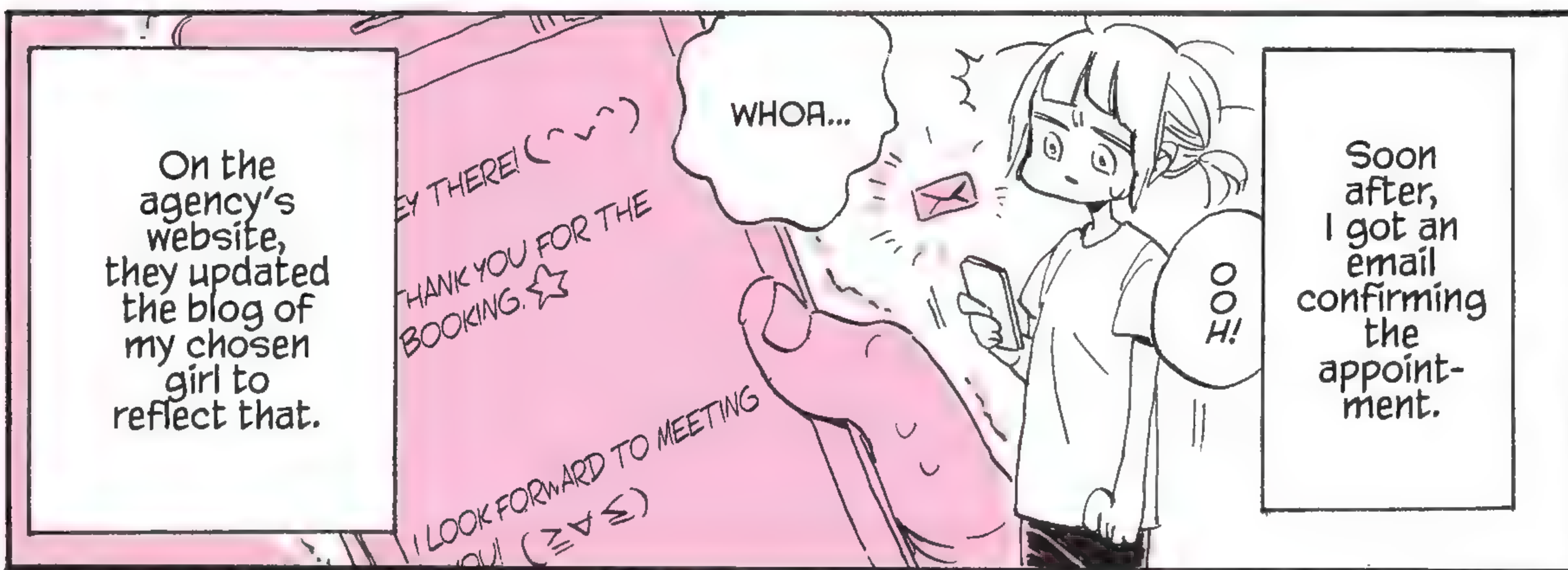


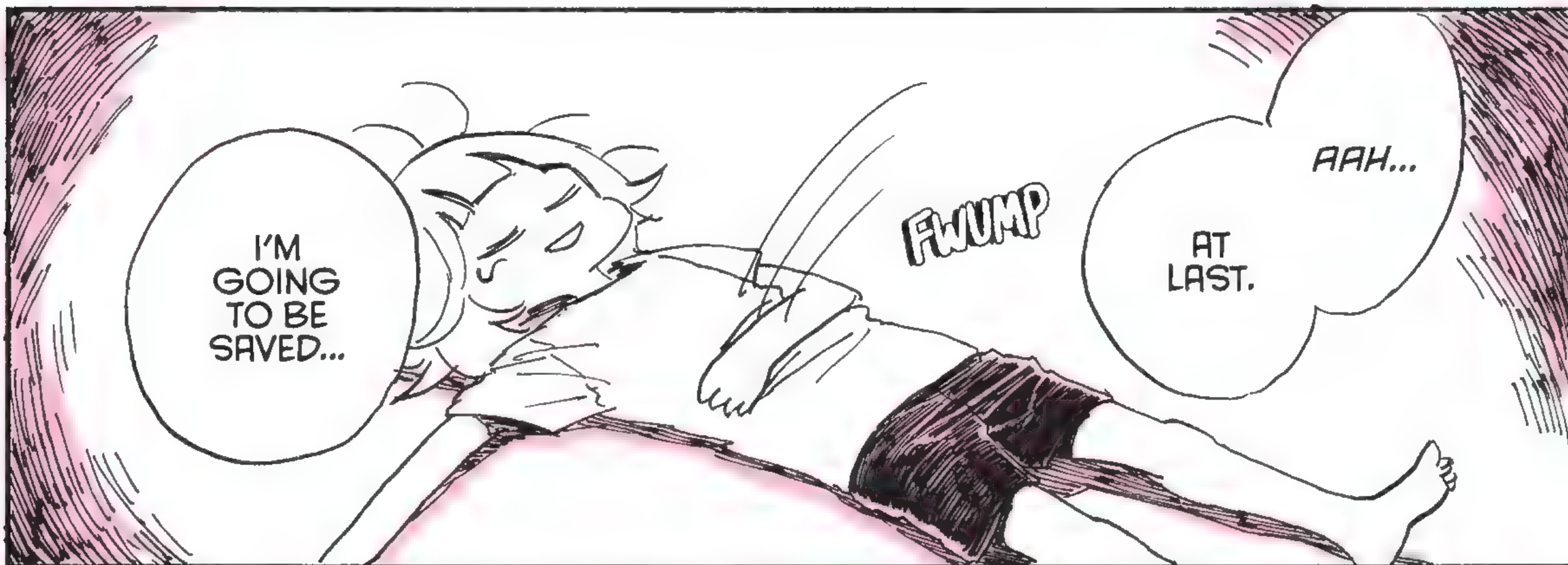


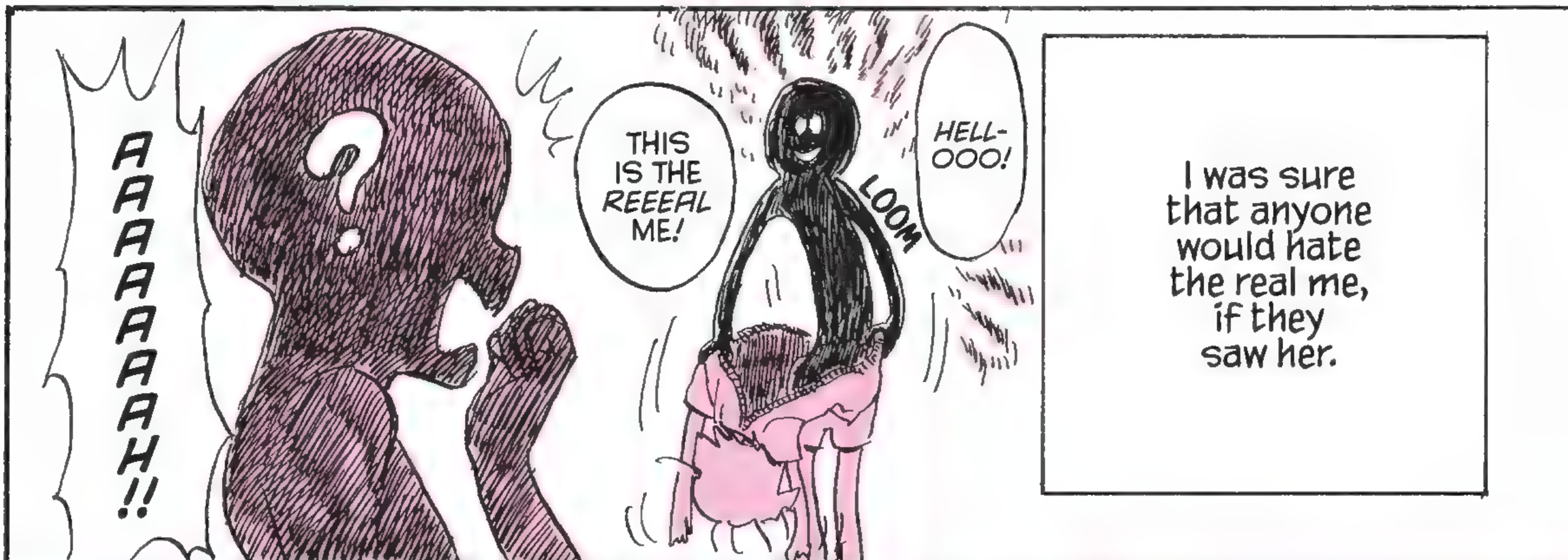




*About a tenth of an inch.

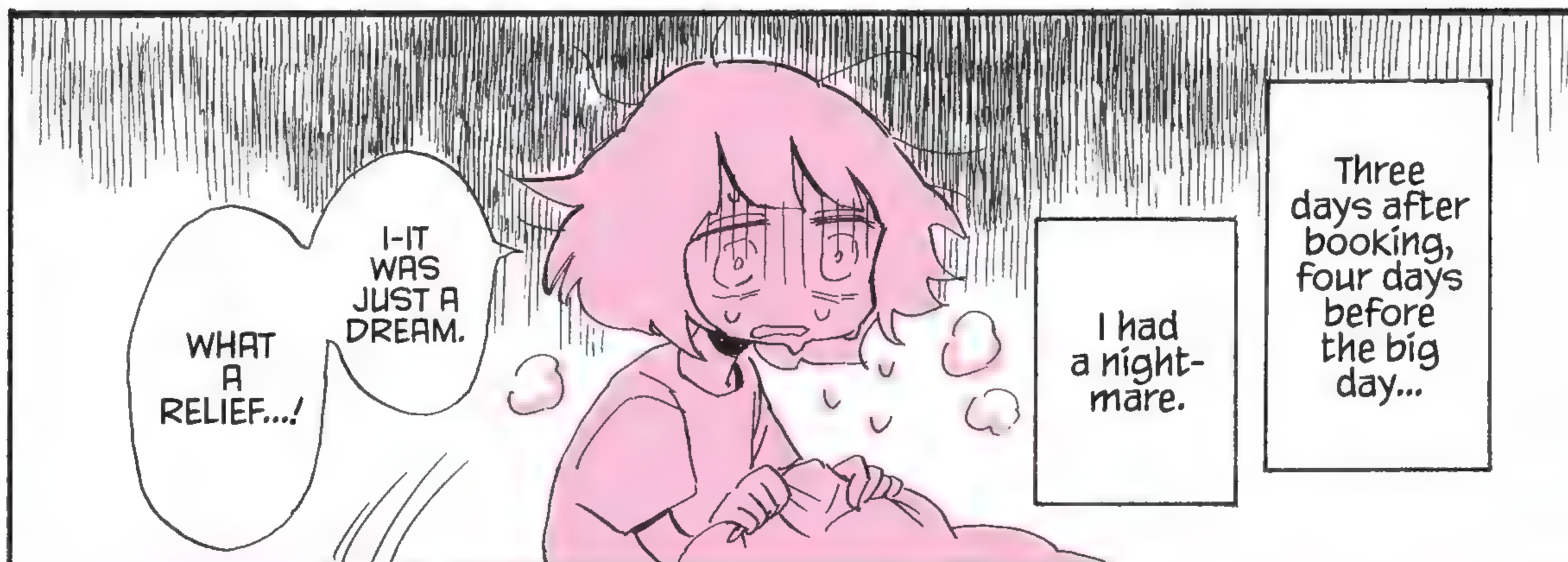






I was sure that anyone would hate the real me, if they saw her.





WHAT
A
RELIEF...!

I-IT
WAS
JUST A
DREAM.

I had
a night-
mare.

Three
days after
booking,
four days
before
the big
day...



I was on
the run
with a
criminal.

People
were
chasing
me.

I dreamed
I was hiding
a body beneath
my bed's
floorboards.



I made
some
excuse.

M-MY
FRIEND'S
HERE--
SHE NEEDS
THE BATH,
BUT, UH,
SHE'LL
GO HOME
SOON.

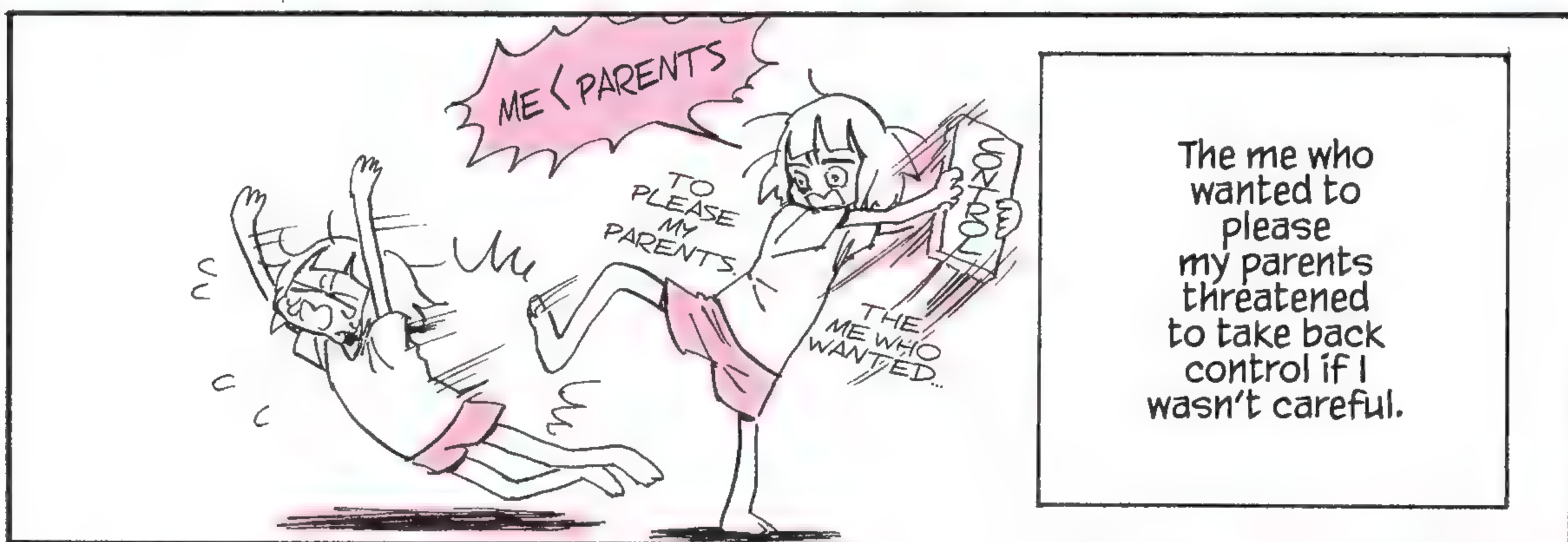
And that
the escort
came to my
house, even
though she
wasn't
supposed
to.



That was
what I
thought,
anyway.

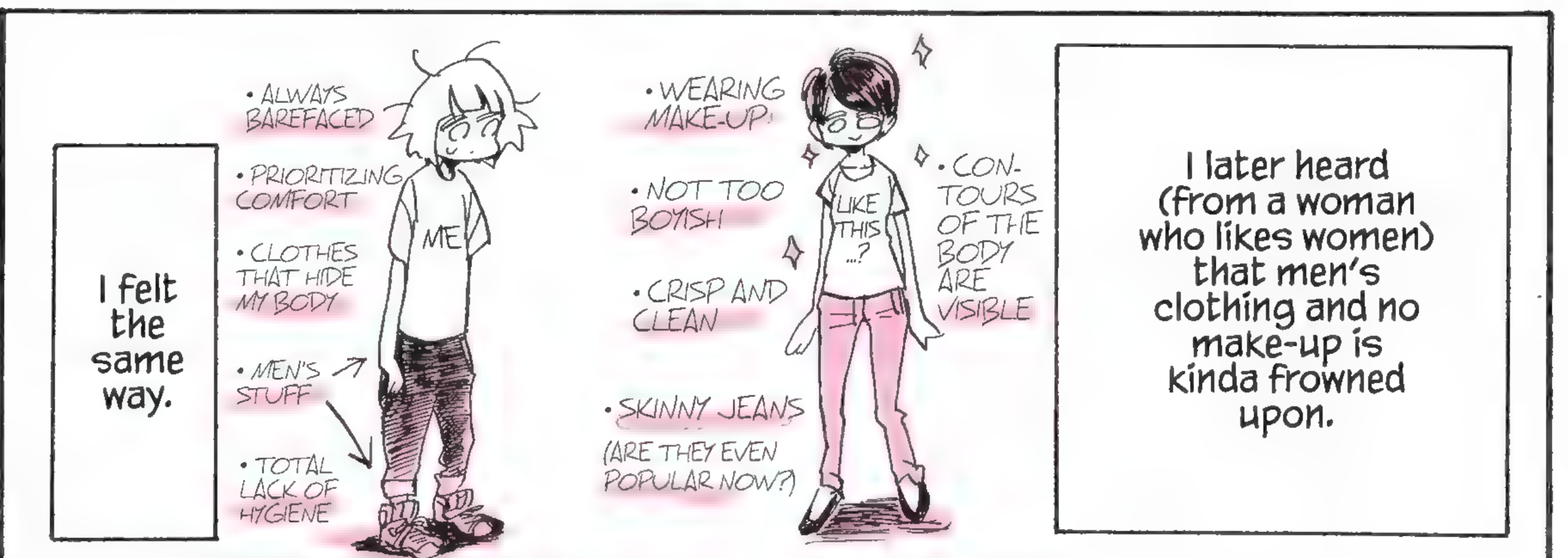
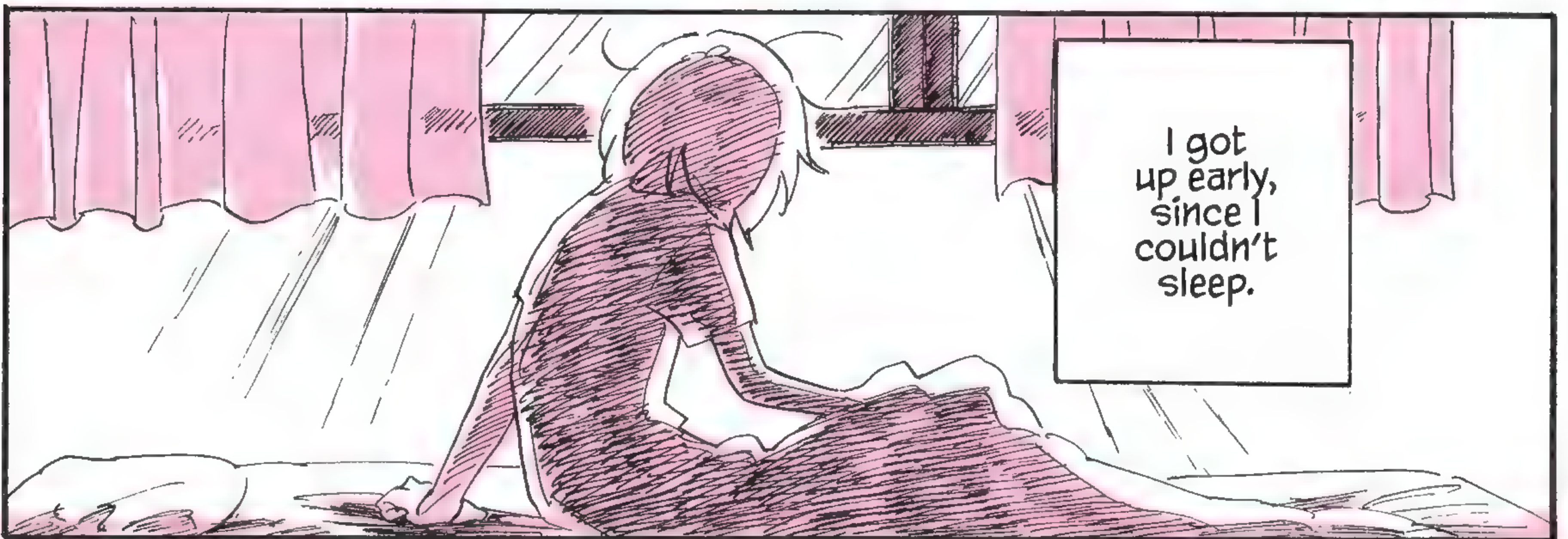
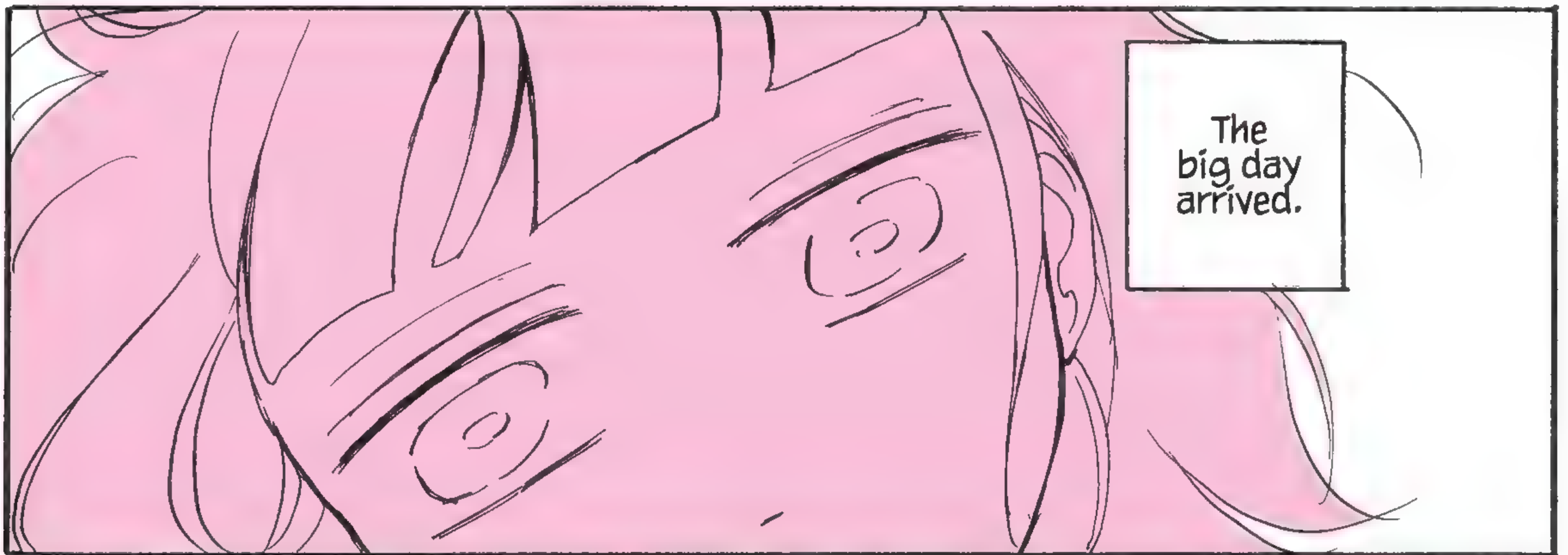
WHOA...

It was
obviously a
guilt-induced
nightmare,
since I was
hiding the fact
that I'd gone
to an escort
agency.

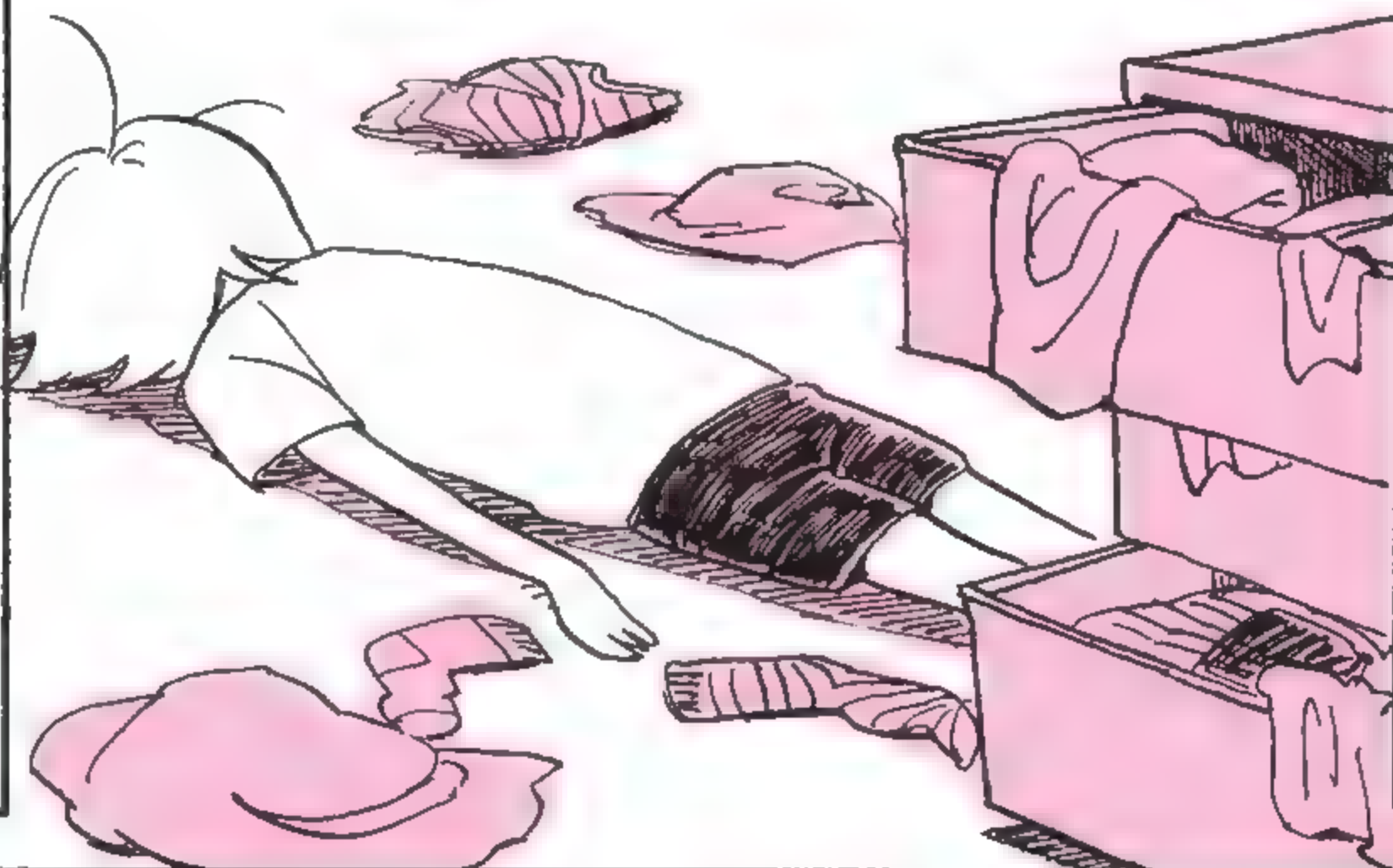


The background of the entire page consists of a repeating pattern of diagonal stripes. The stripes are a light pink color and are set against a white background. They run from the top-left corner towards the bottom-right corner, creating a sense of movement and texture.

My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness

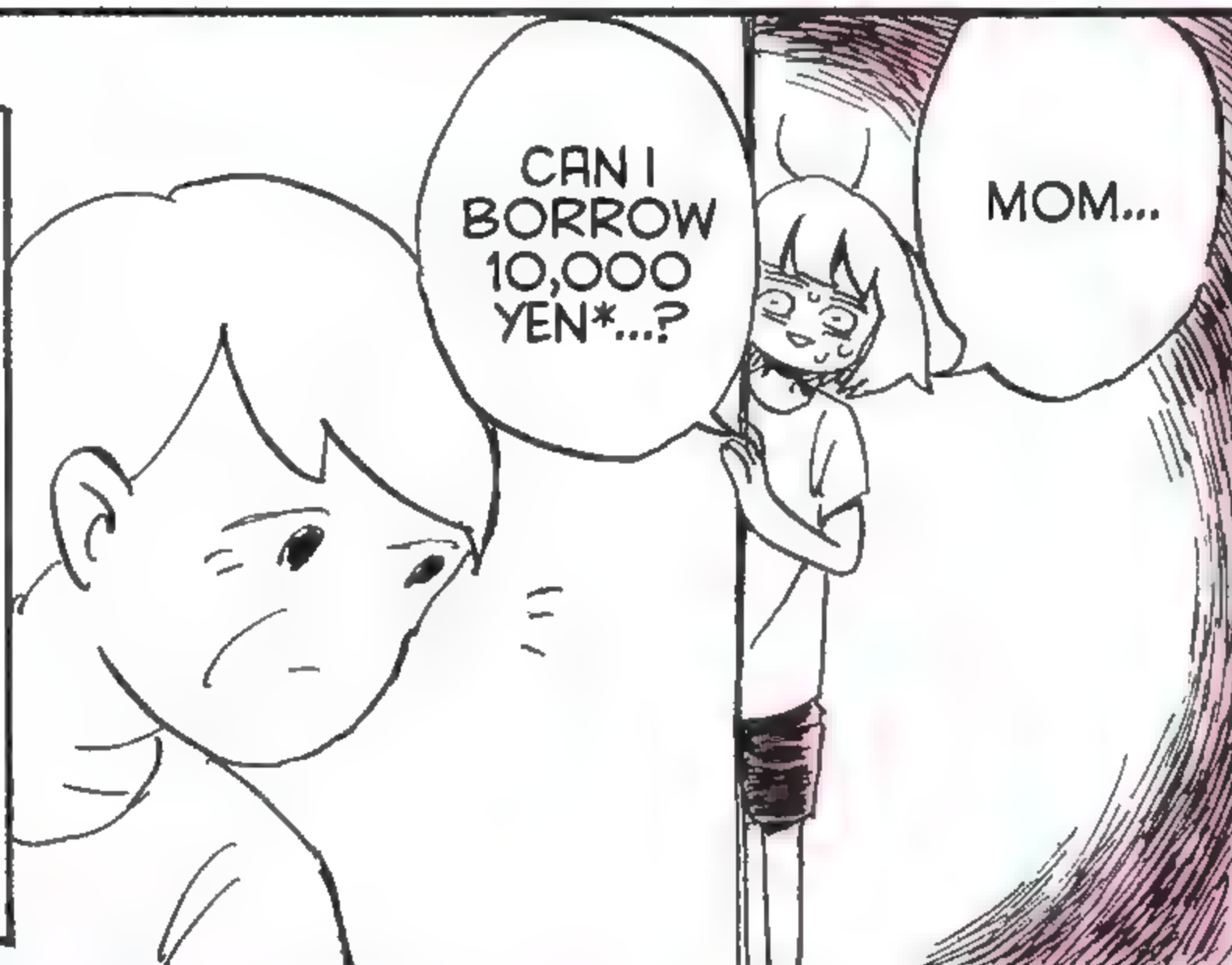


It was like I'd fallen so low that I couldn't bounce back fast, no matter *what* I did.



But I'd given up on a "proper" life for so long that I didn't have any clothes.

I ended up borrowing money from my mom to hire an escort, i.e. the worst thing ever.



CAN I BORROW 10,000 YEN*...?

MOM...

And because the temporary income I'd been counting on was less than expected...

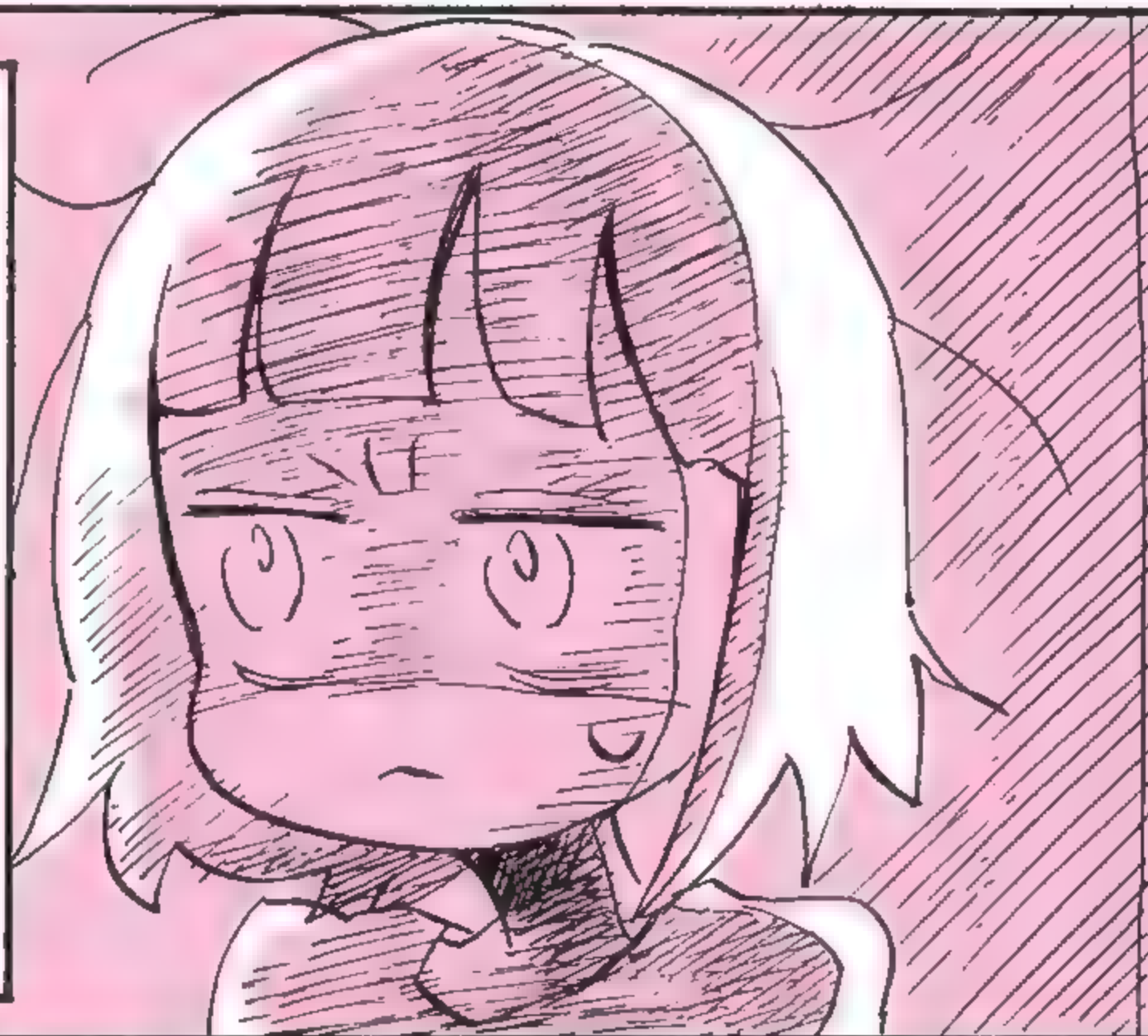
*About \$100 US.

I wasn't hiring this woman for *fun*. I thought I had to do it for something far more important.

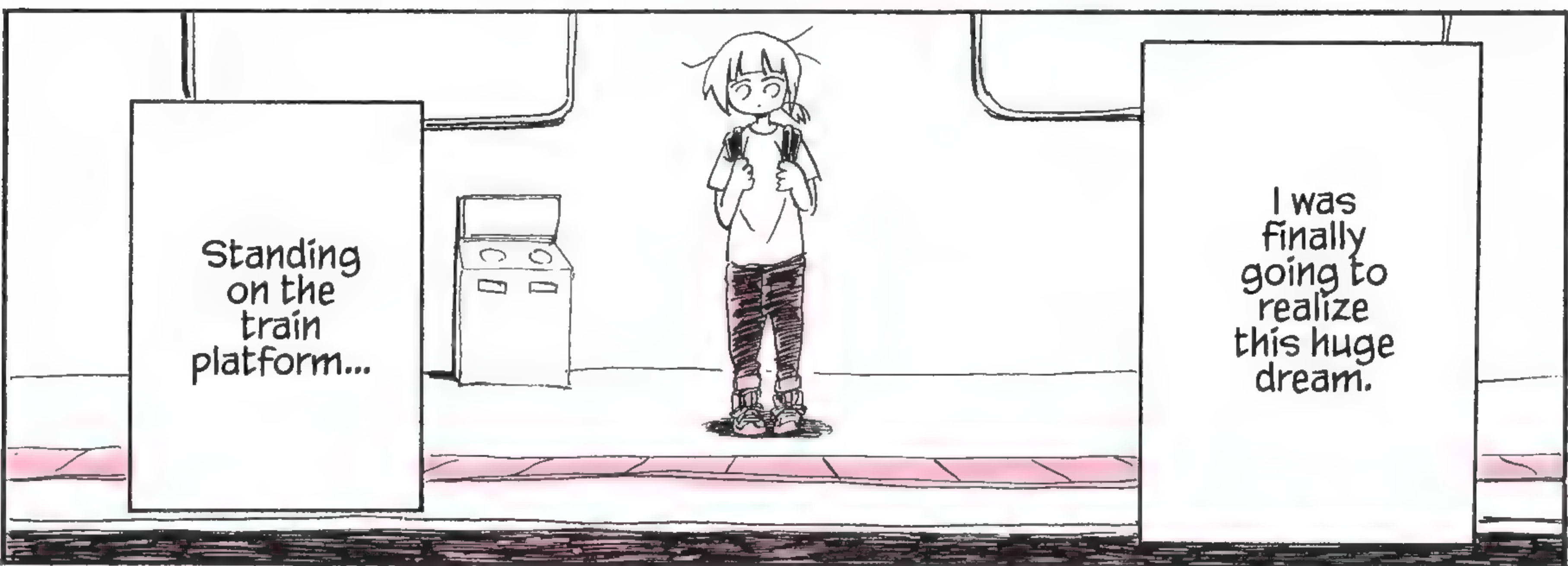
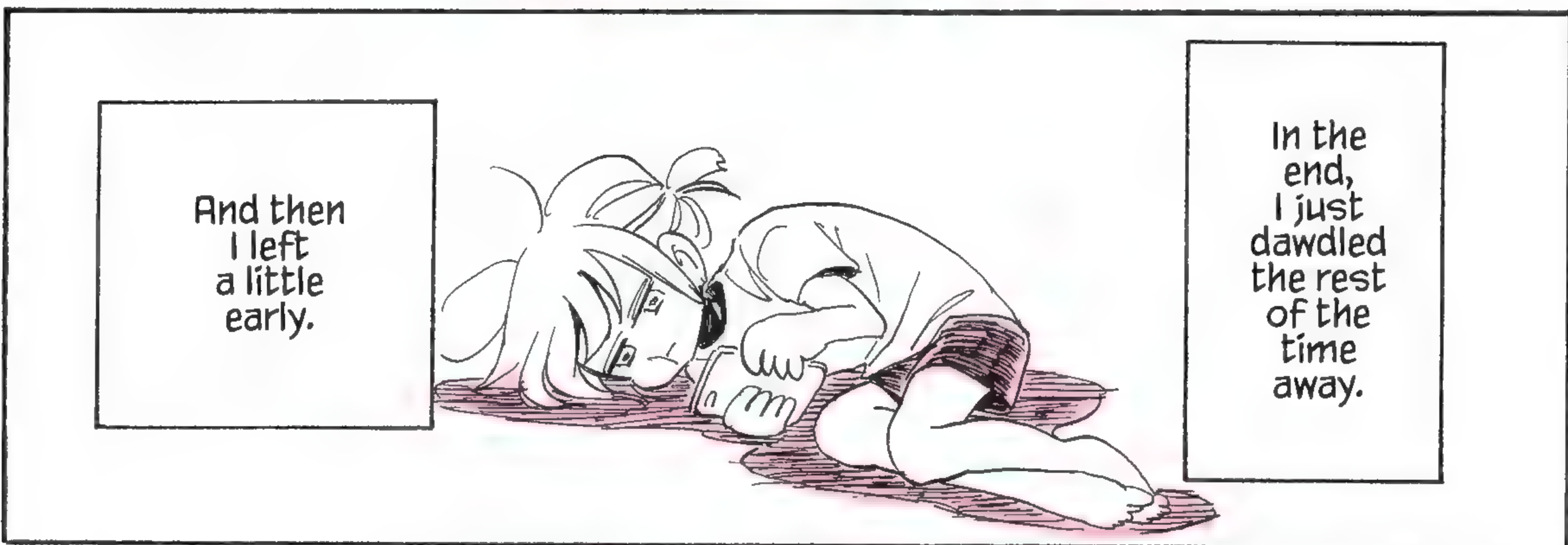
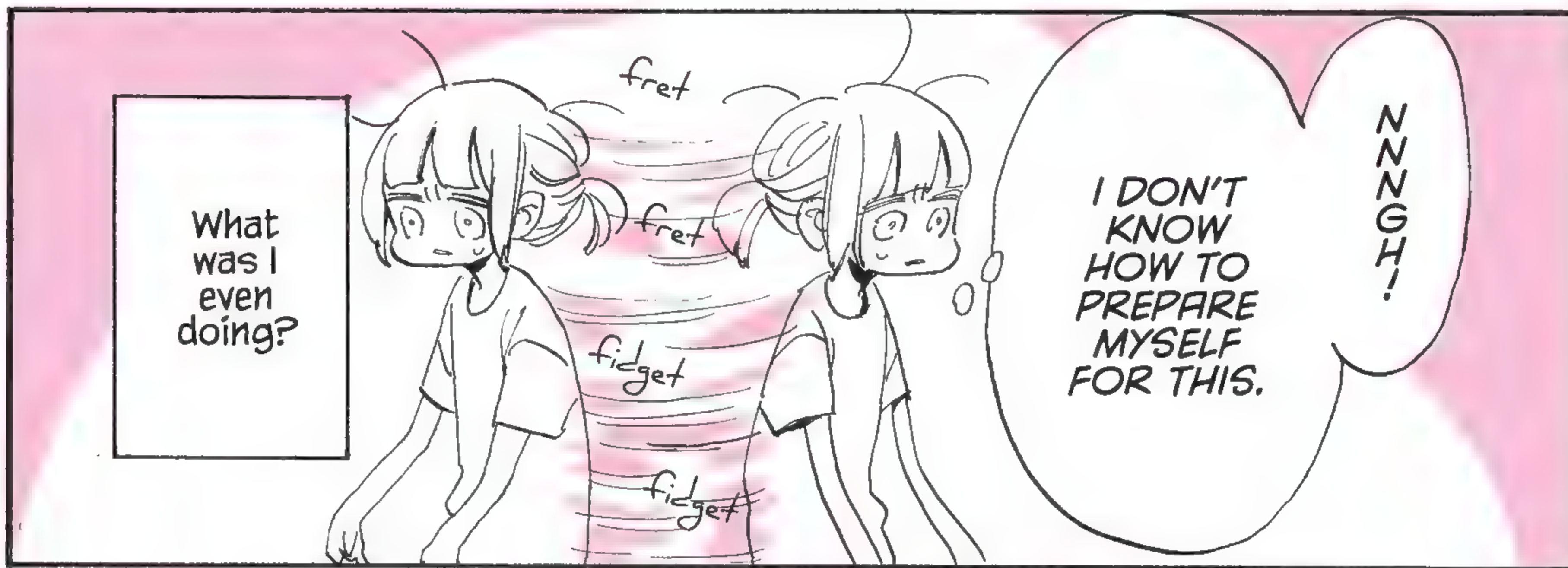


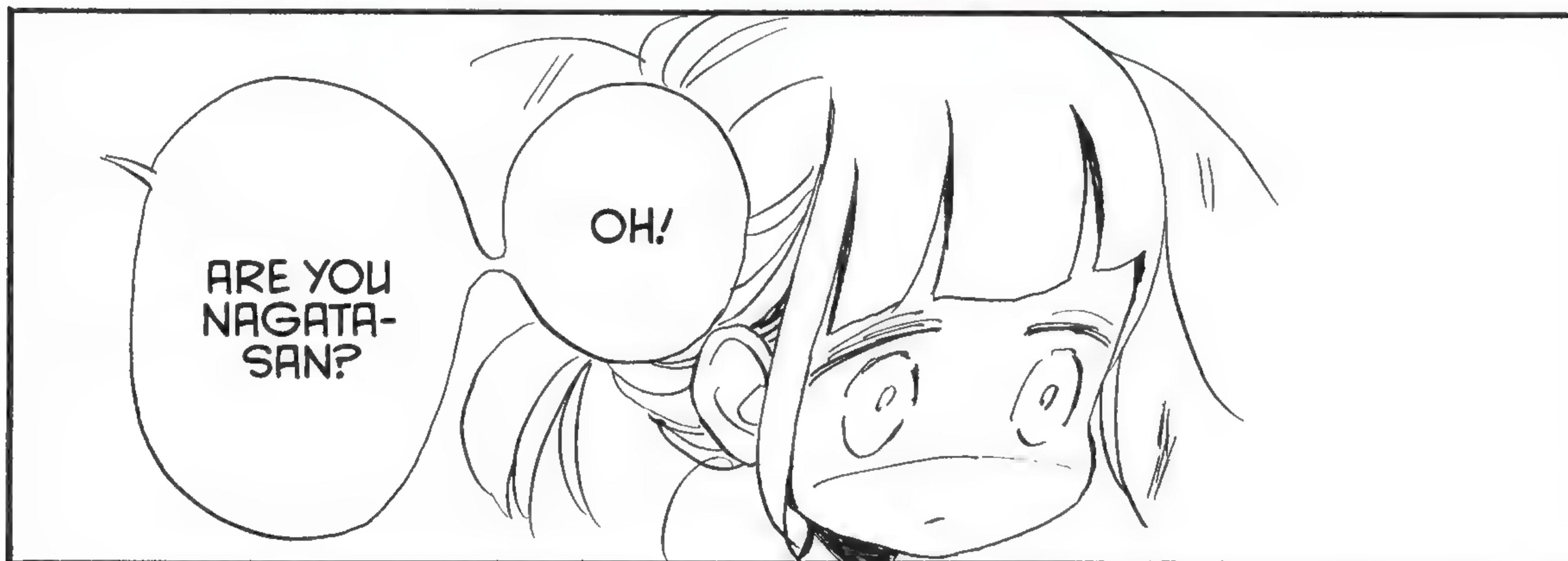
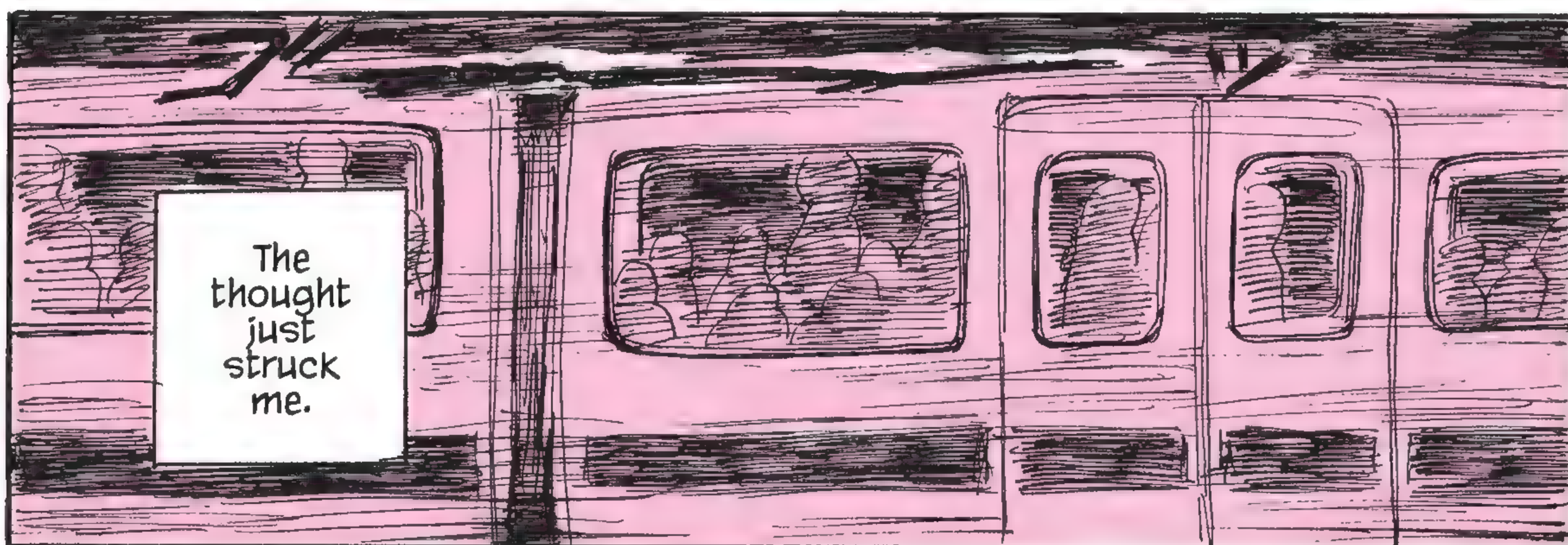
To be honest, though, I didn't feel guilty about it.

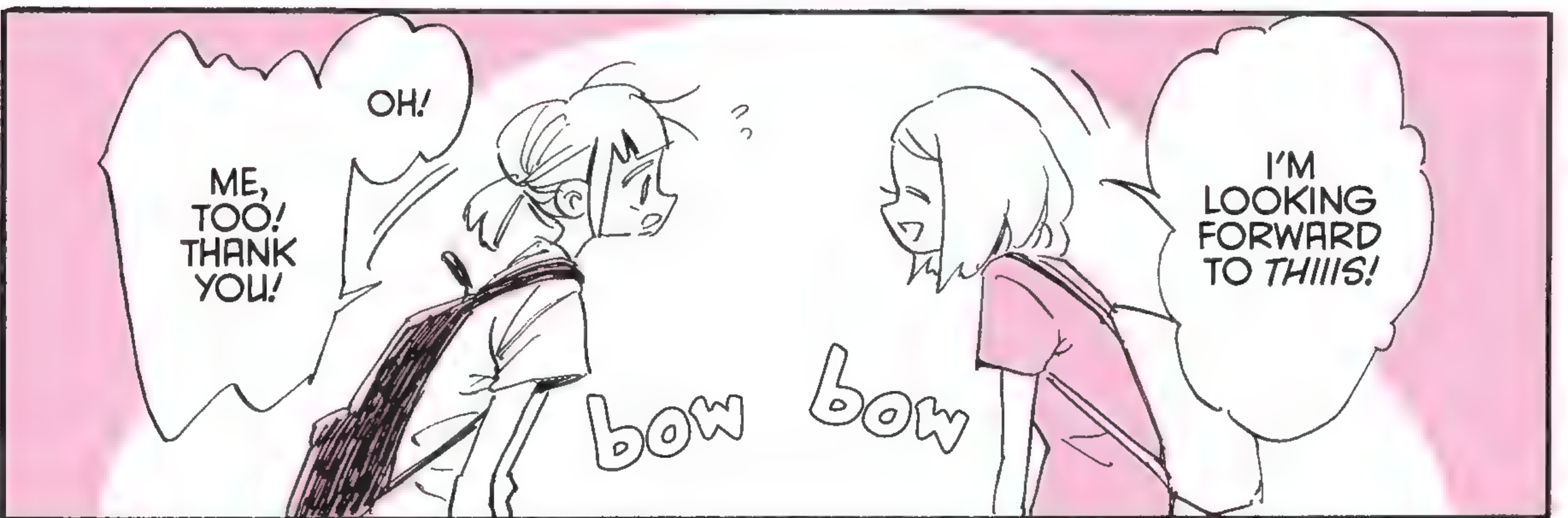
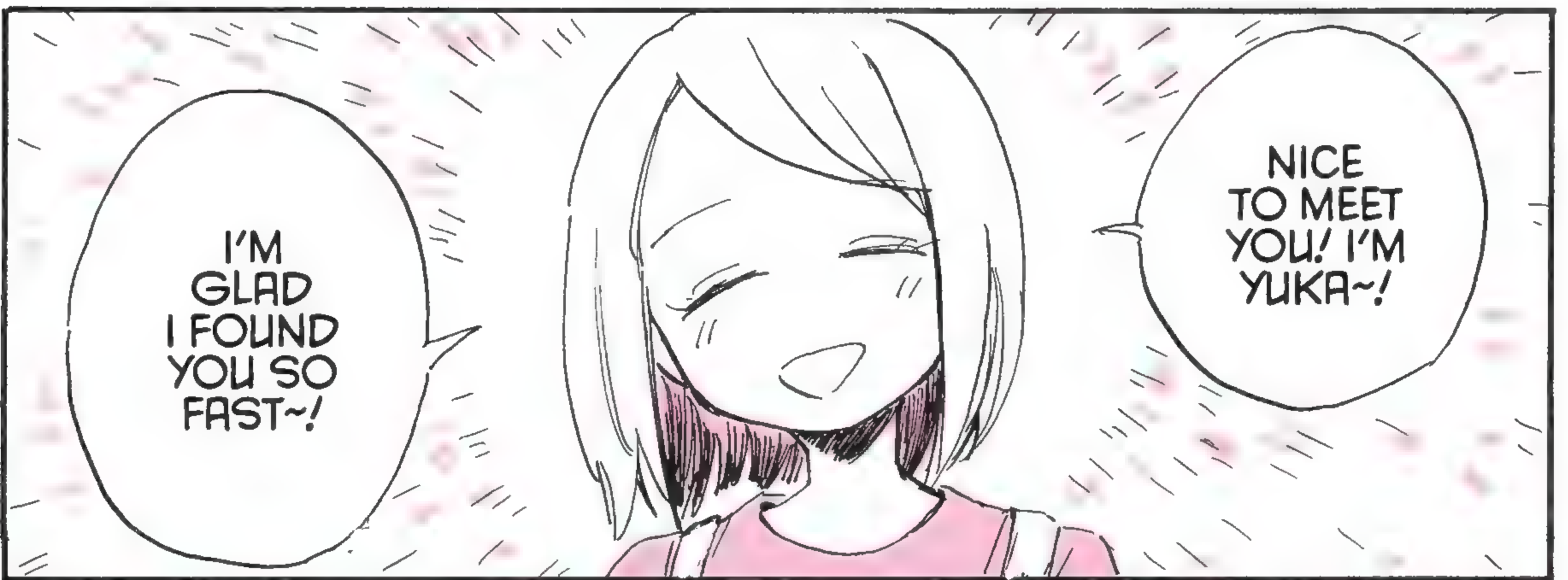
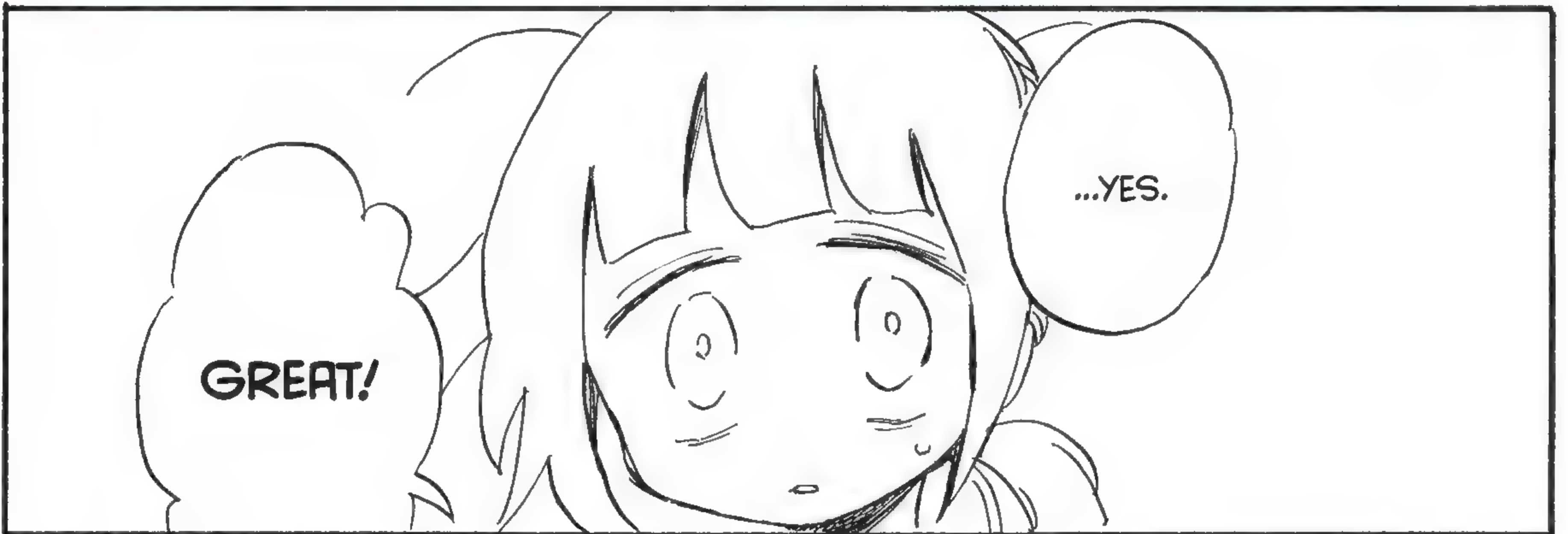
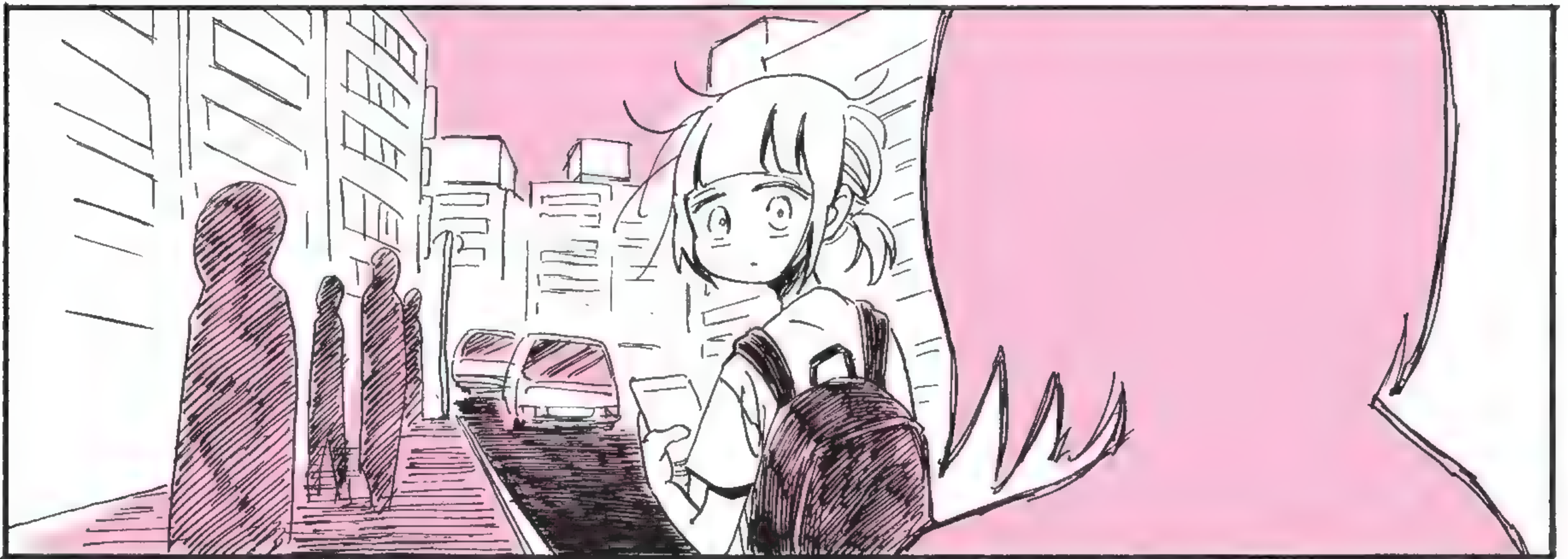
I needed to step into a place I'd thought I could never go.

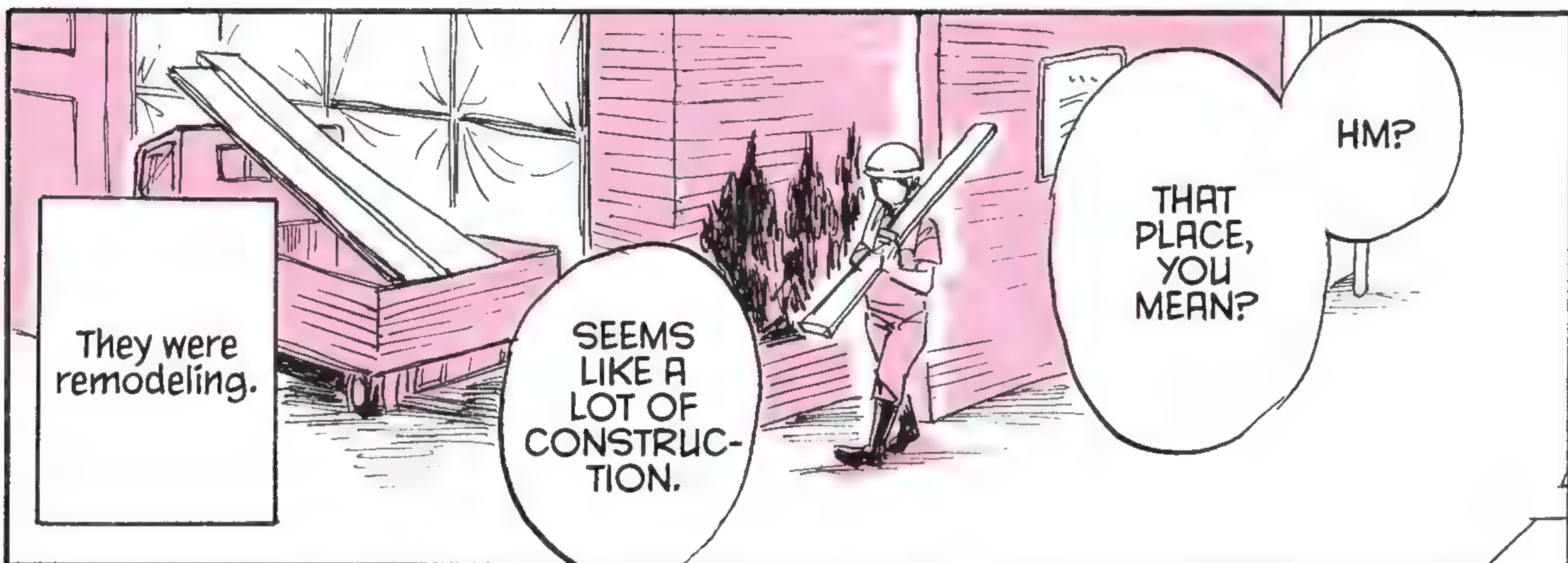
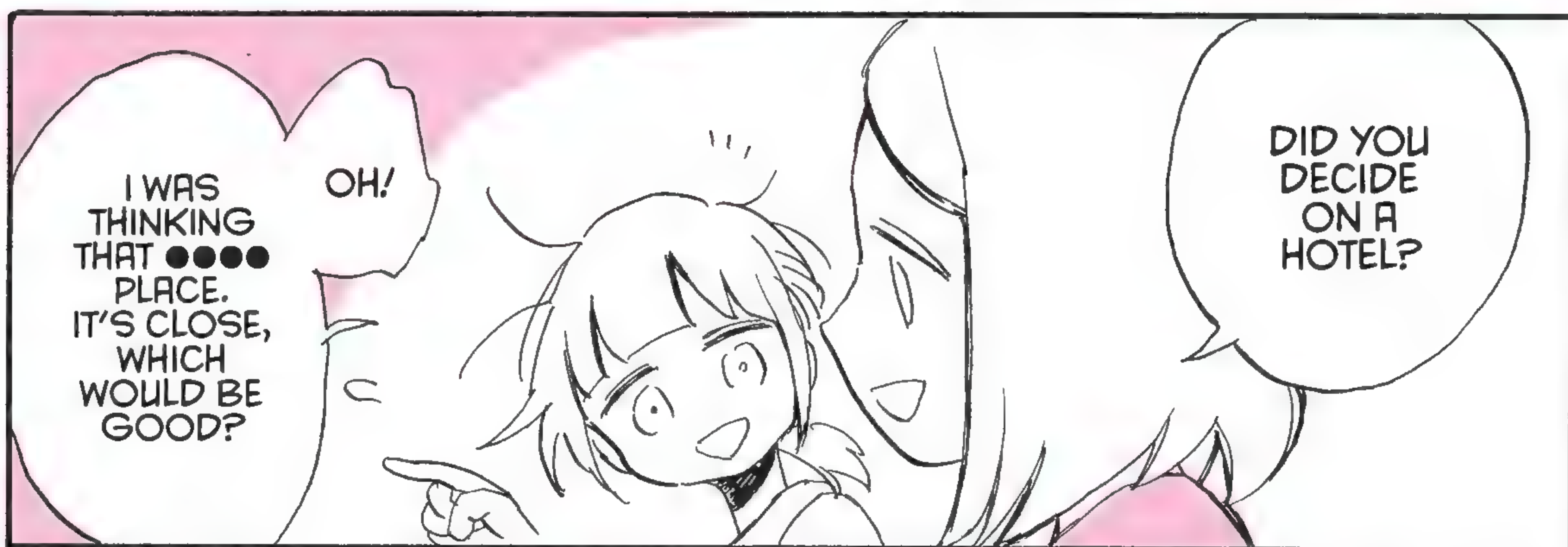
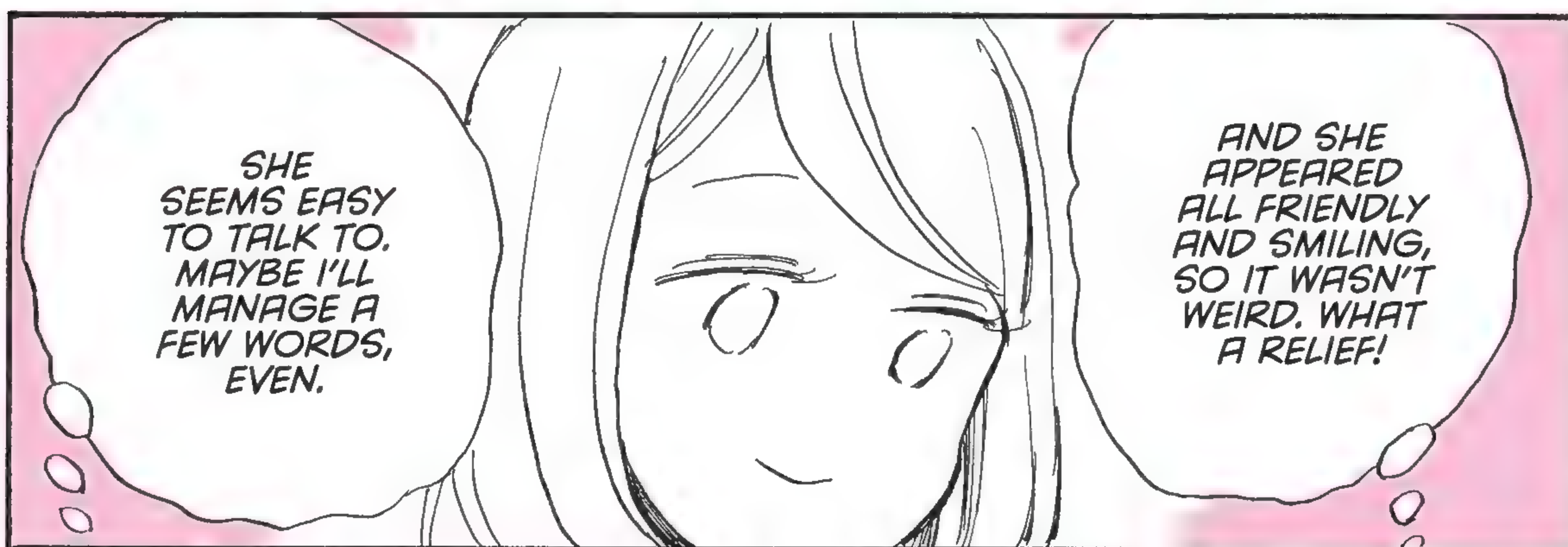
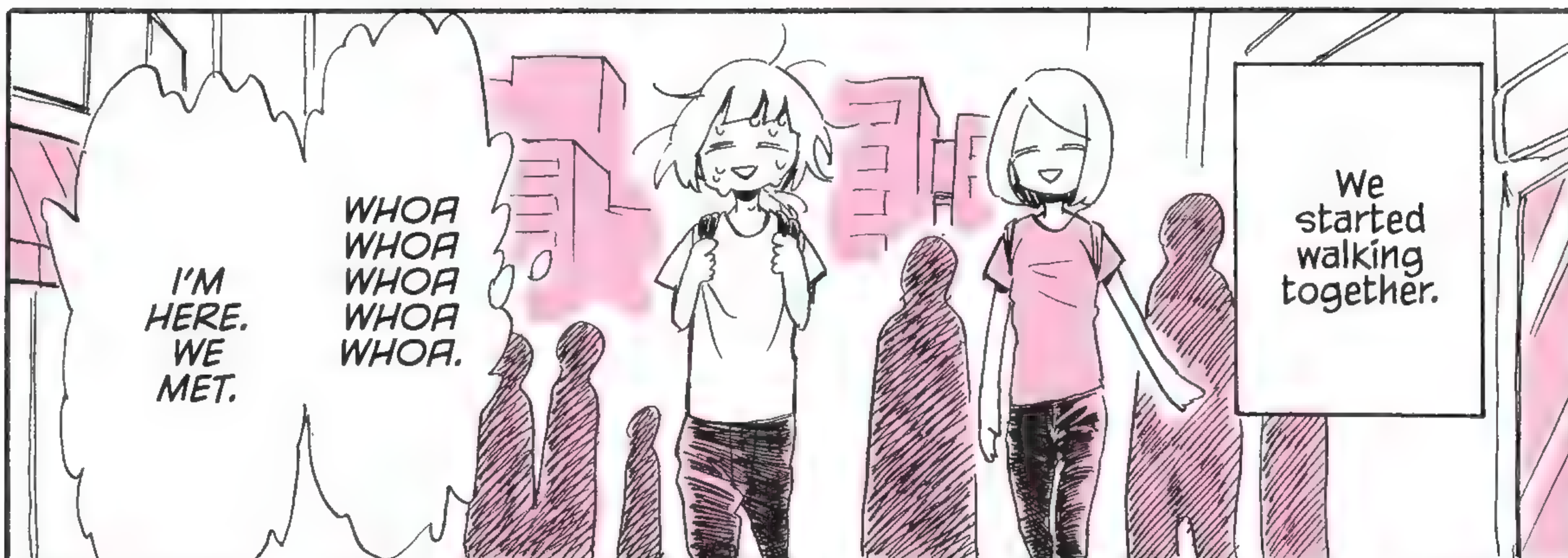


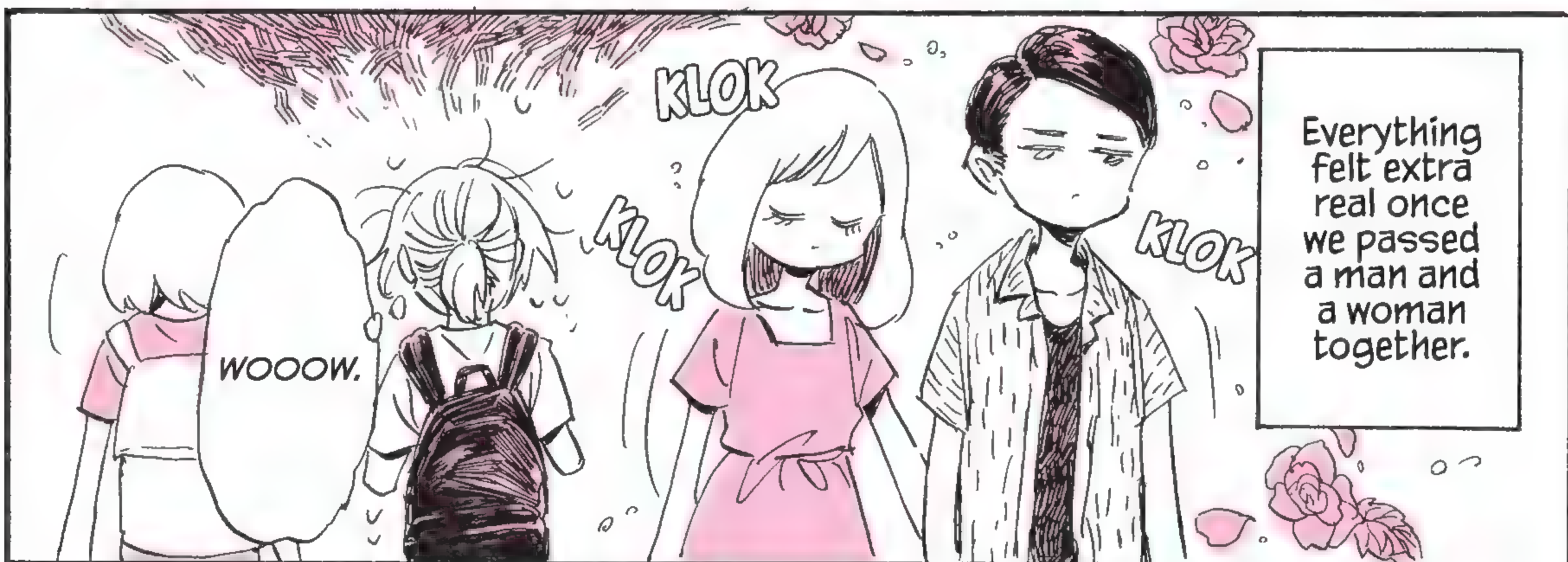
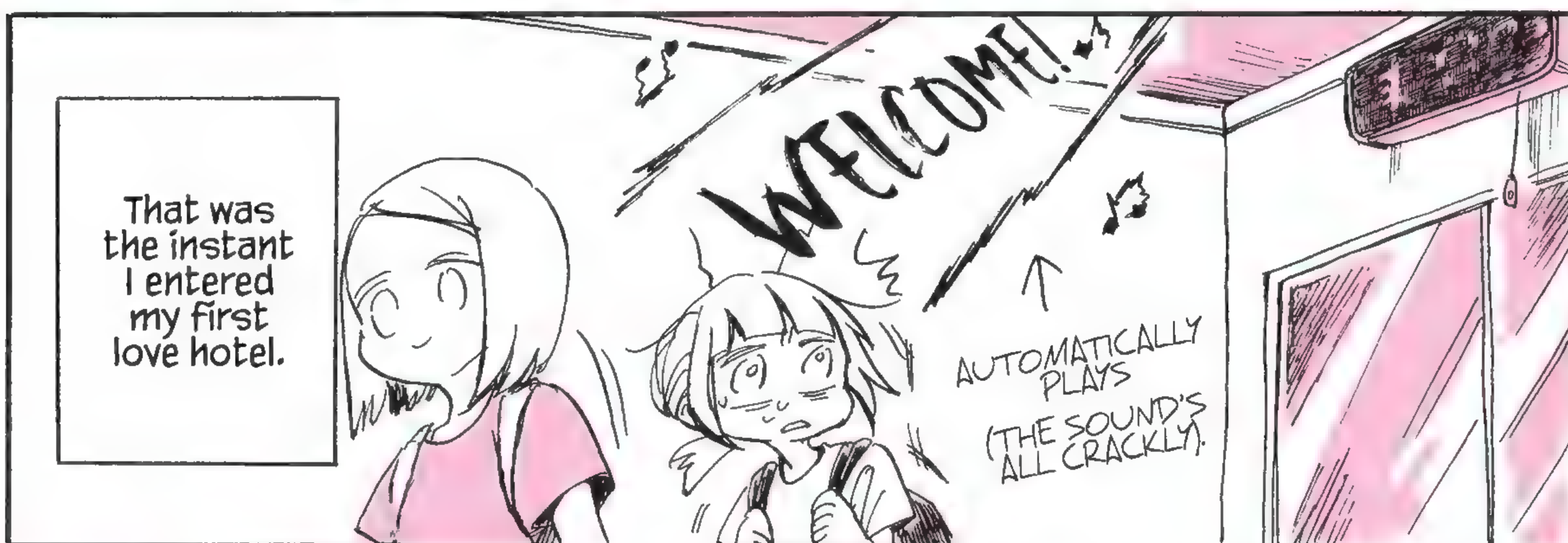
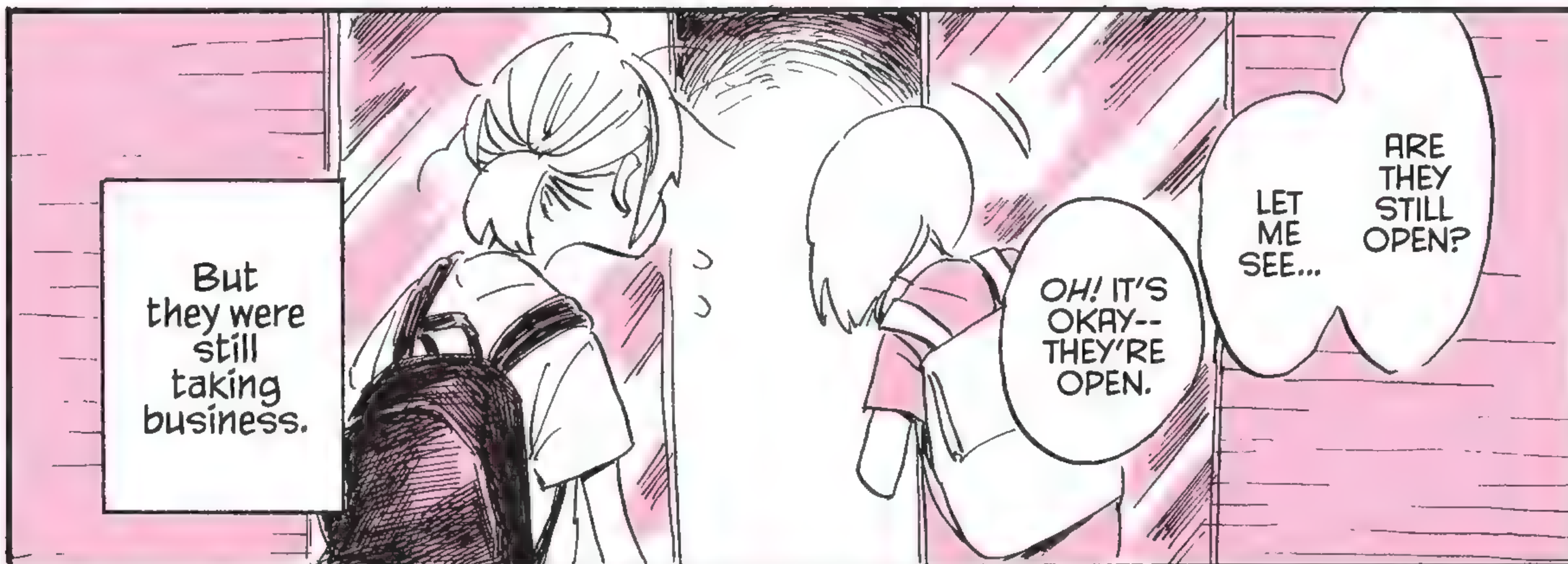
I needed to affirm the things I hadn't been able to.

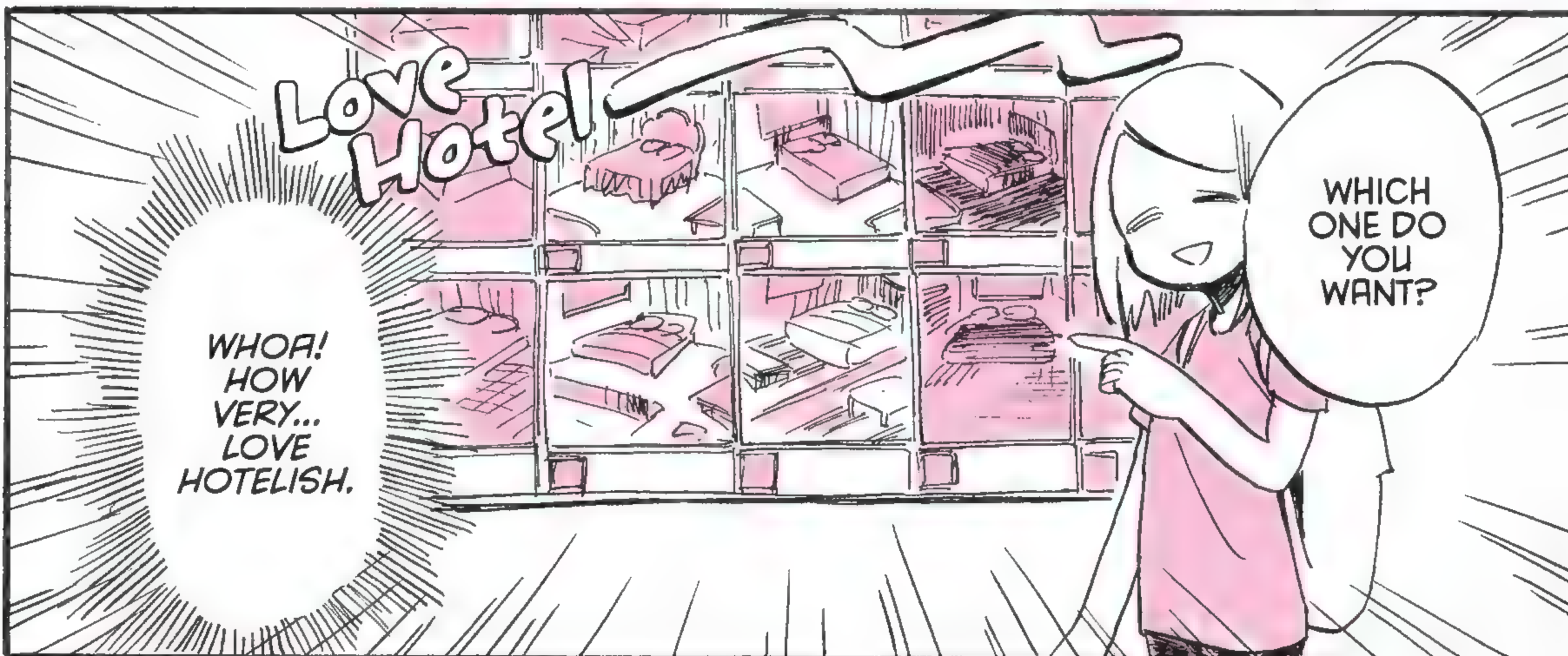


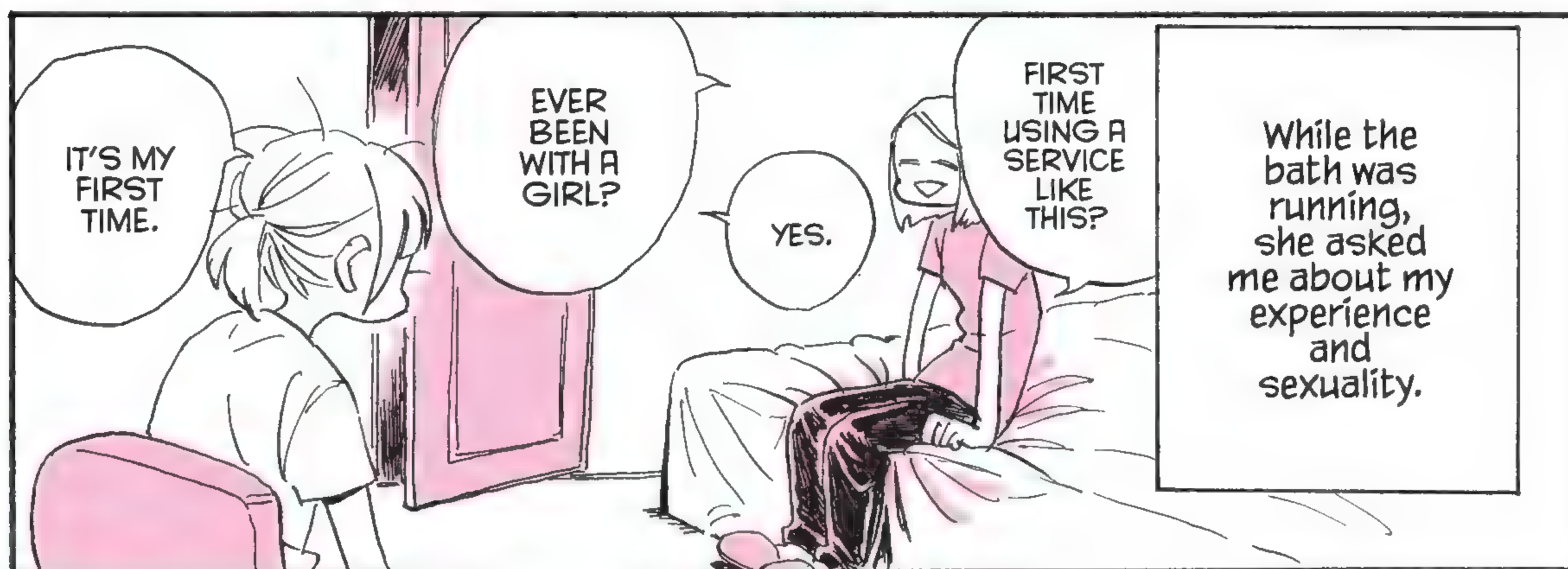
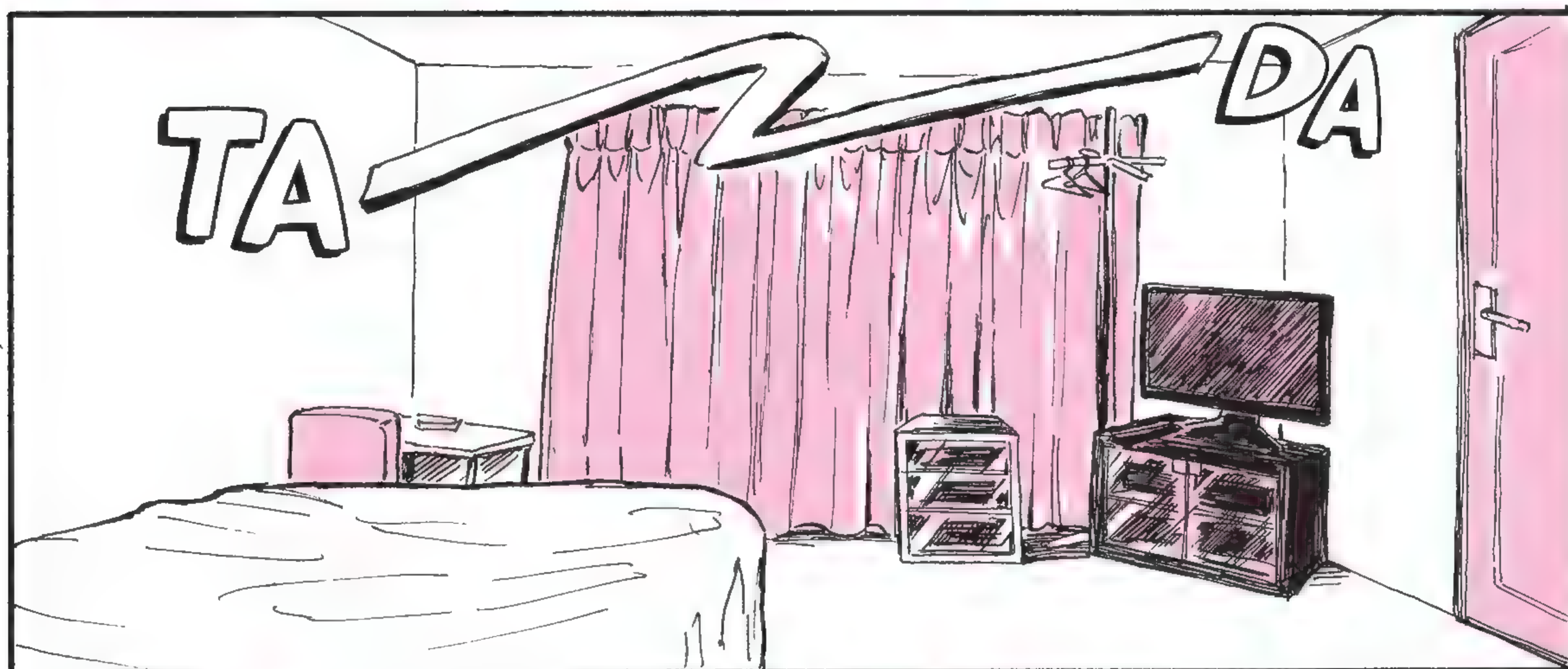
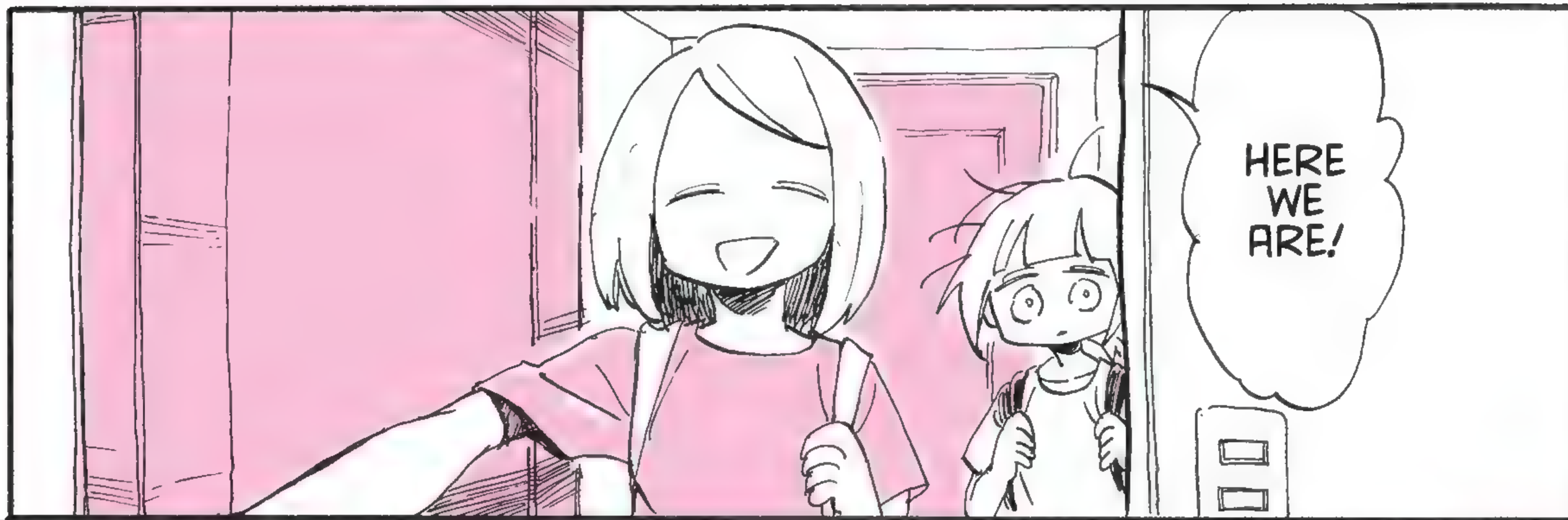


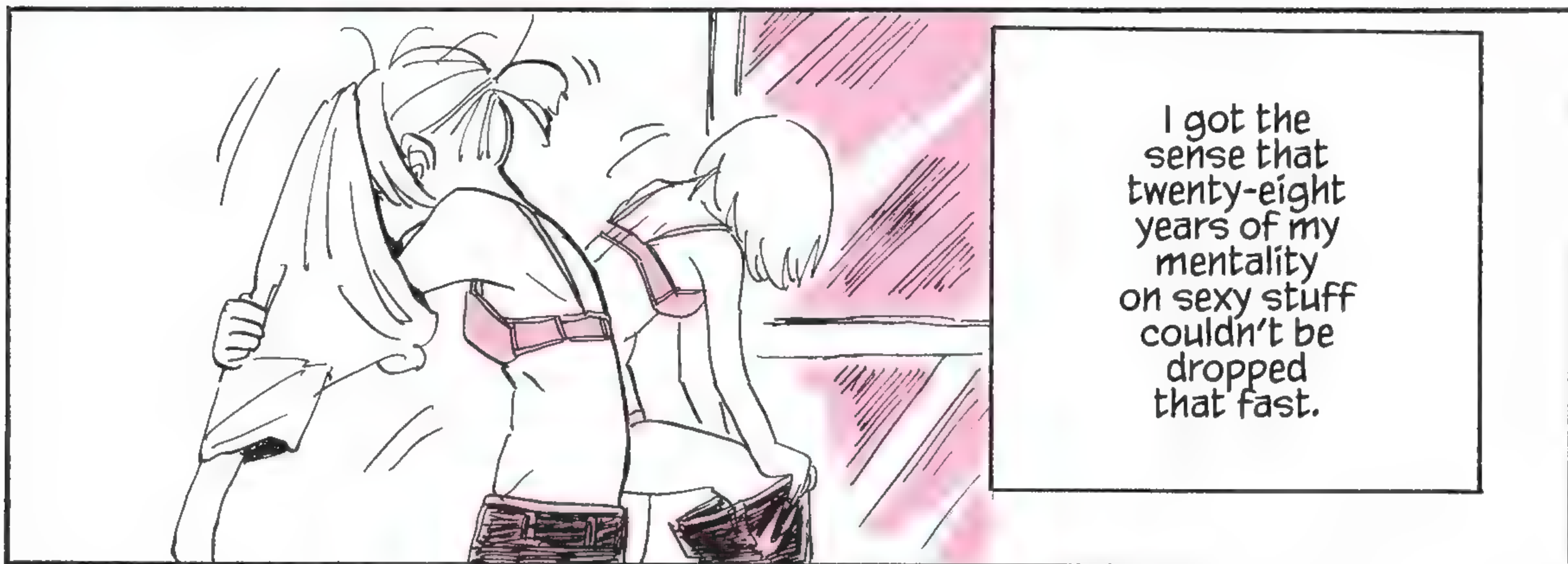
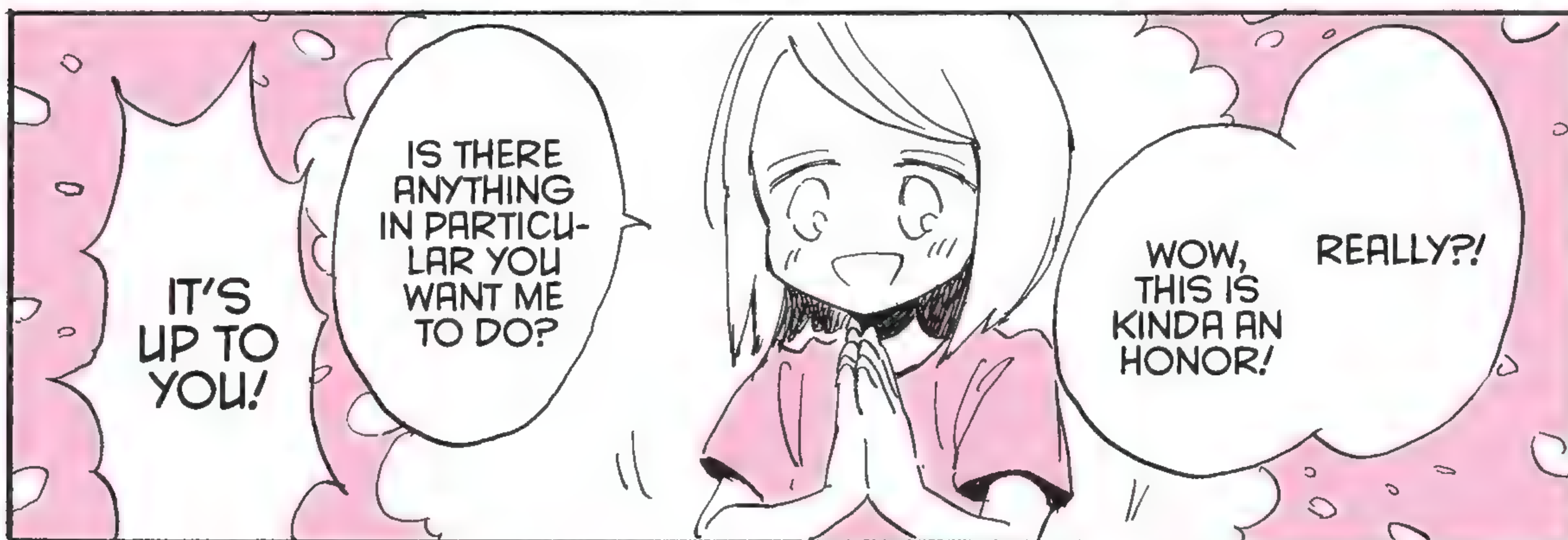


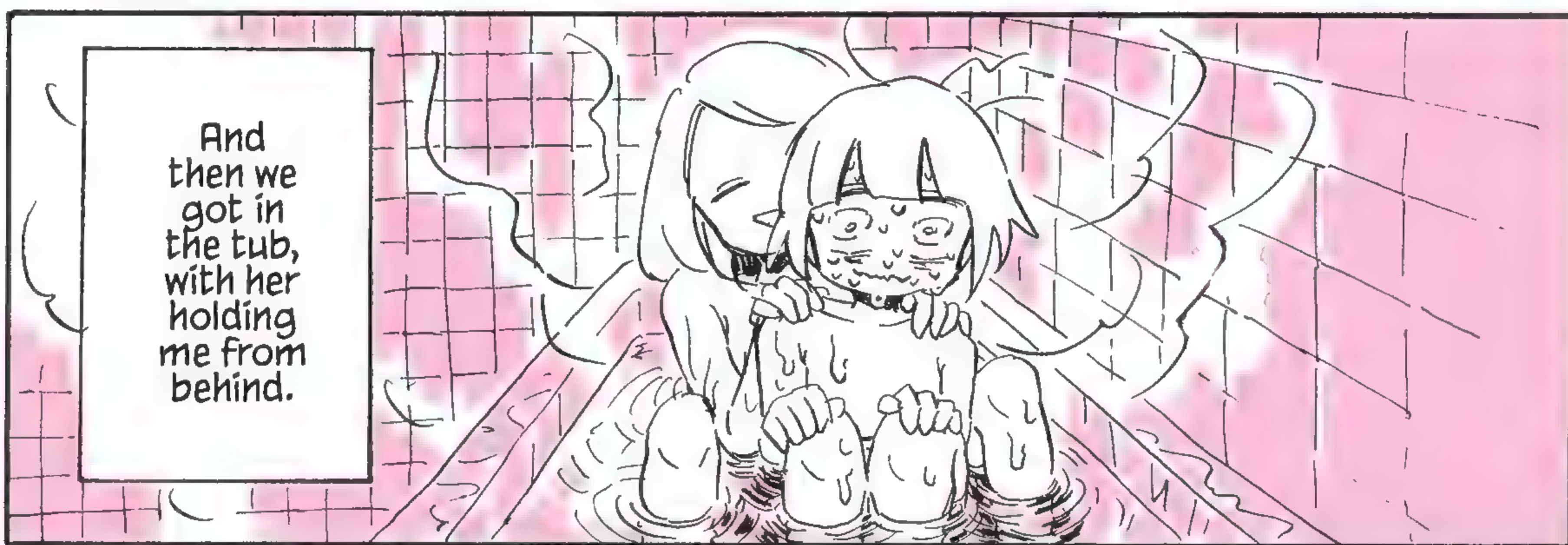


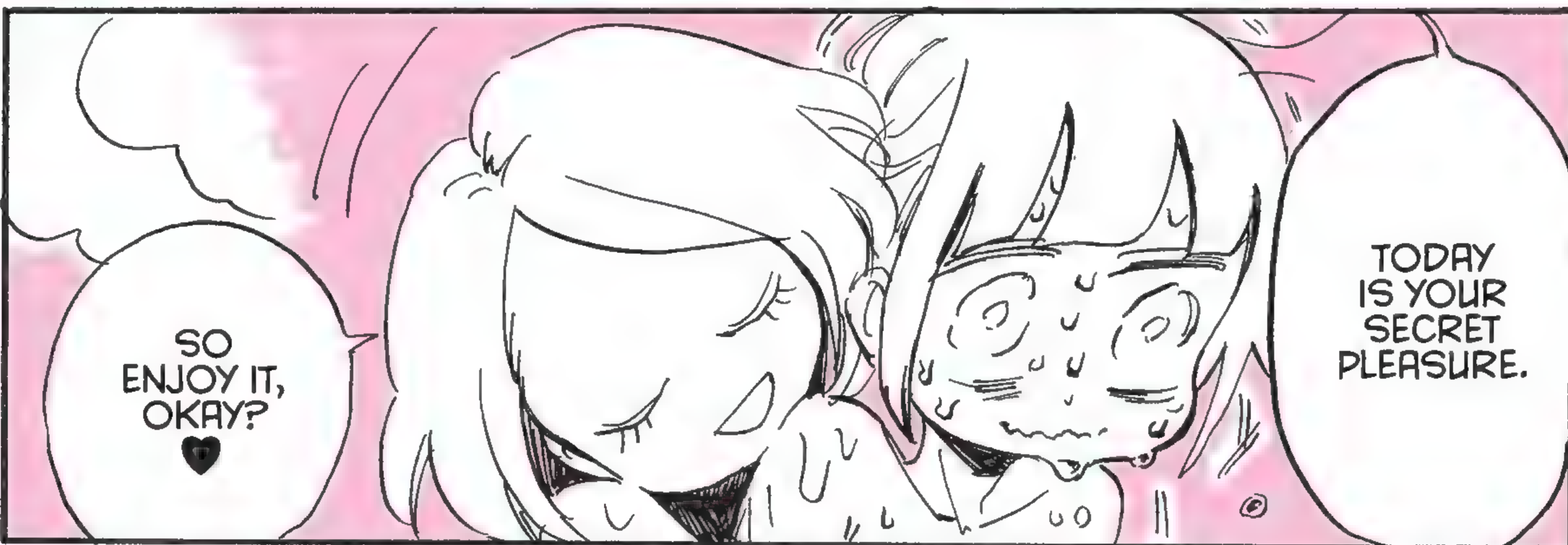
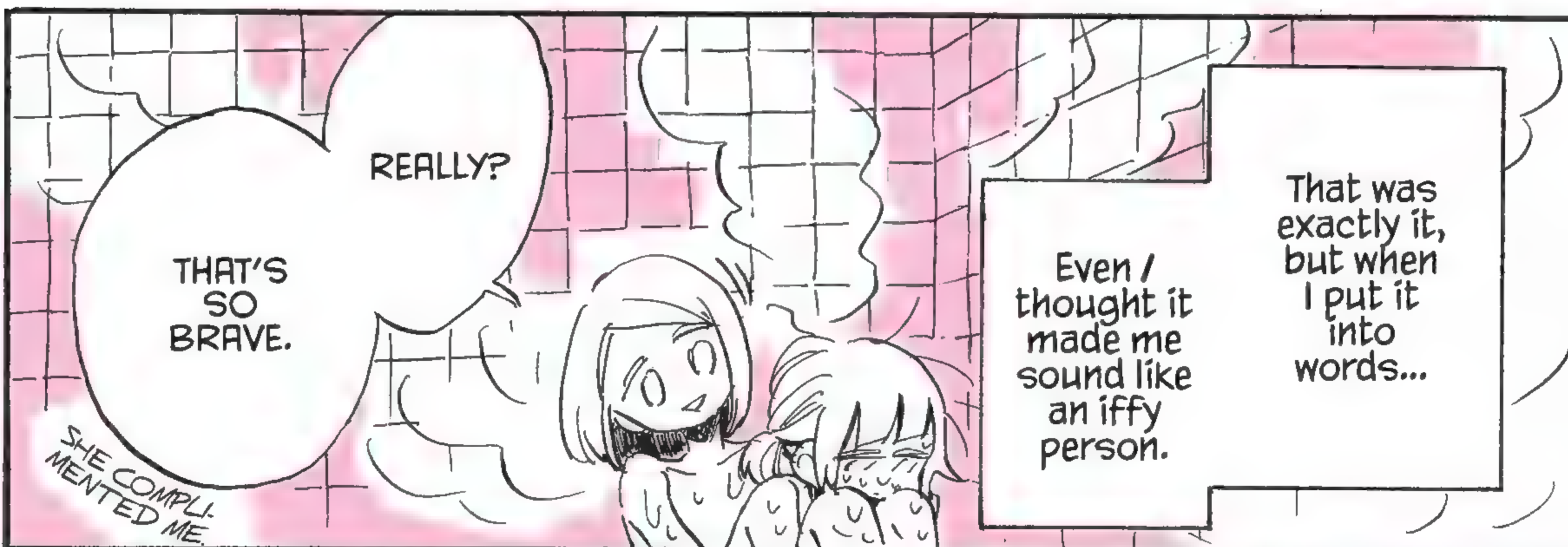


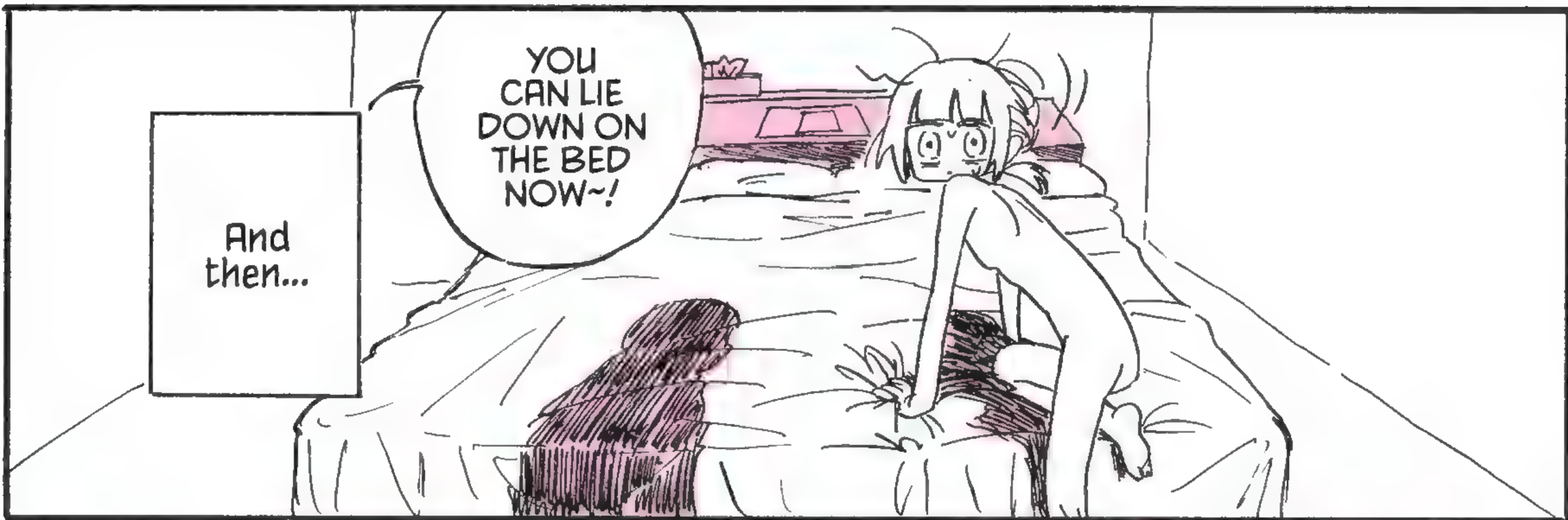


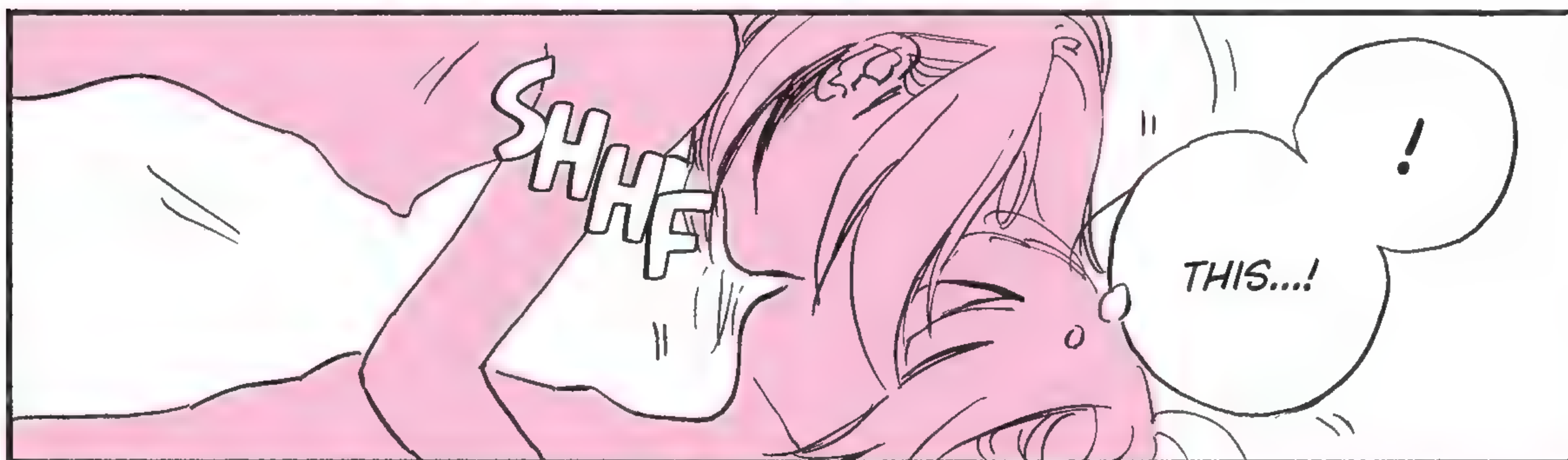
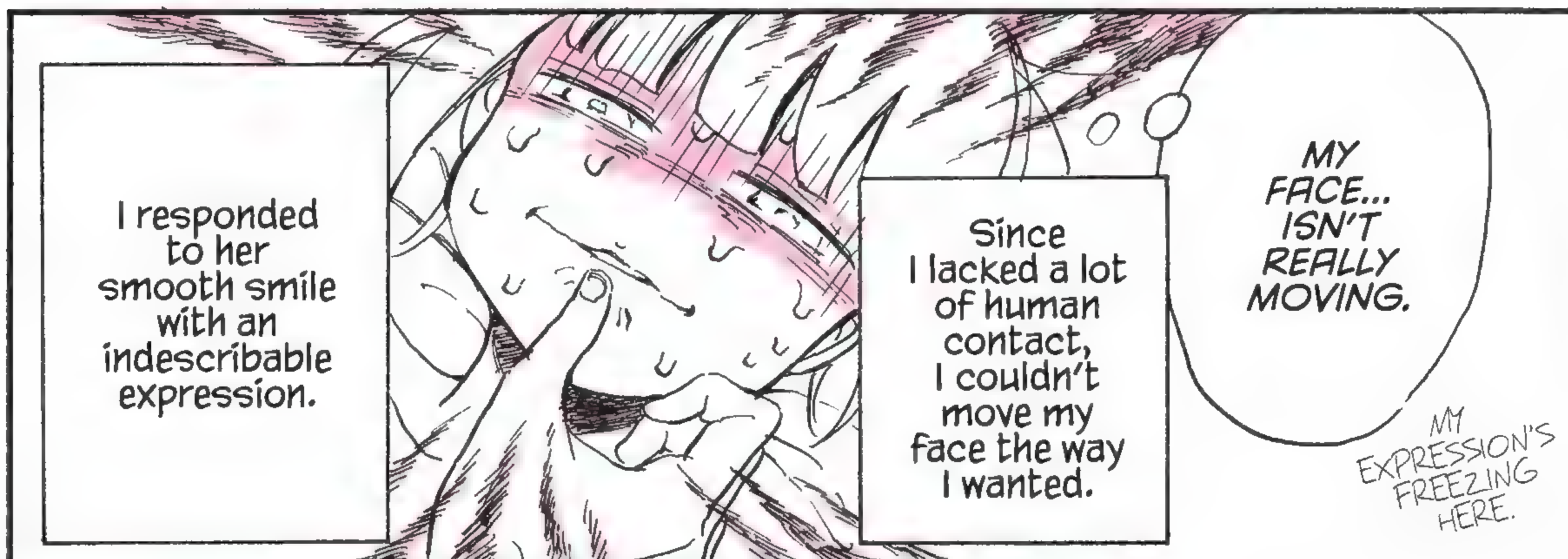




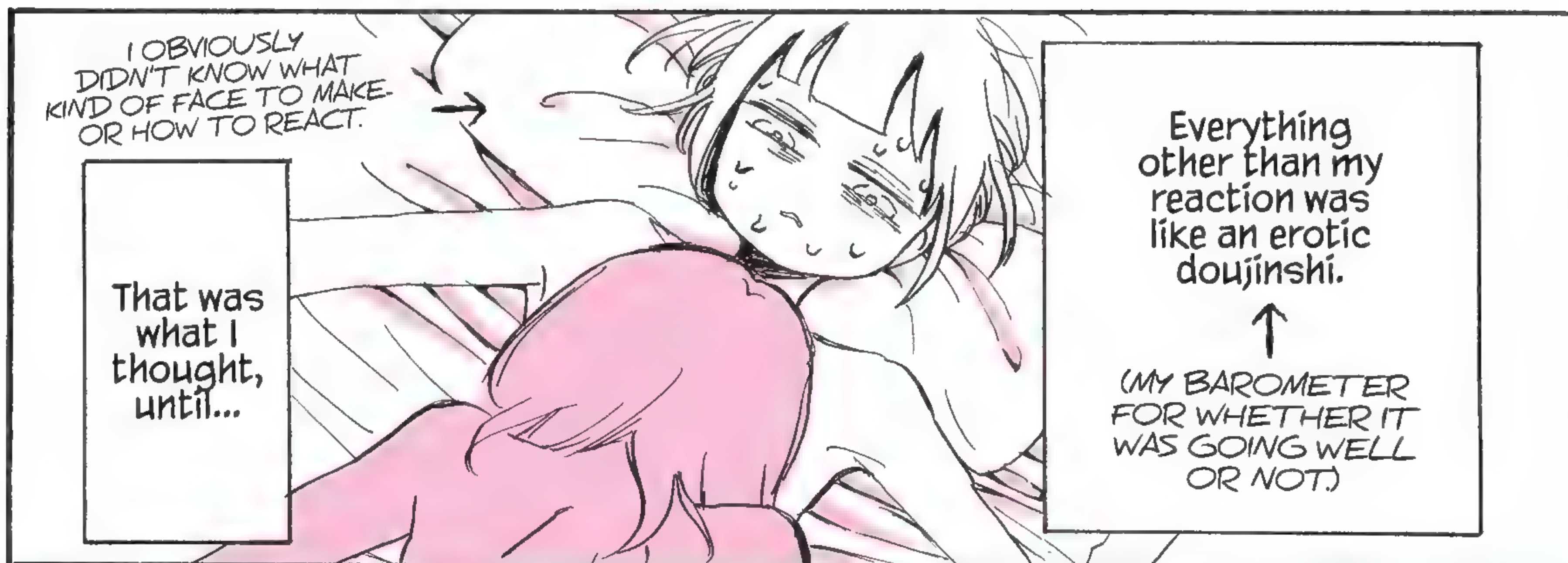












I OBVIOUSLY
DIDN'T KNOW WHAT
KIND OF FACE TO MAKE
OR HOW TO REACT.

That was
what I
thought,
until...

Everything
other than my
reaction was
like an erotic
doujinshi.



(MY BAROMETER
FOR WHETHER IT
WAS GOING WELL
OR NOT.)



If that was
bad, didn't
that mean
it wasn't
going well?

Wait.

"Other
than my
reaction"?



And nice
enough to
make those
sounds, but
I couldn't
really react.

She
was nice
enough to
say that
stuff.

MM.
HEE
HEE.

AAH.

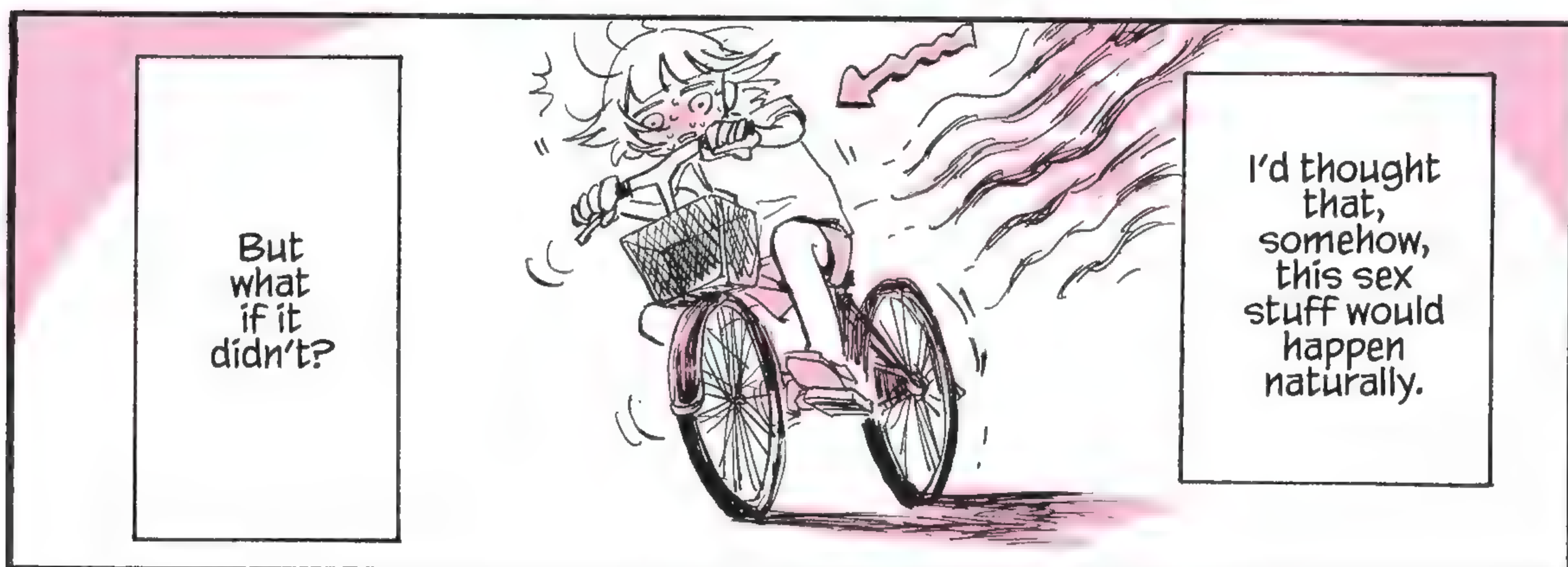
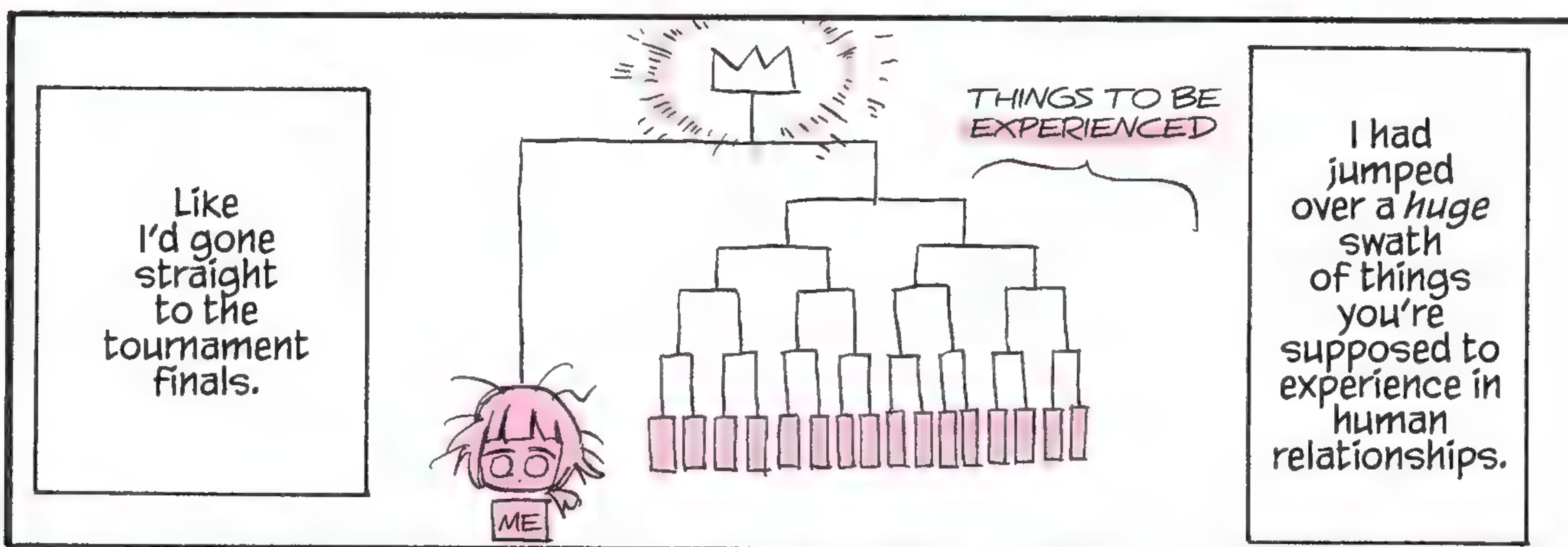
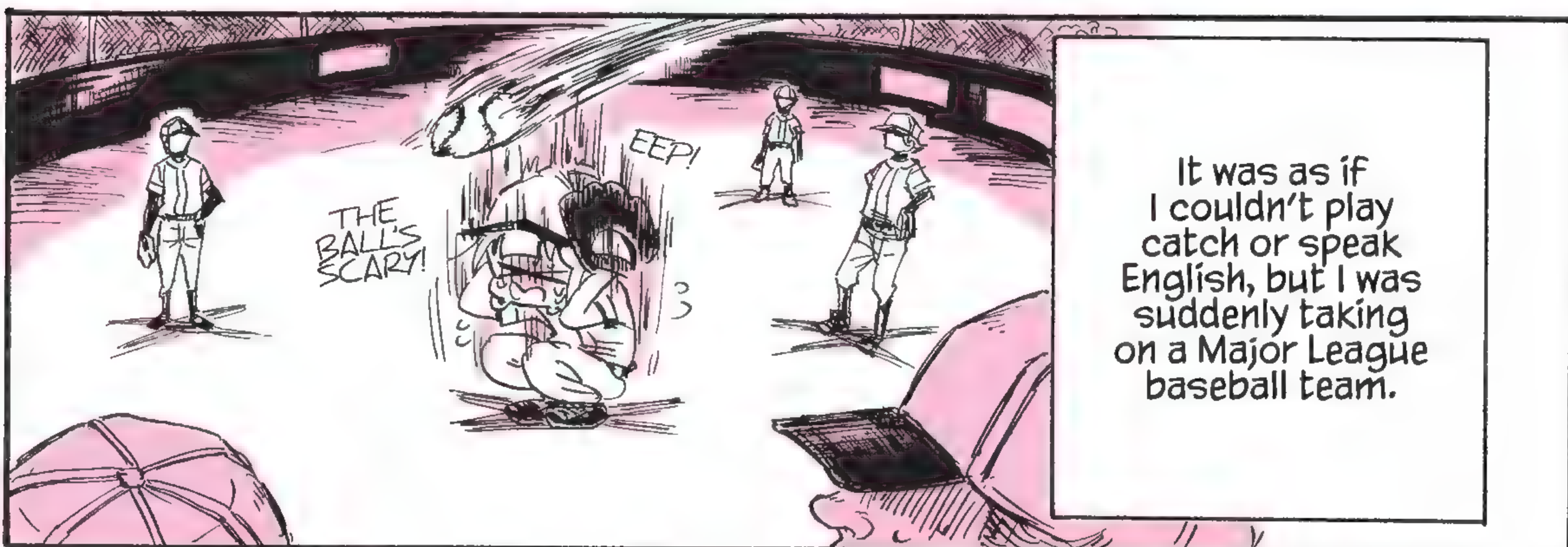
OOH.



I CAN'T
EVEN
HANDLE A
NORMAL
CONVER-
SATION.

THAT
I'D BE
OKAY
HERE?

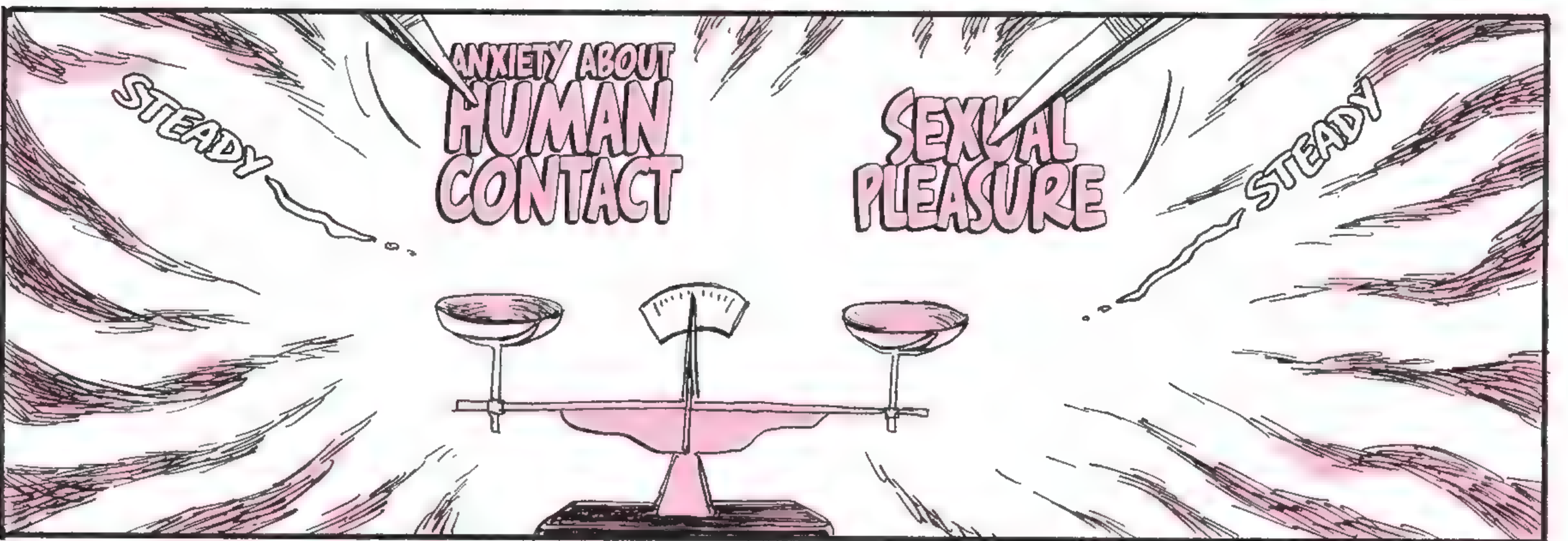
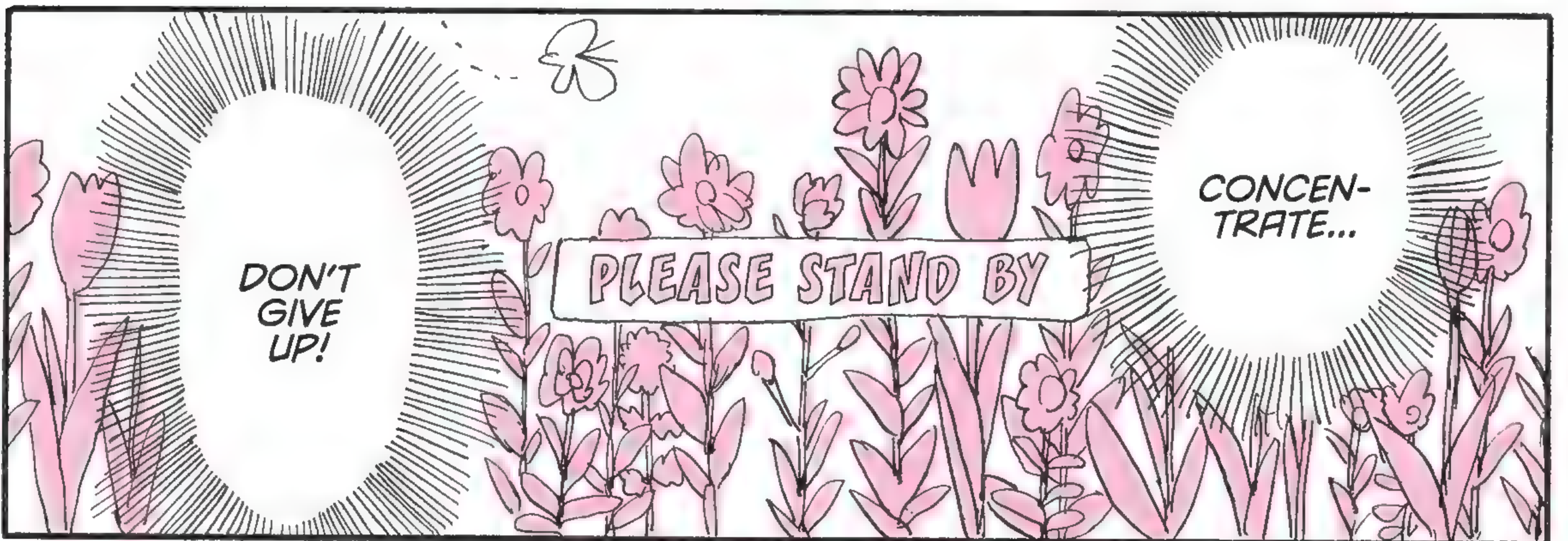
WHY
DID I
THINK...

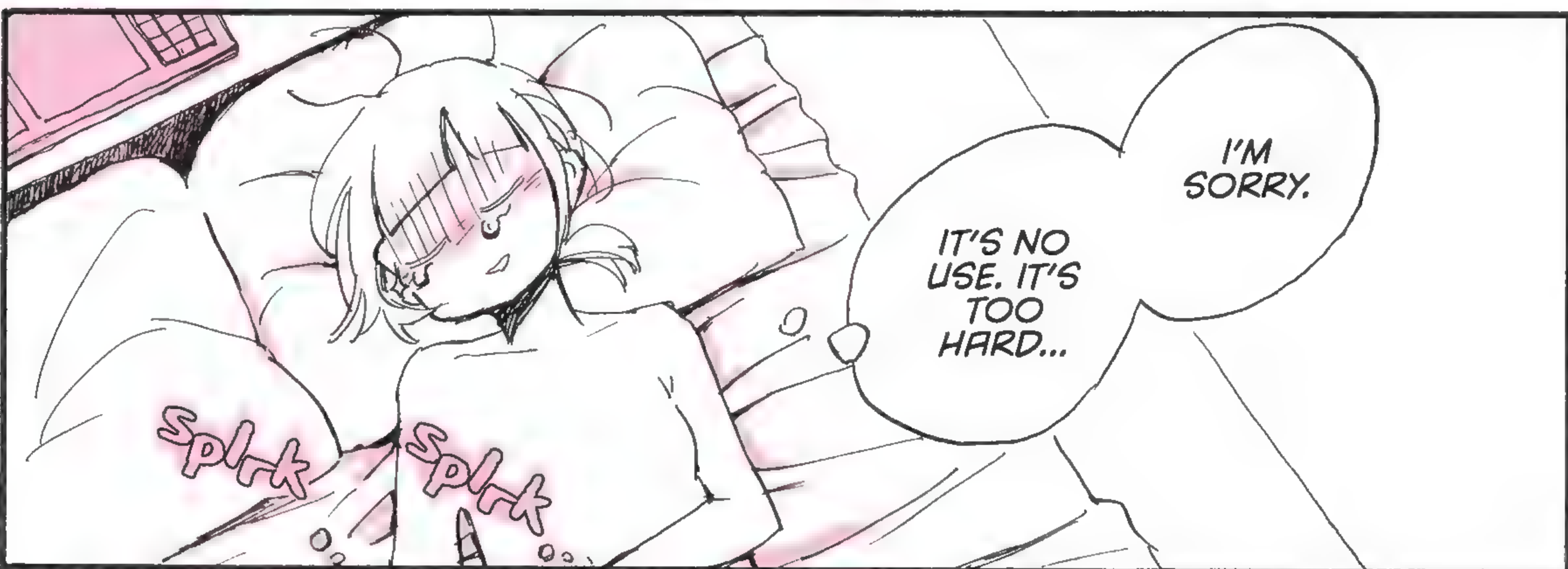


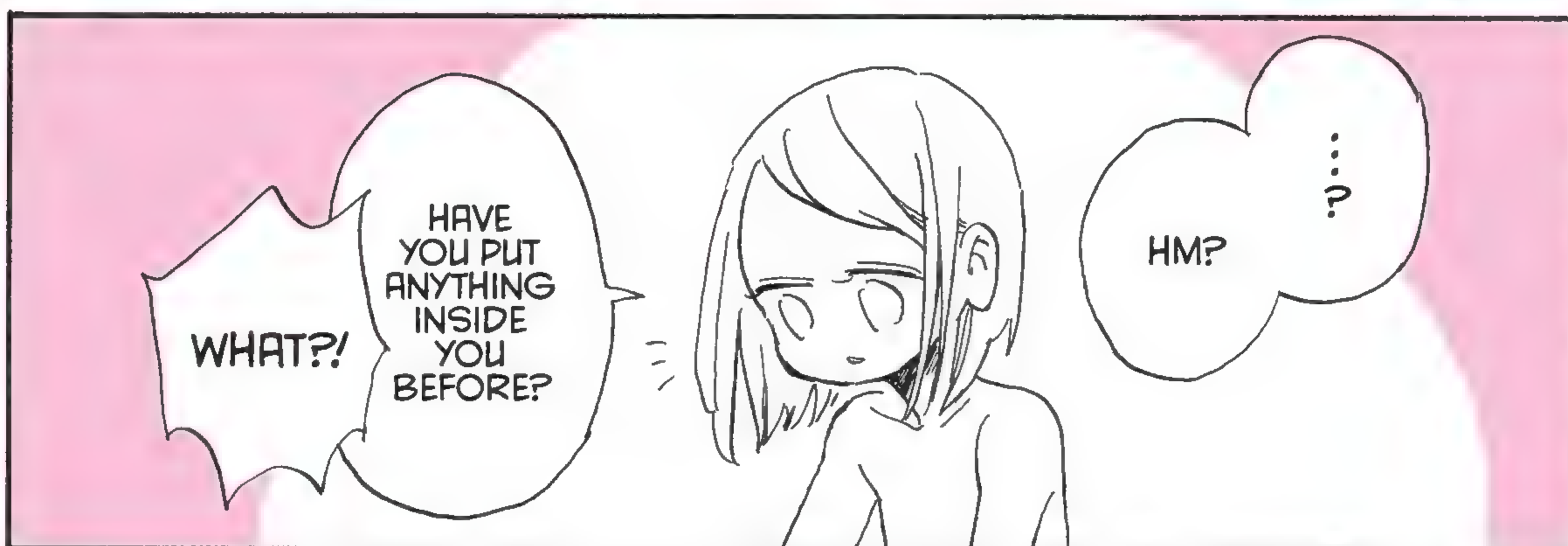
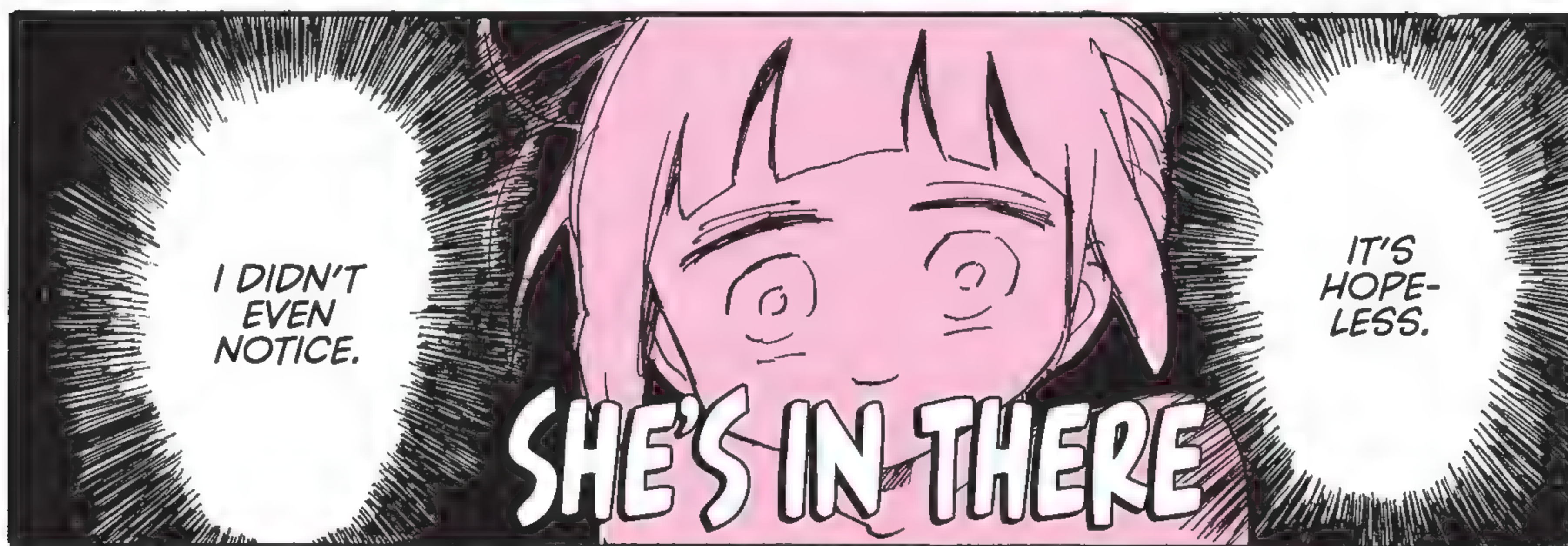
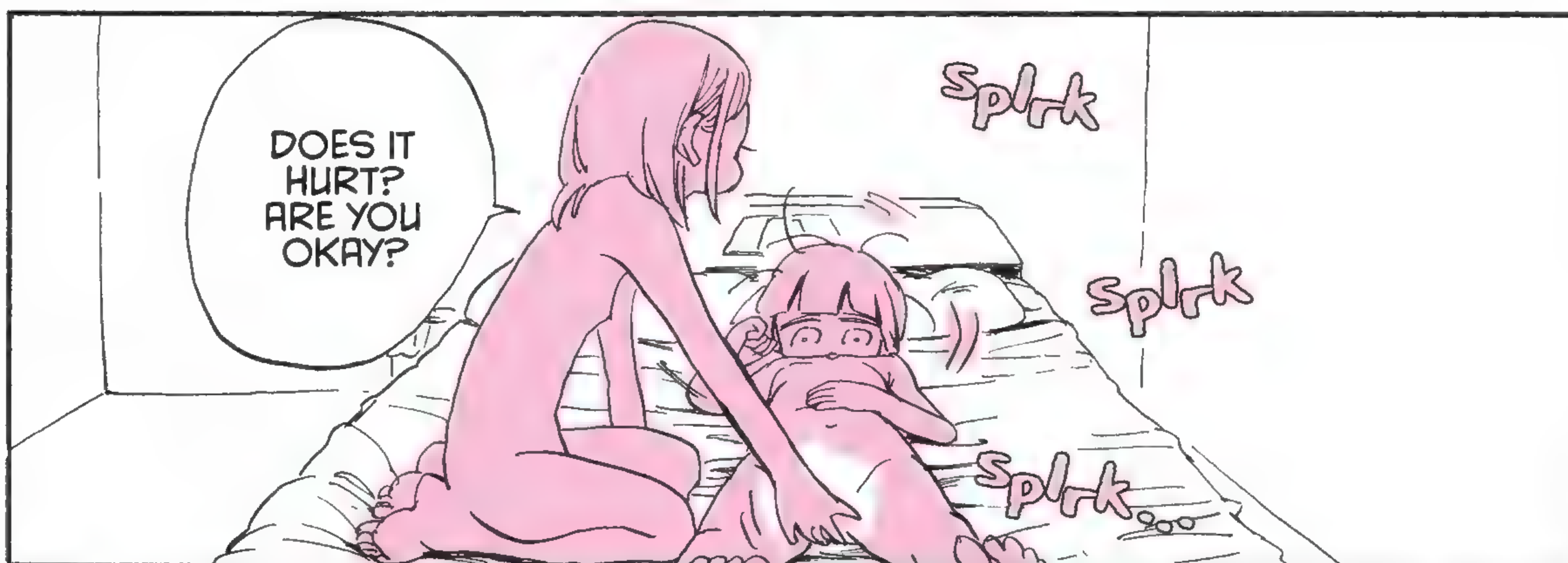


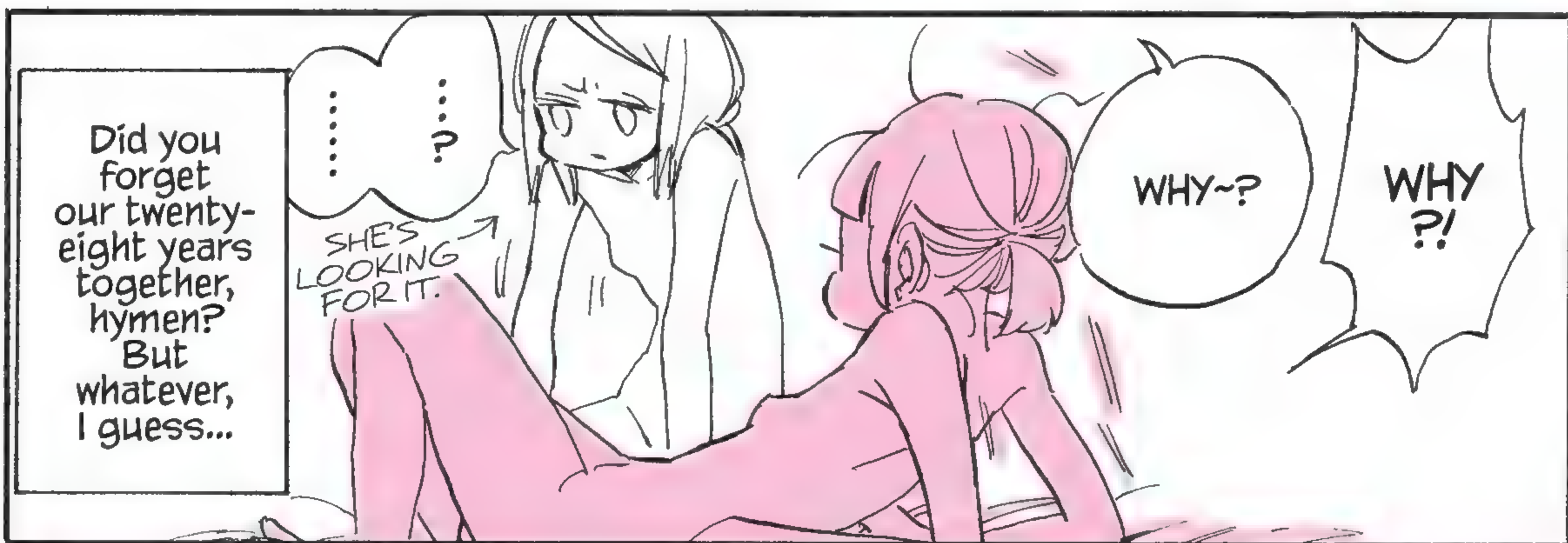


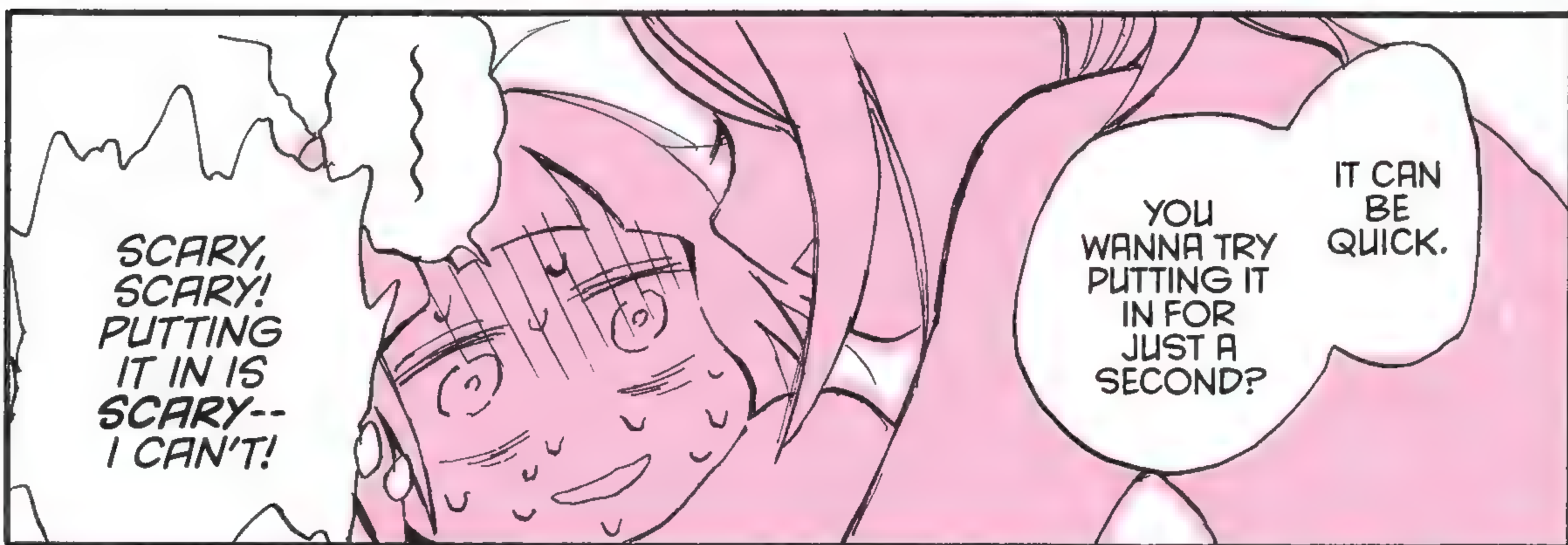
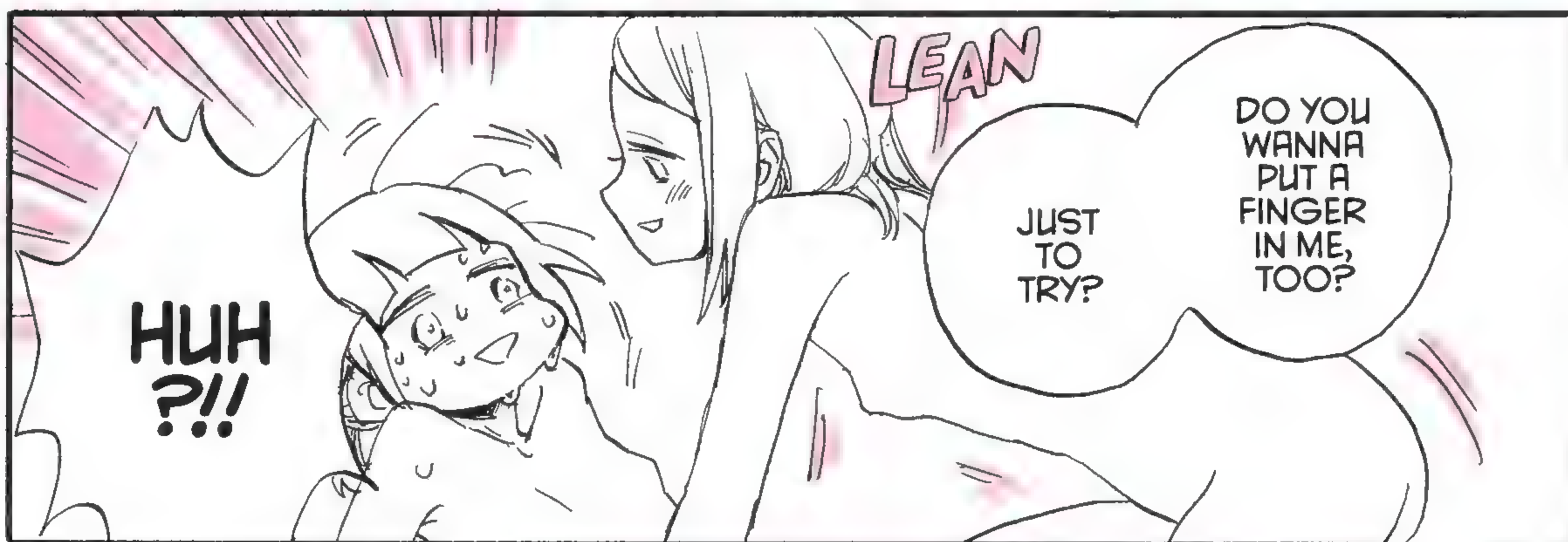
**BUT
THIS
MIGHT
SPEED
THINGS
UP...!!**

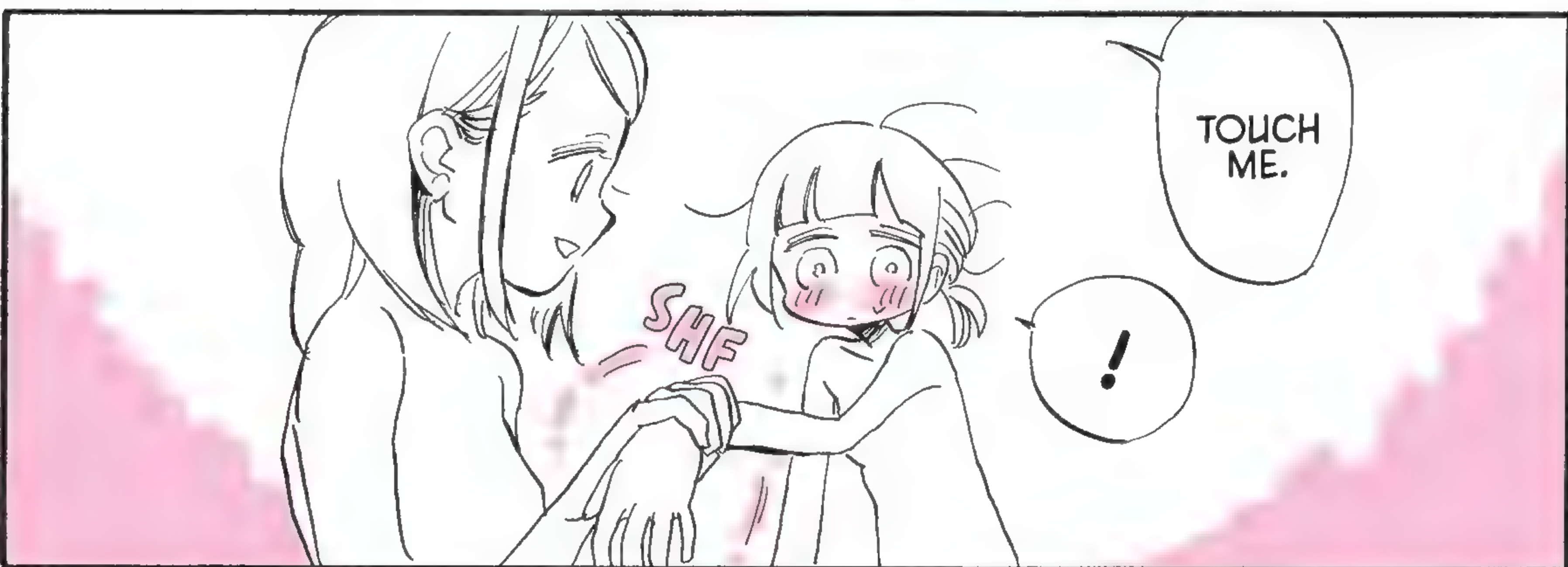
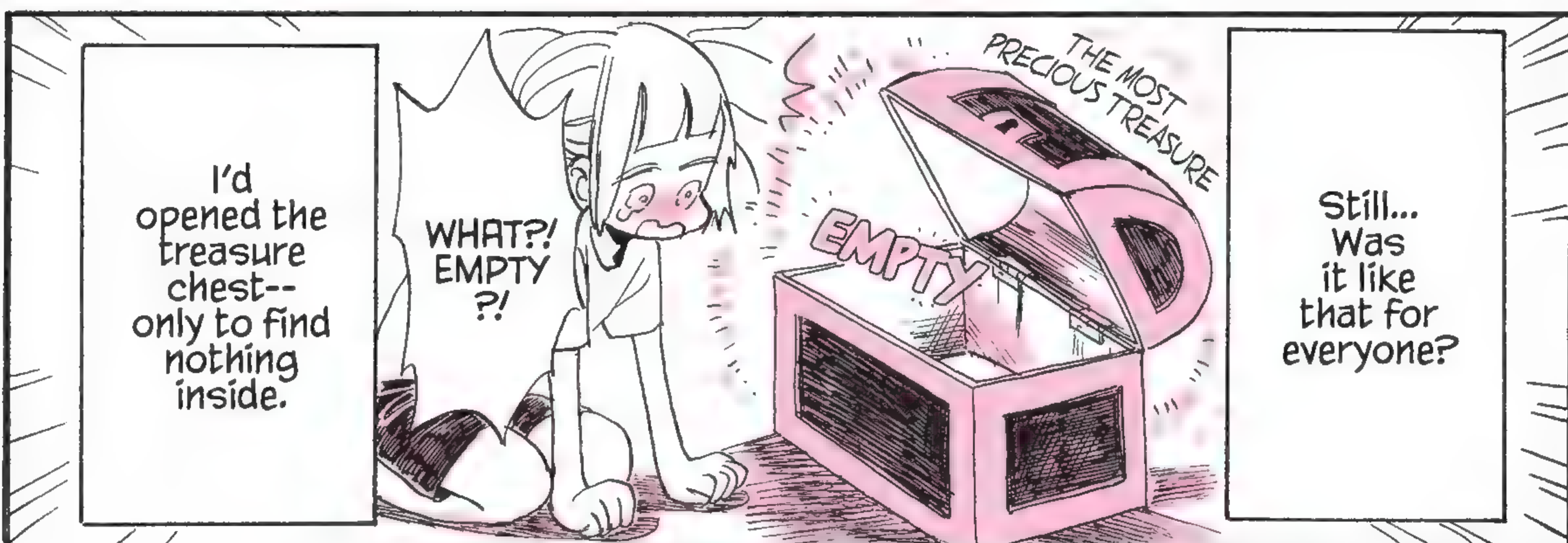
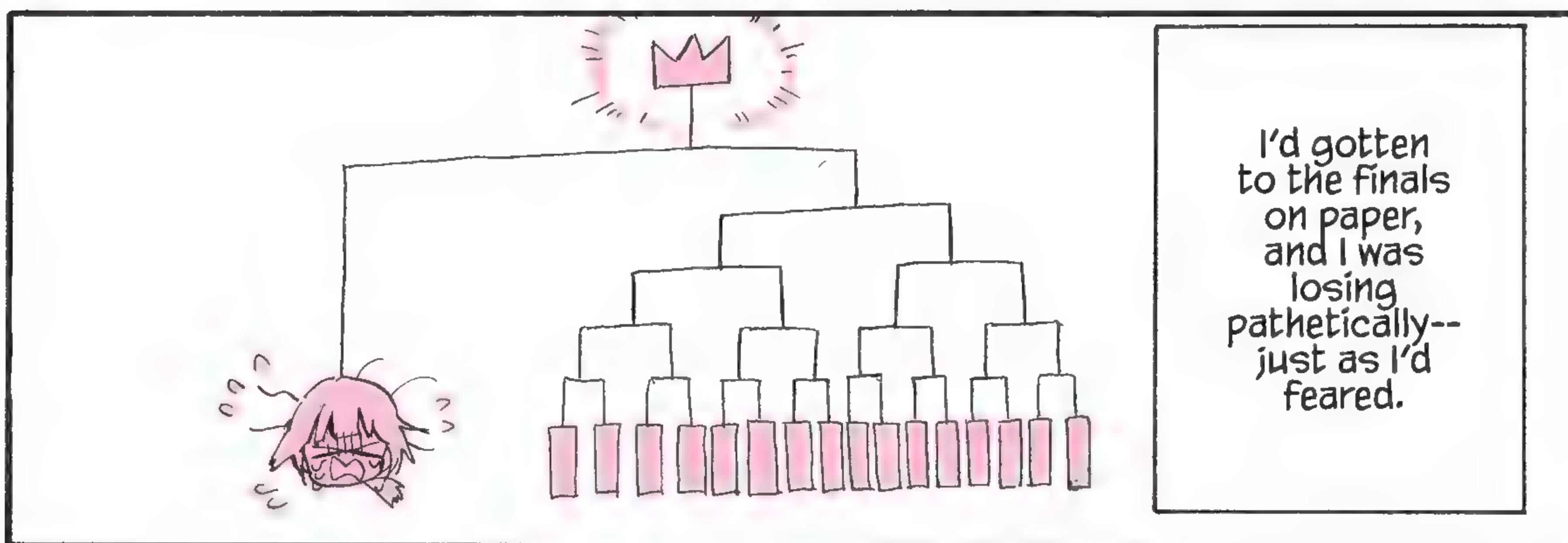
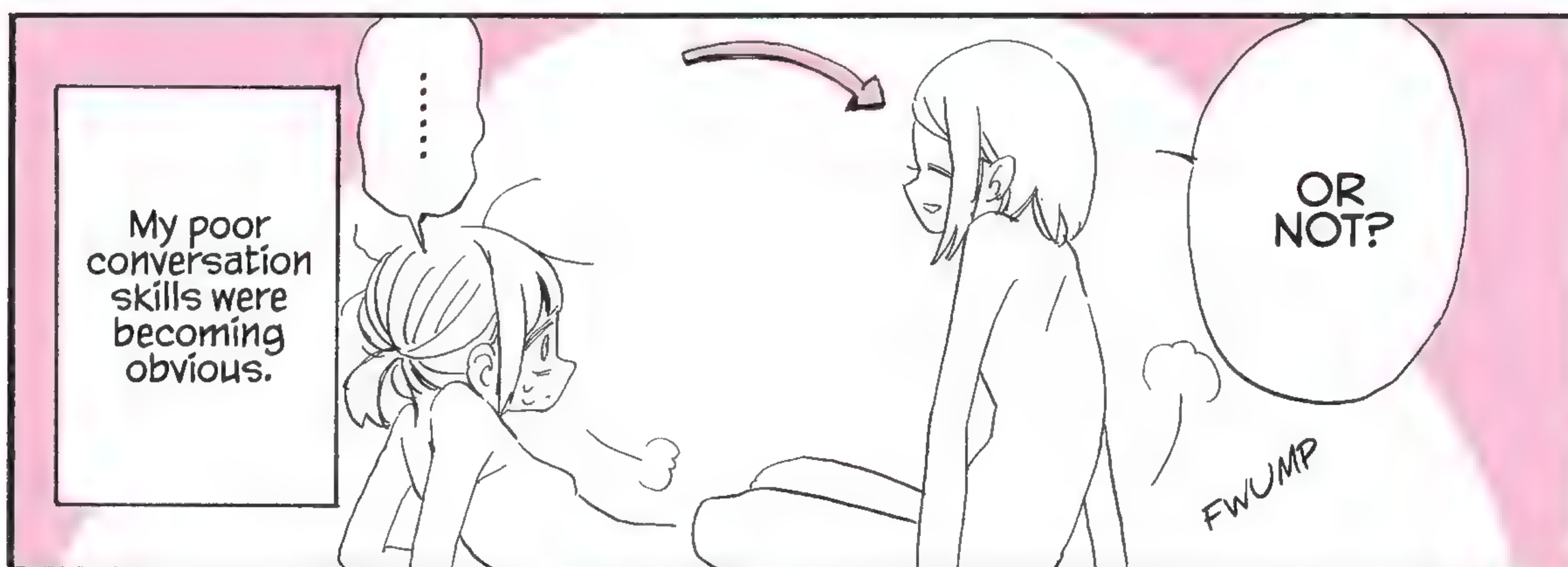


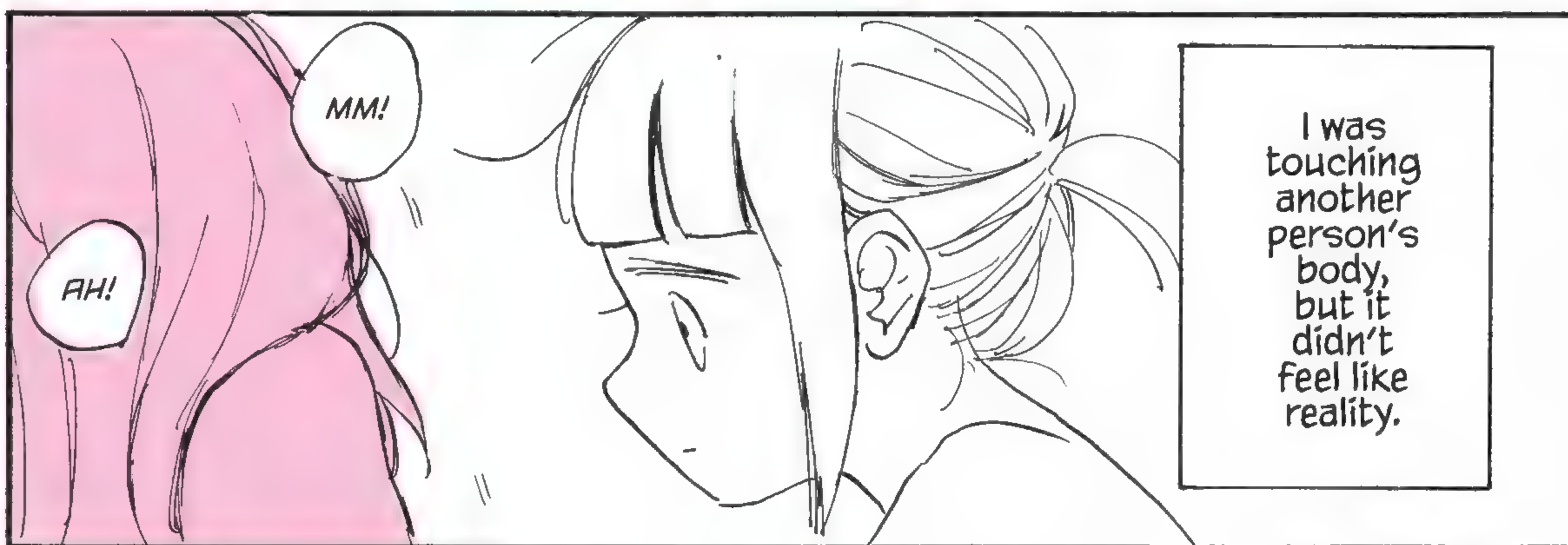


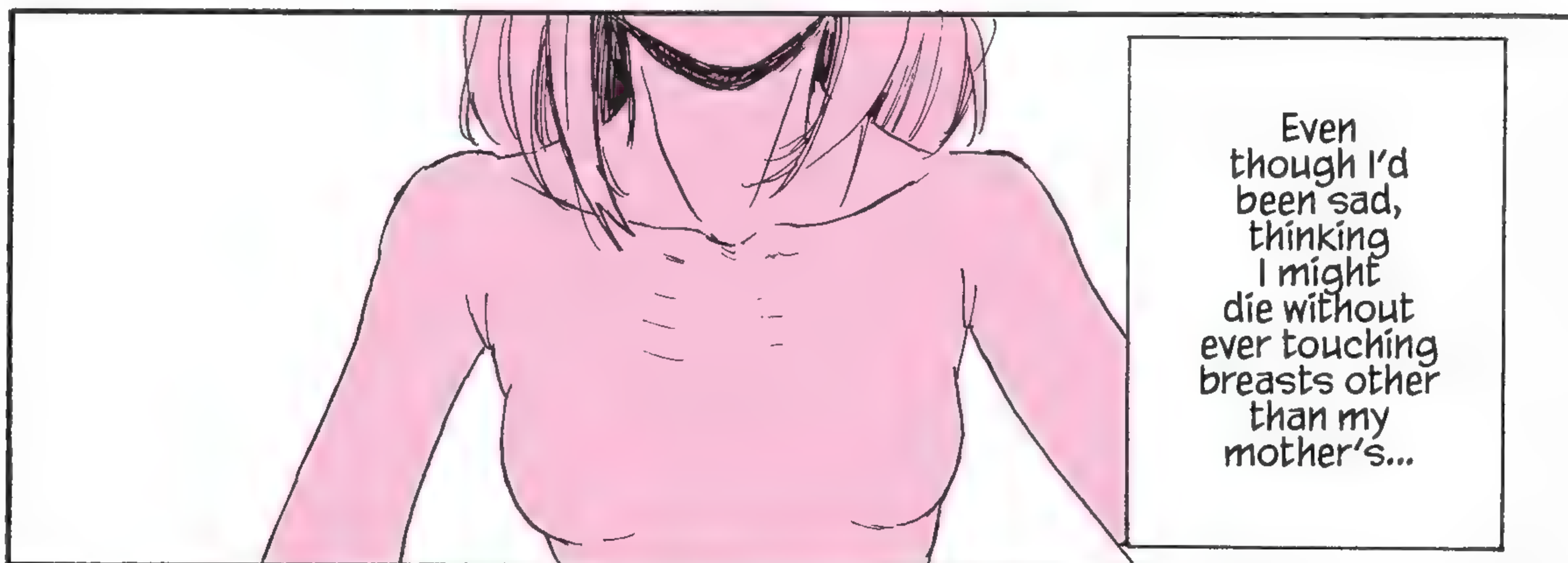




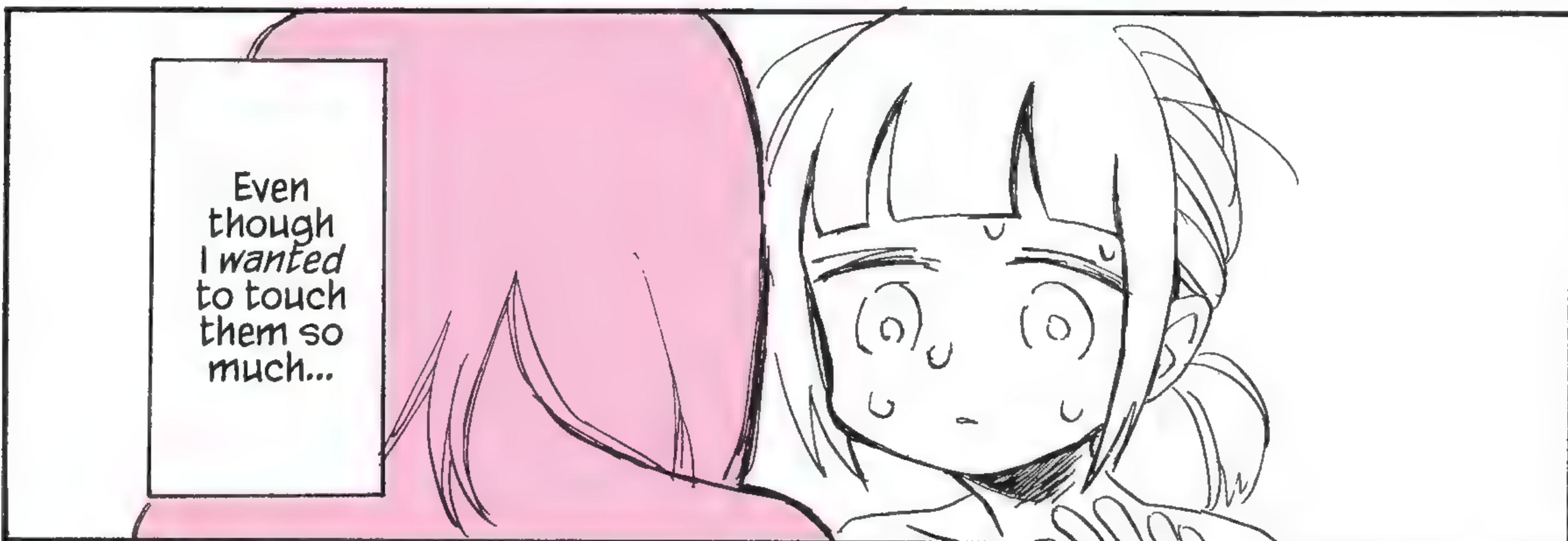




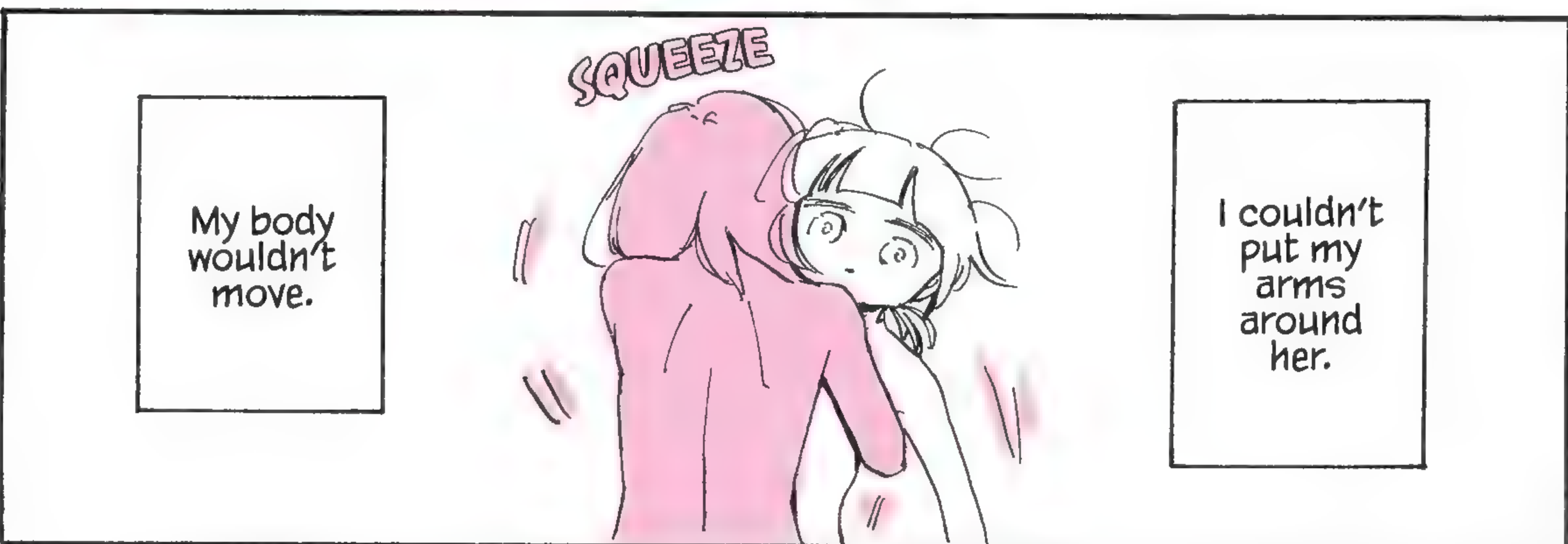




Even though I'd been sad, thinking I might die without ever touching breasts other than my mother's...

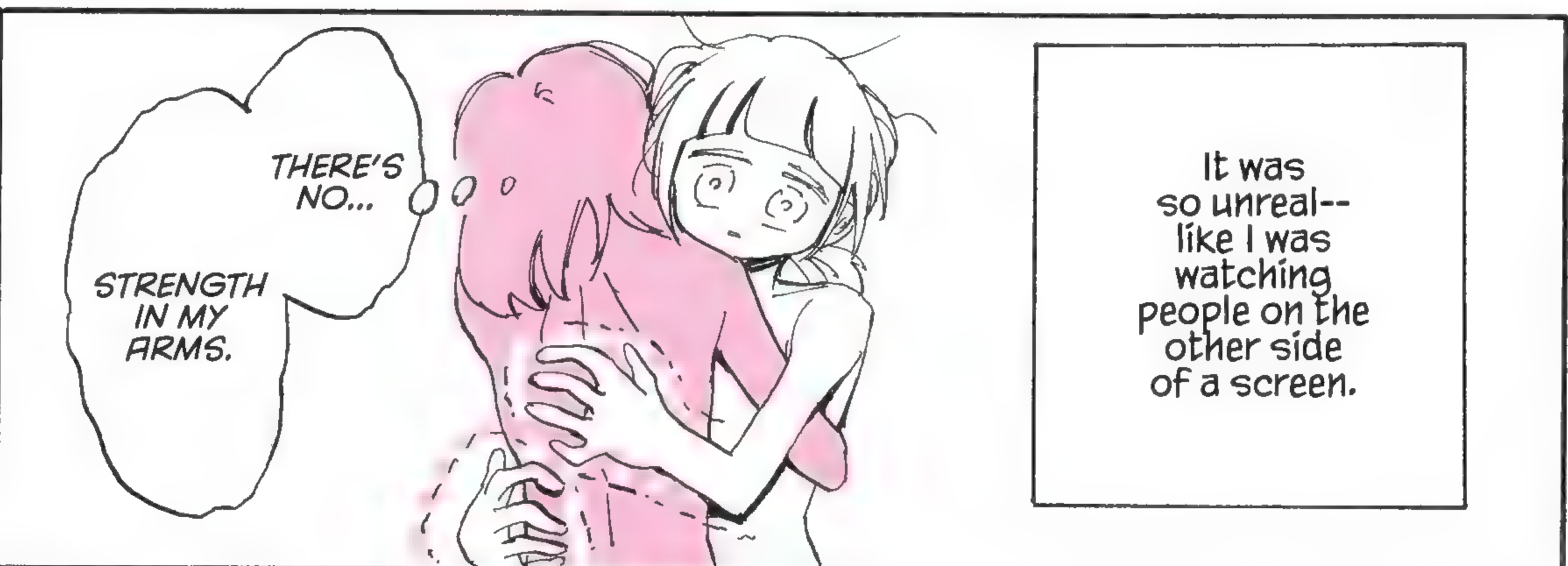


Even though I wanted to touch them so much...



My body wouldn't move.

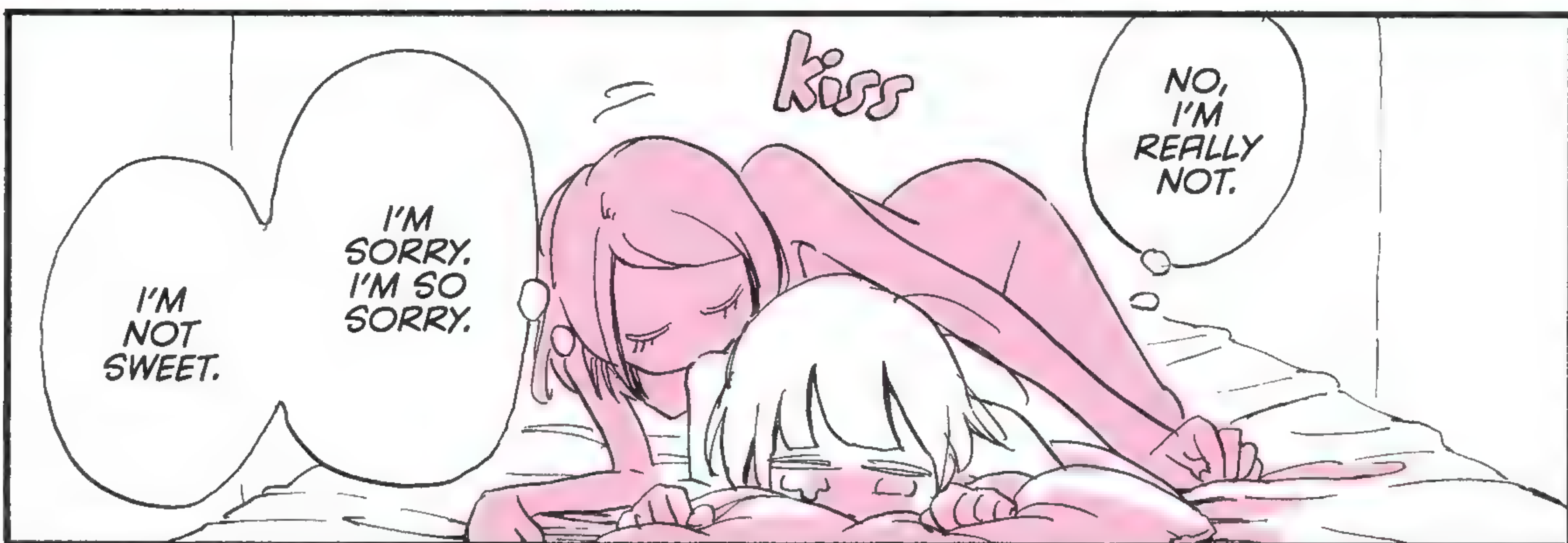
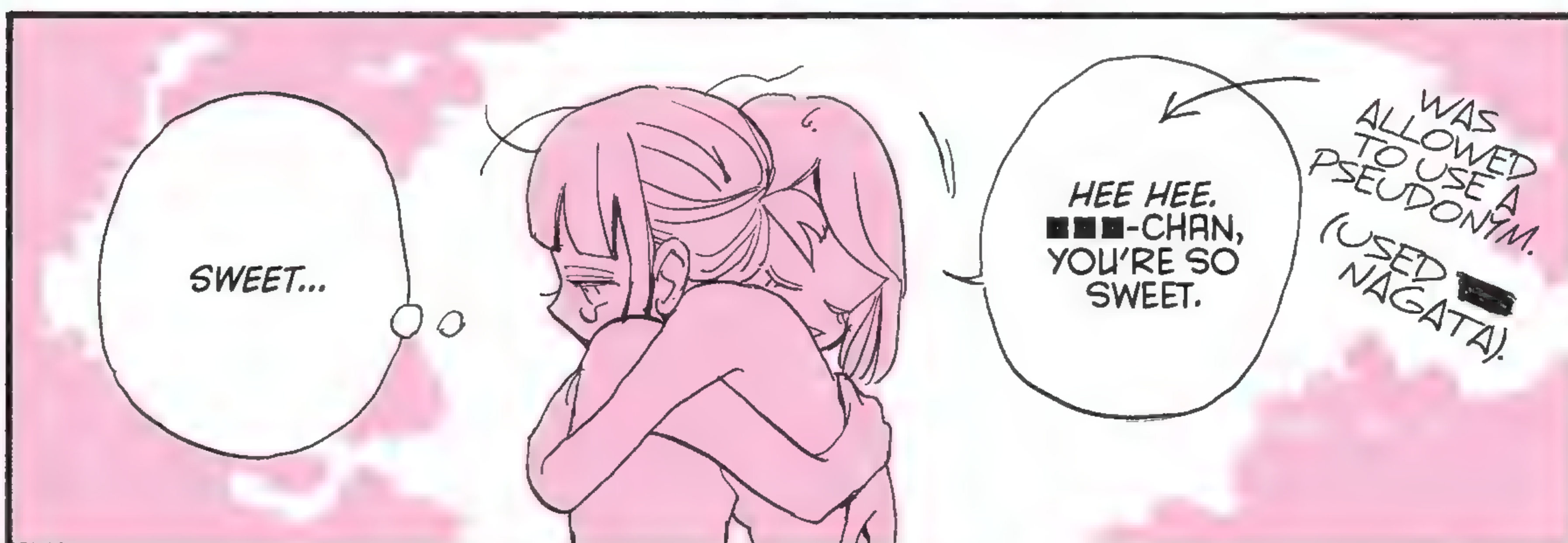
I couldn't put my arms around her.

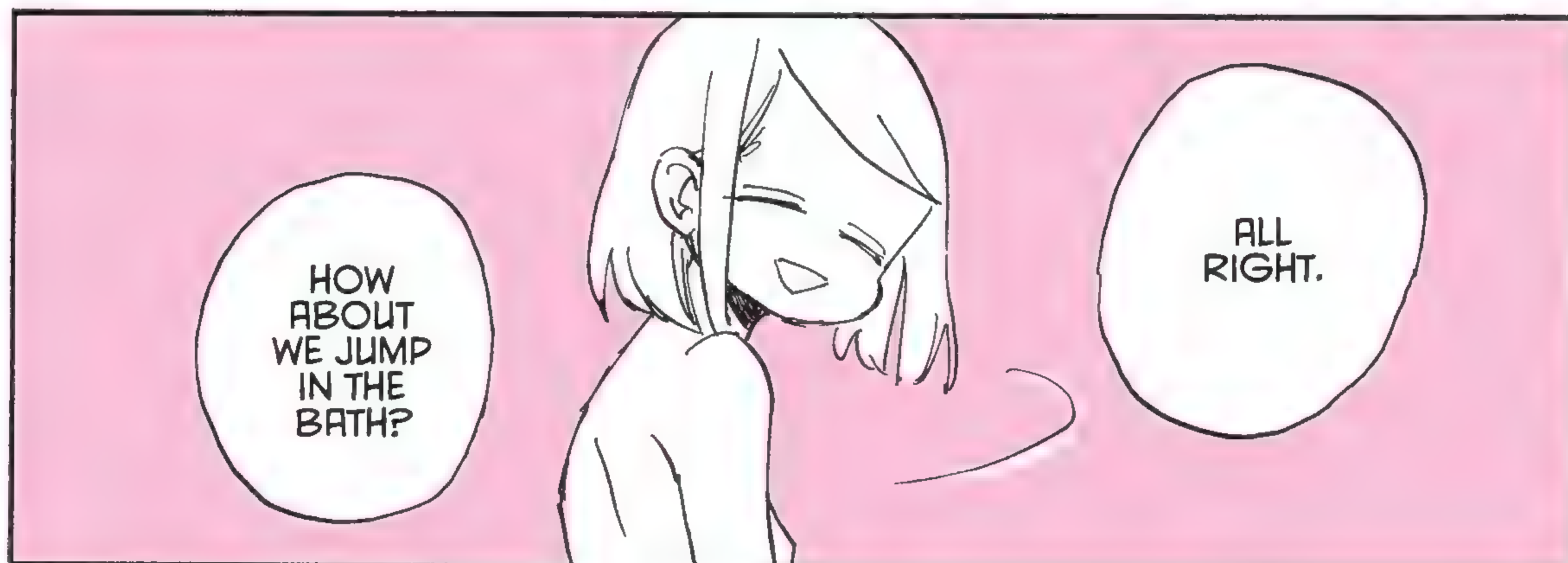
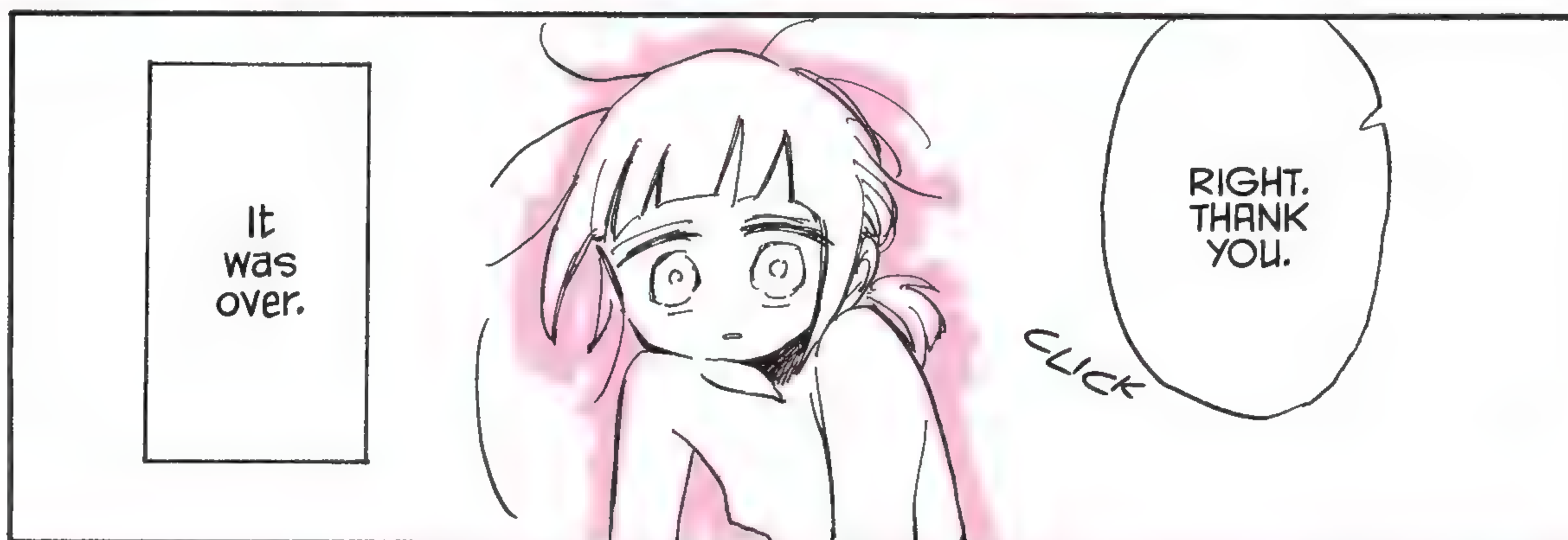
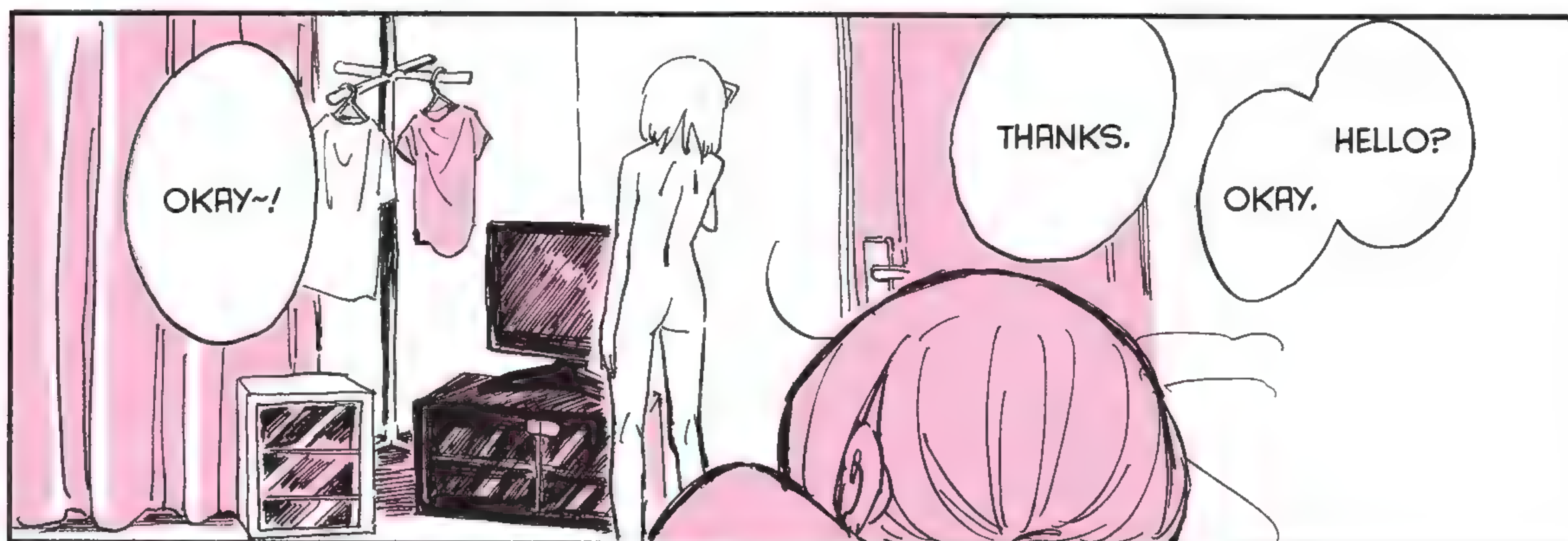


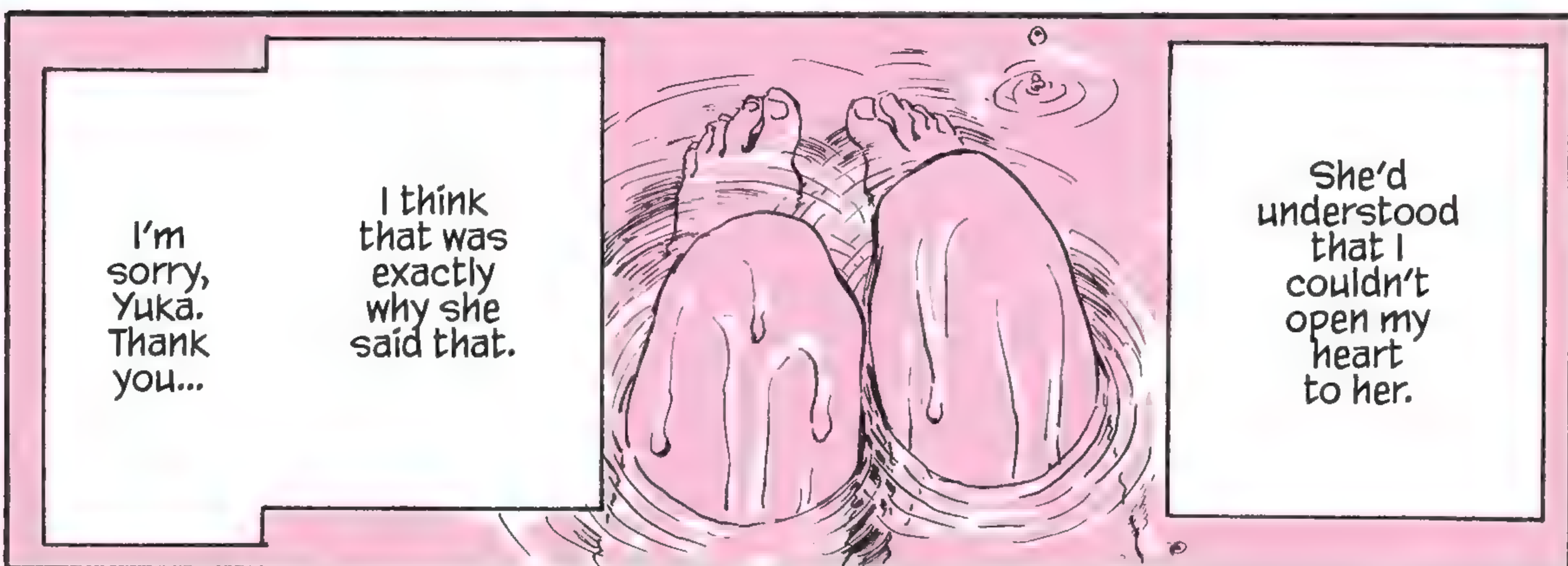
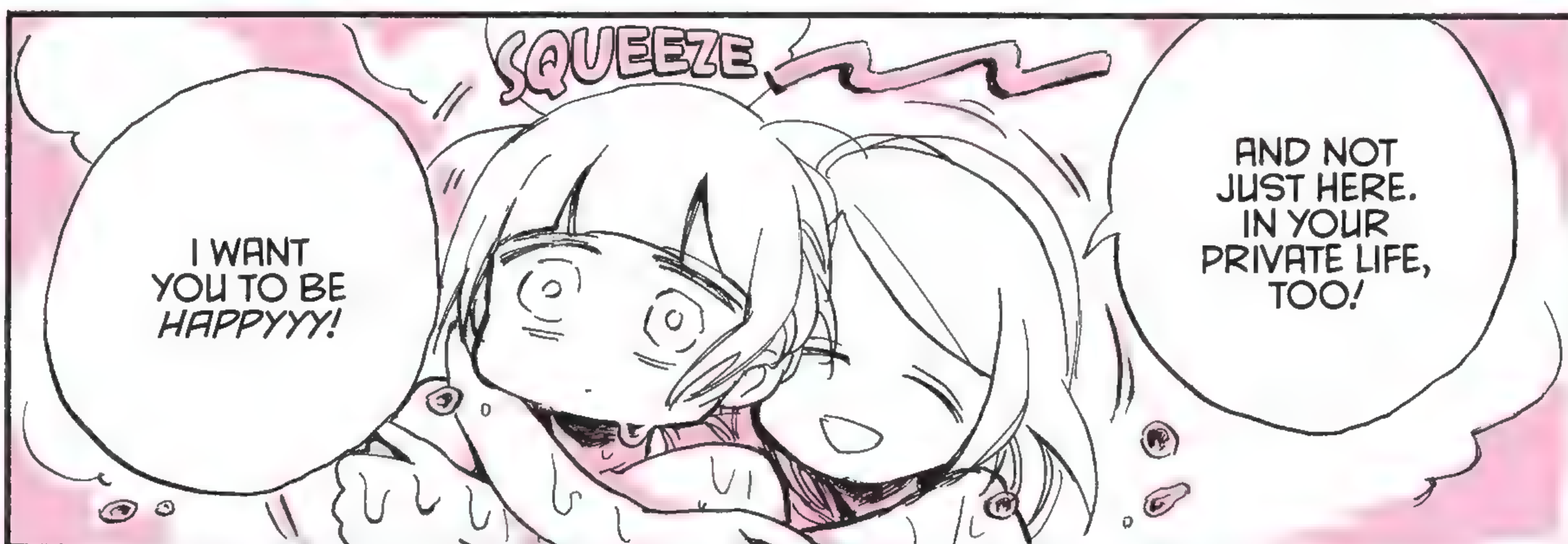
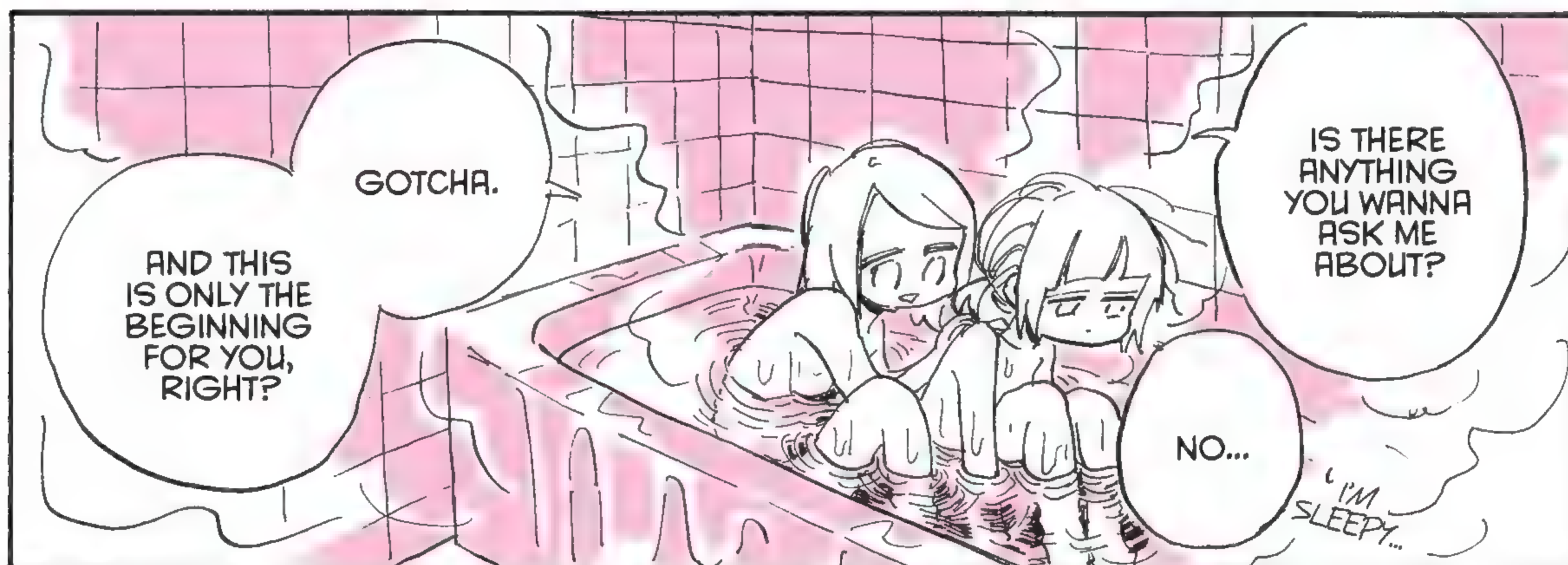
STRENGTH IN MY ARMS.

THERE'S NO...

It was so unreal-- like I was watching people on the other side of a screen.









She was
so kind...
Why couldn't
I accept
even a *little*
of that?



The experience
probably
would've been
a disaster
without
a woman
like her.

*About \$190 US



OKAY.
THANKS~!

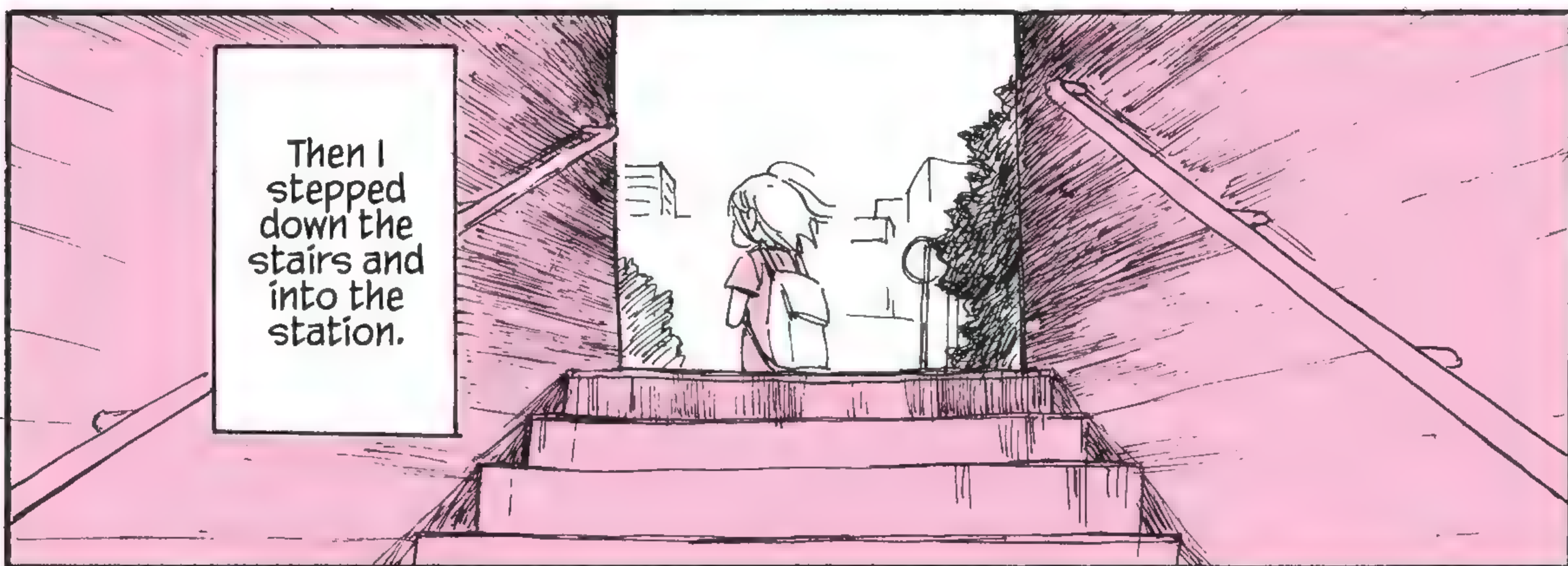
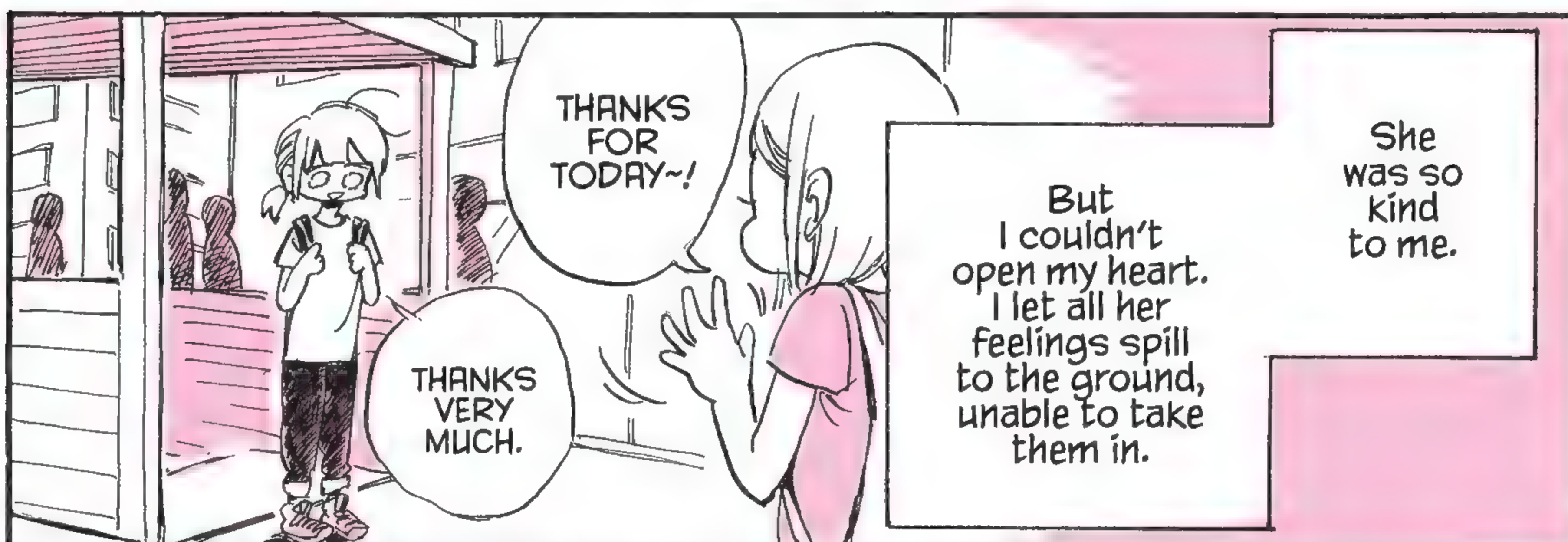
I
paid
her.

I HAVE
THE
EXACT
AMOUNT.



She
walked
me to
the
station.

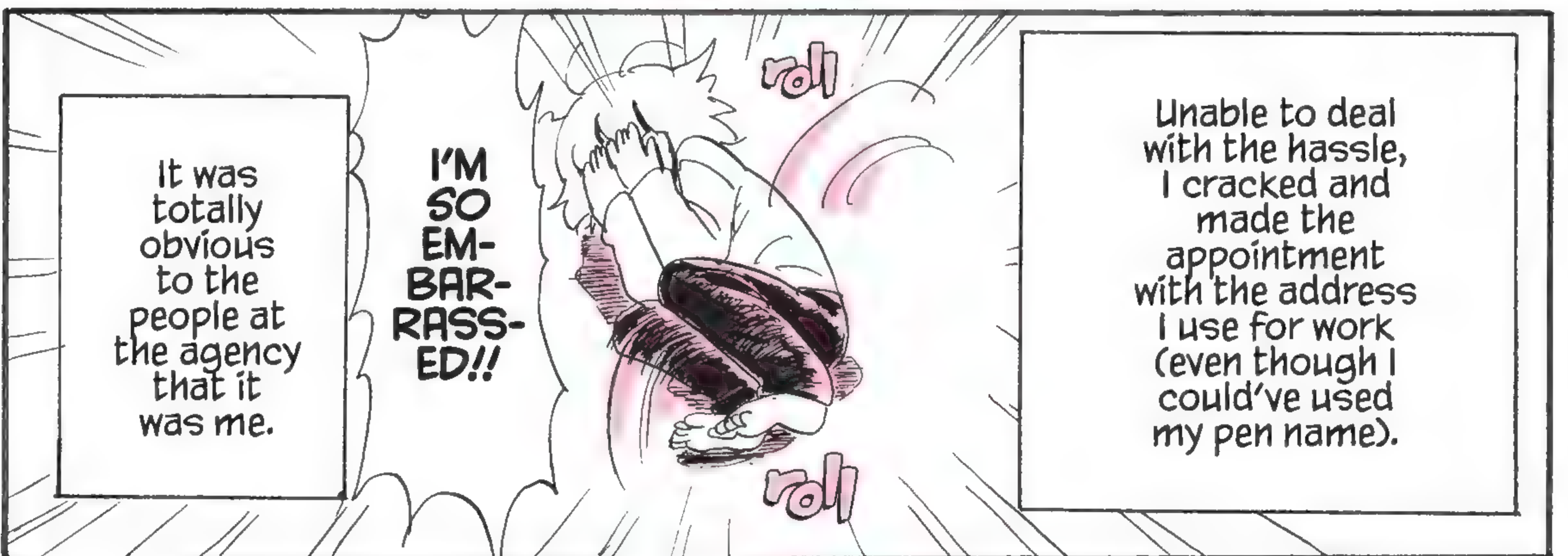
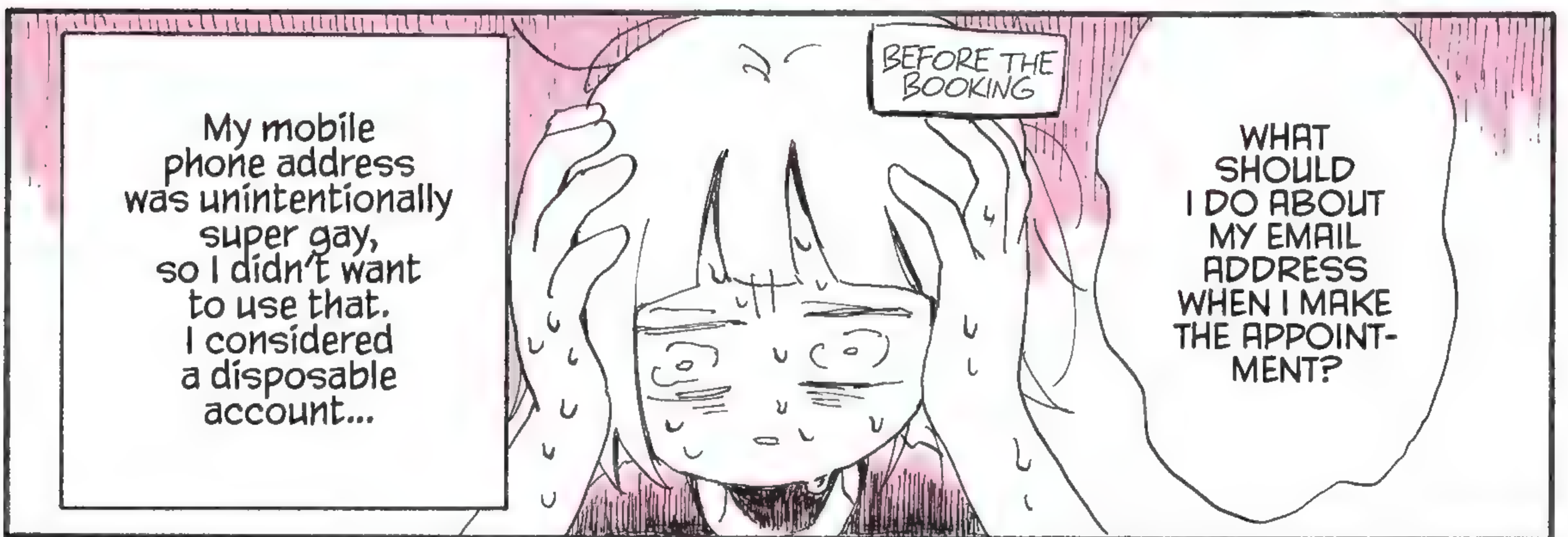
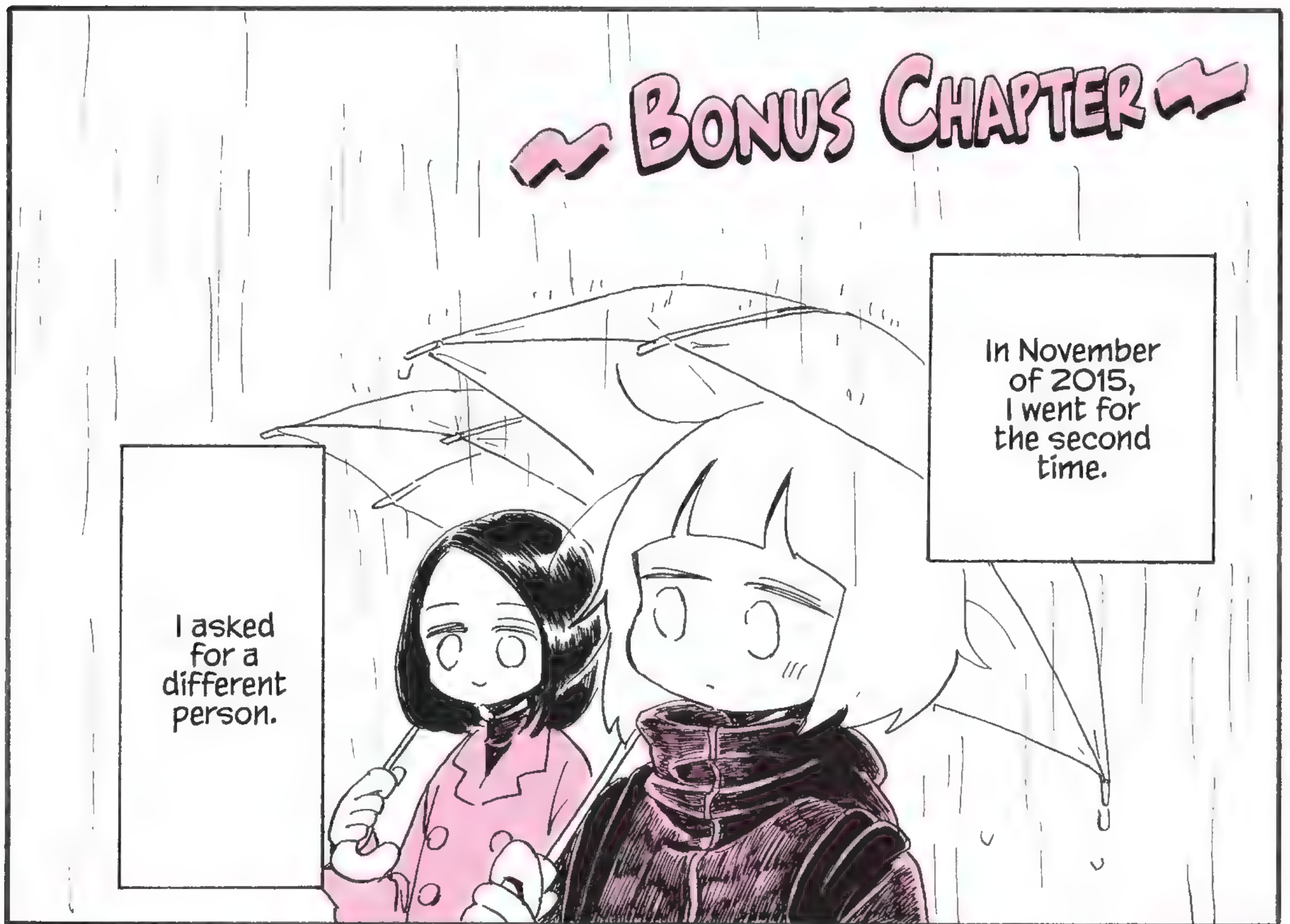
Despite
my behavior,
she was nice
through the
very last
second.

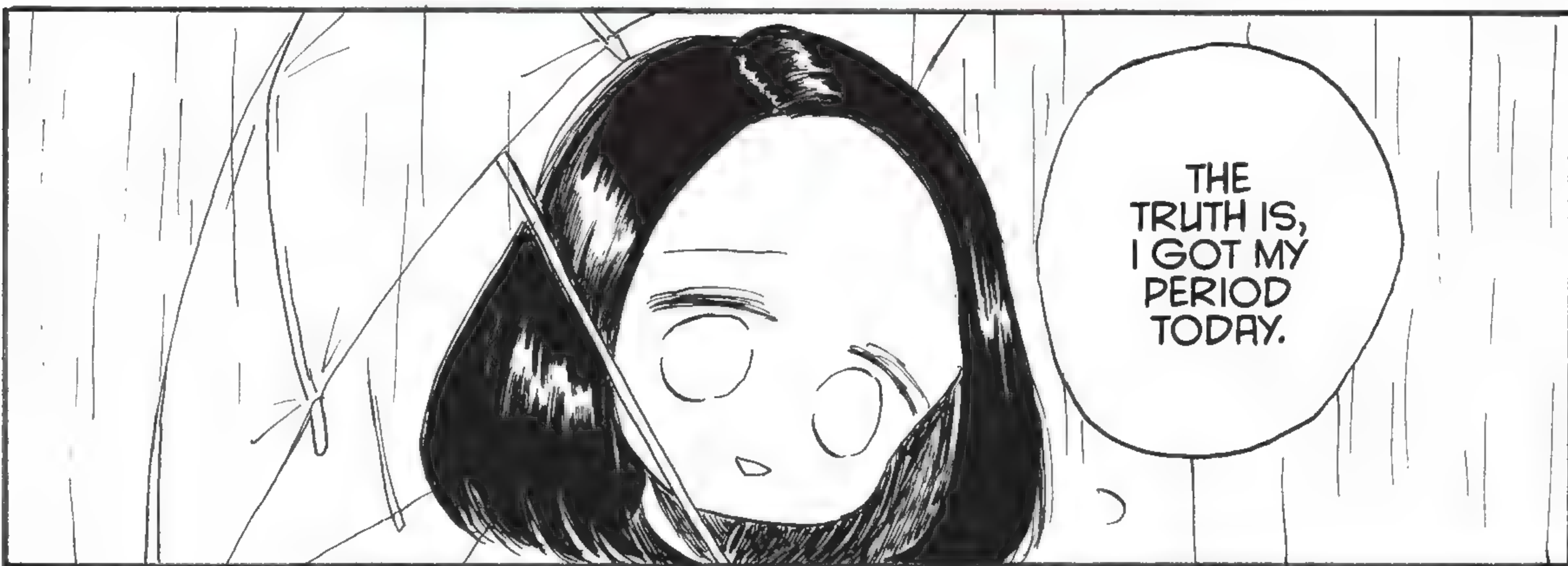
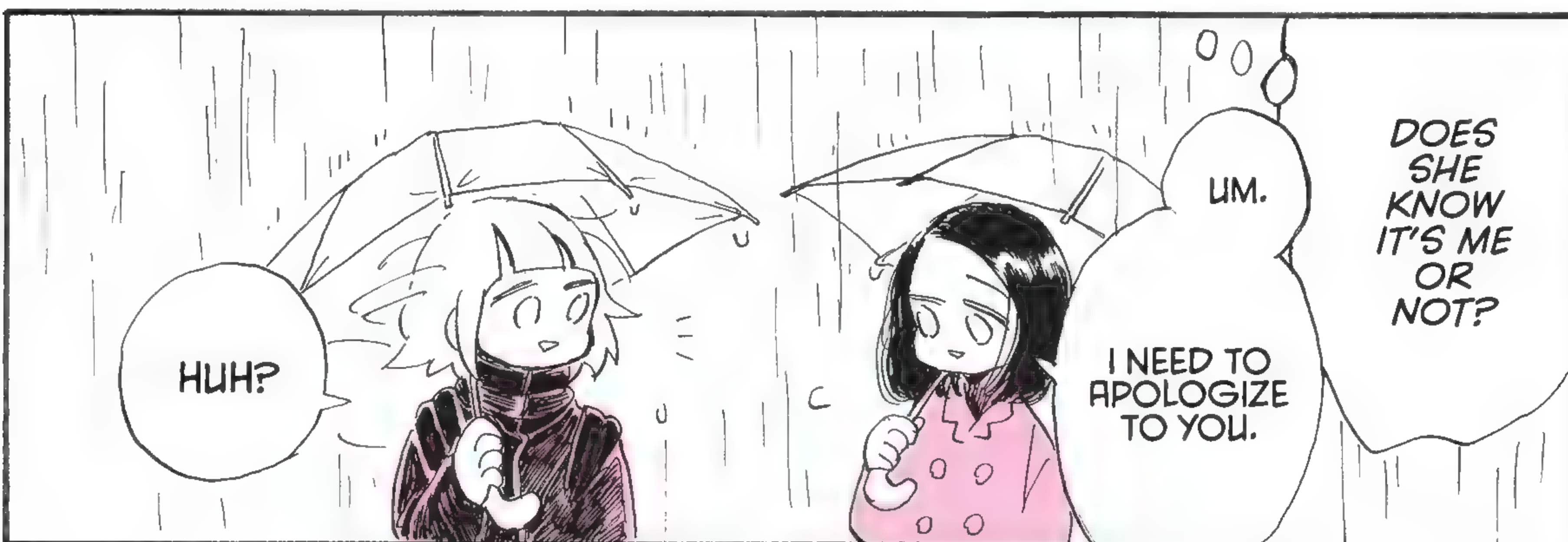
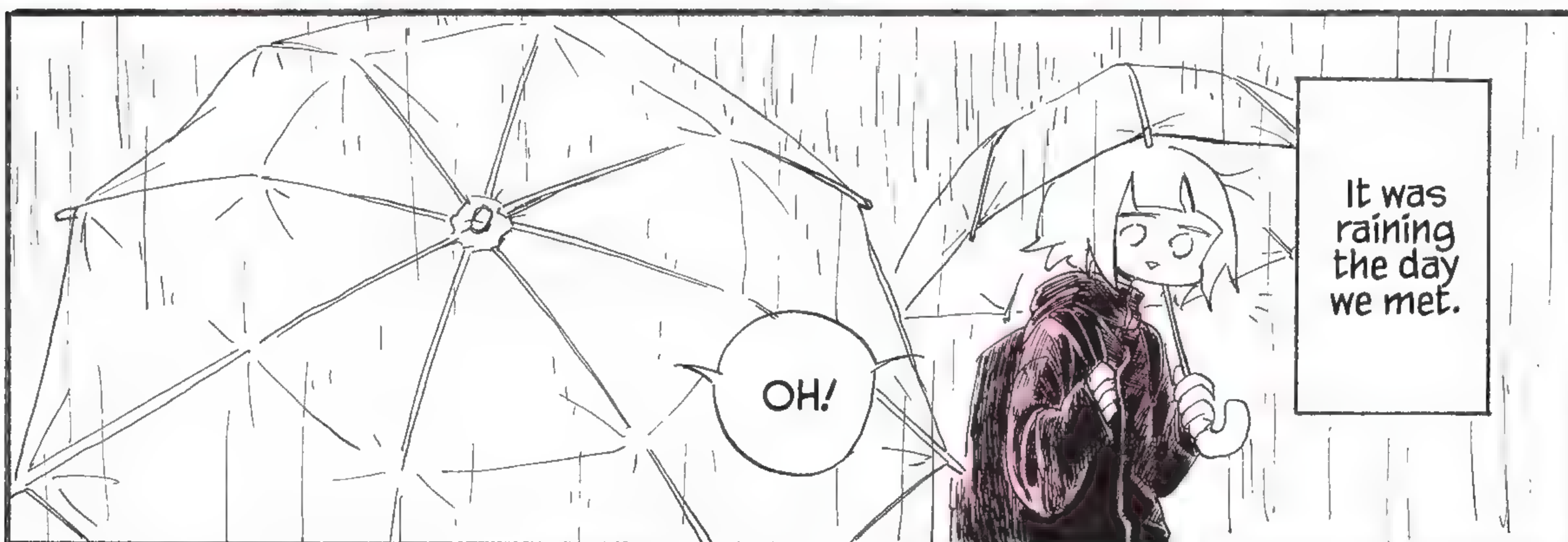


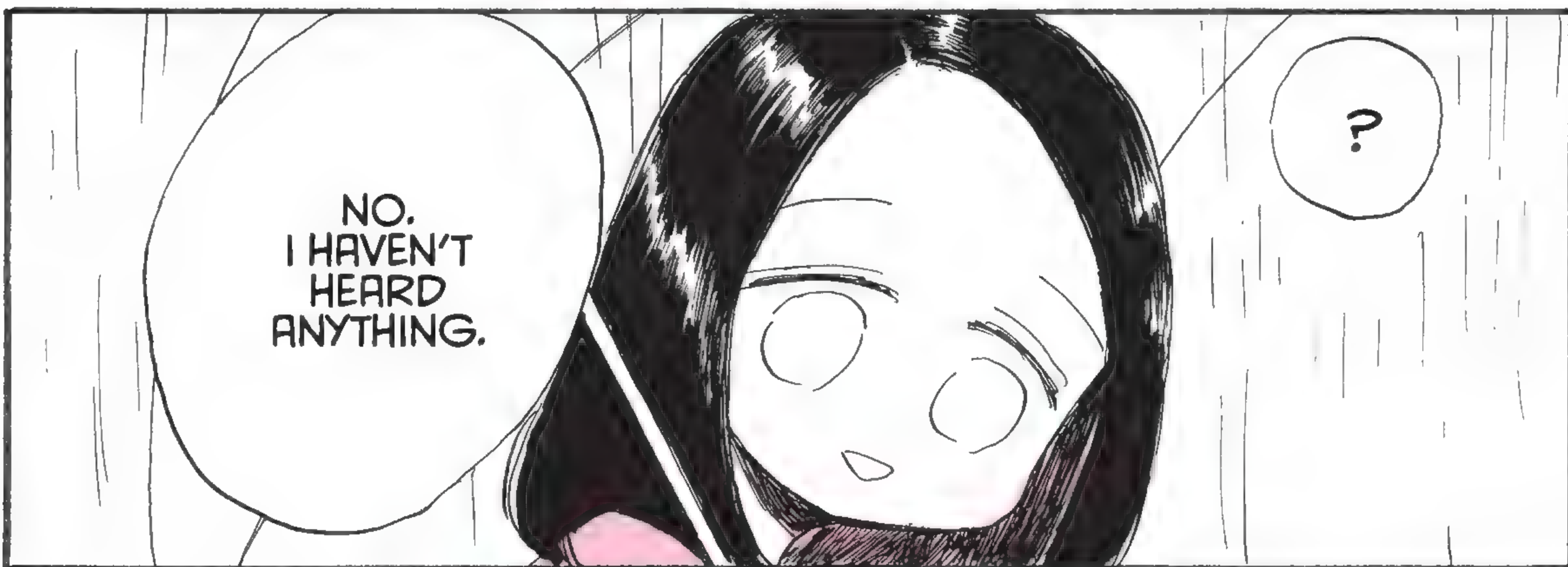
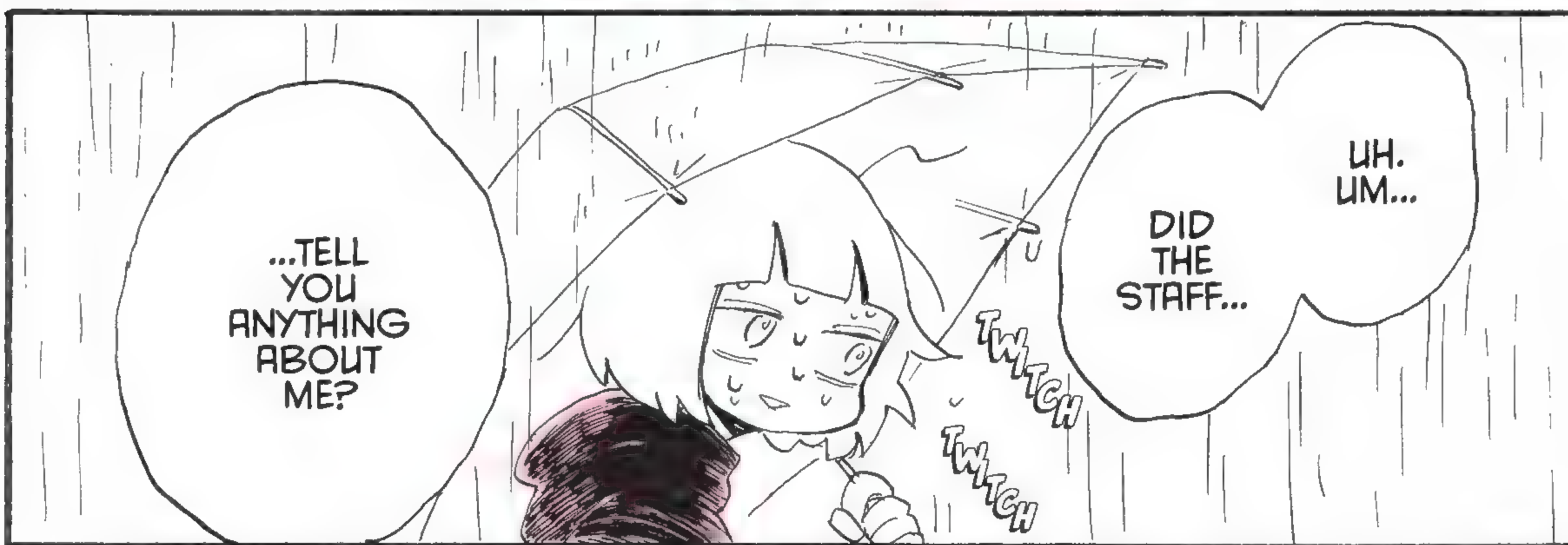
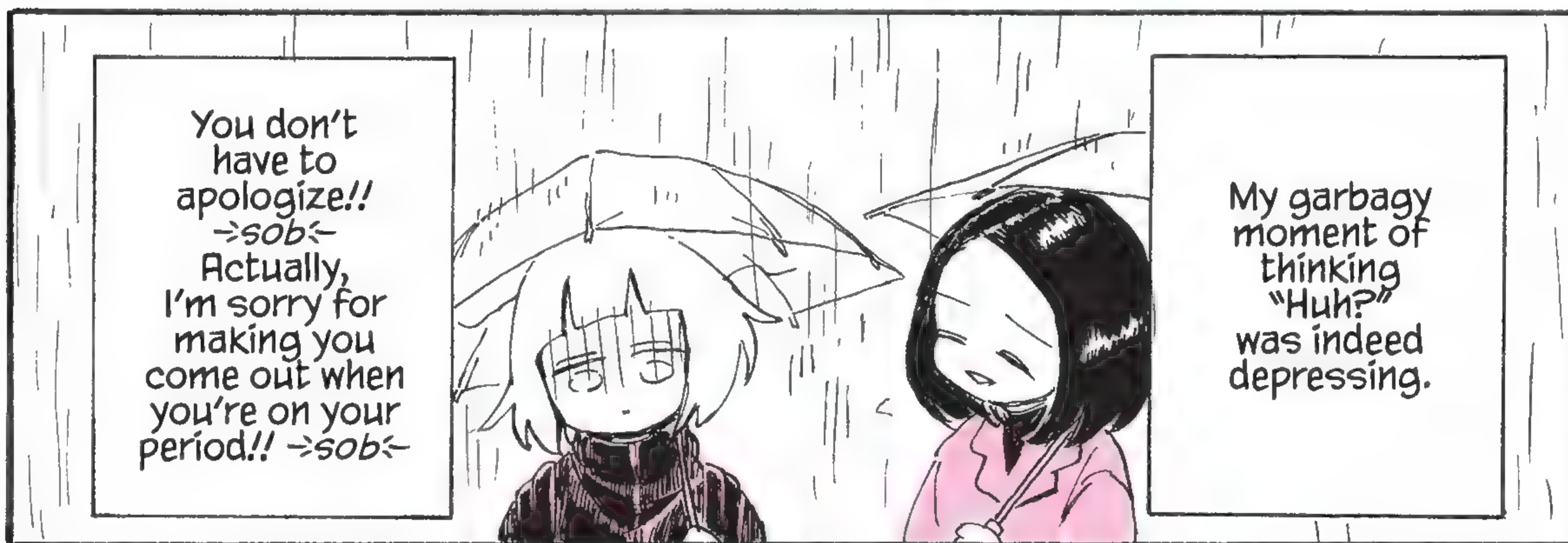
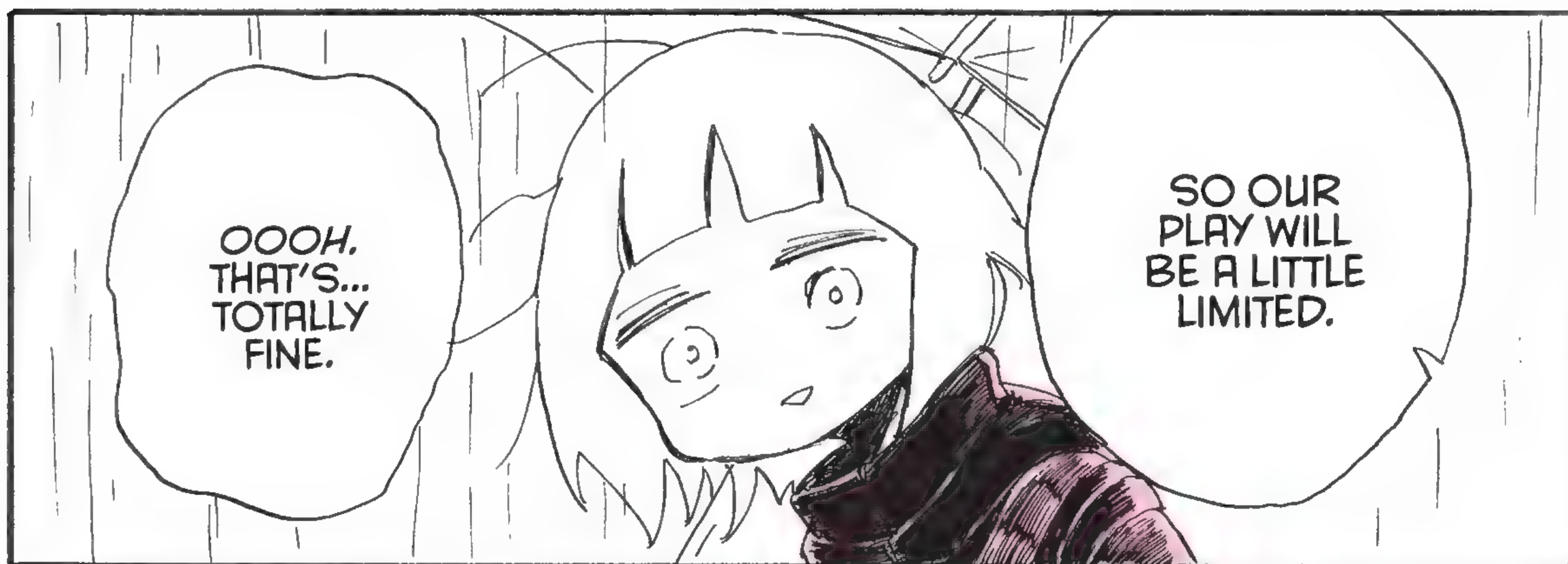
The background of the entire page consists of a repeating pattern of diagonal stripes. The stripes are a light pink color and are set against a white background. They run from the top-left corner towards the bottom-right corner, creating a sense of movement and texture.

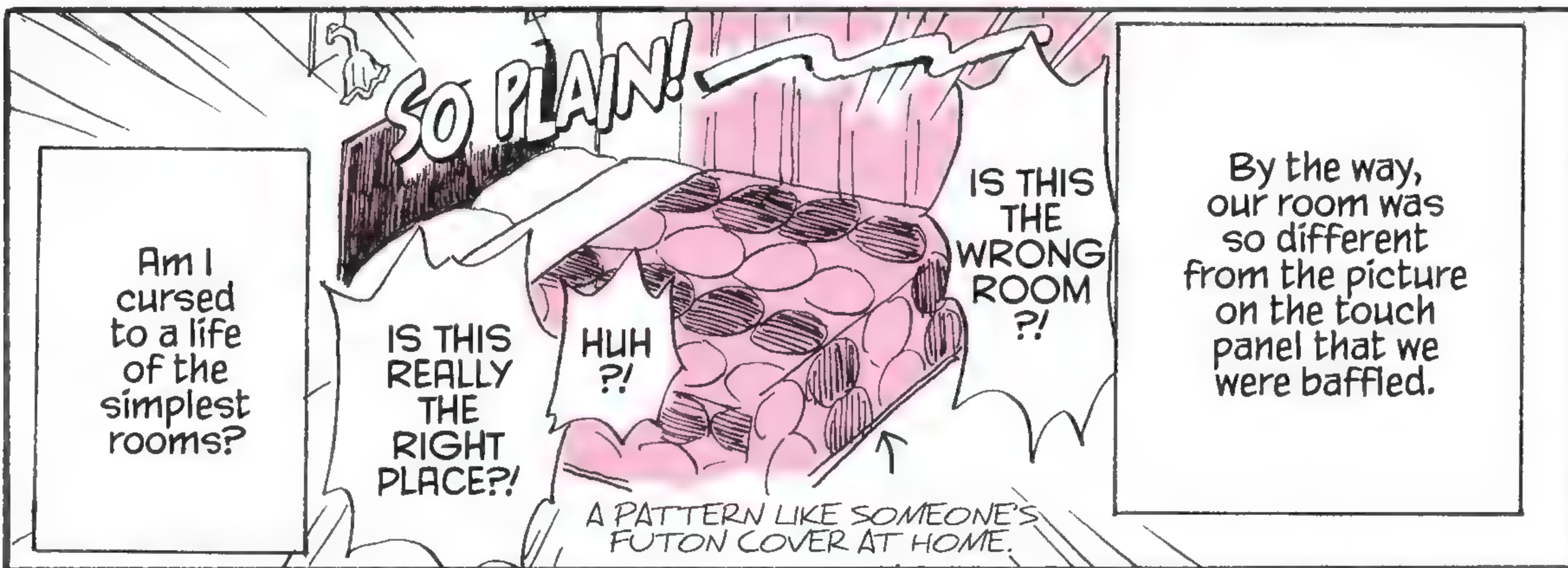
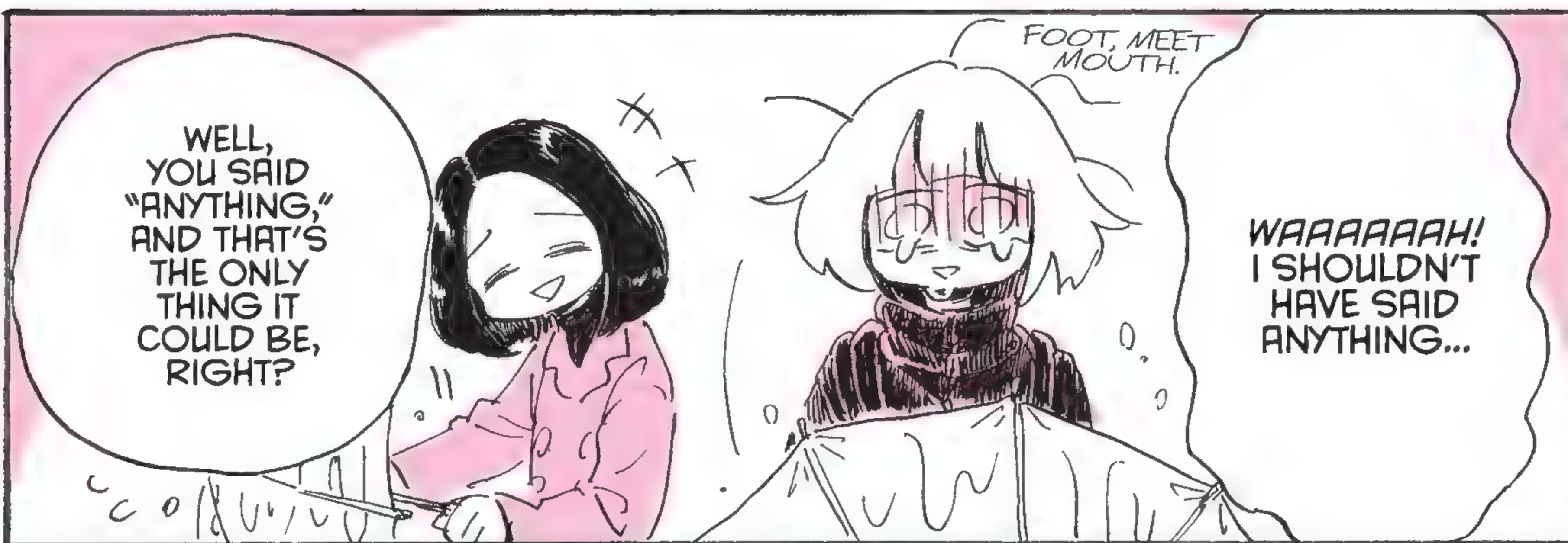
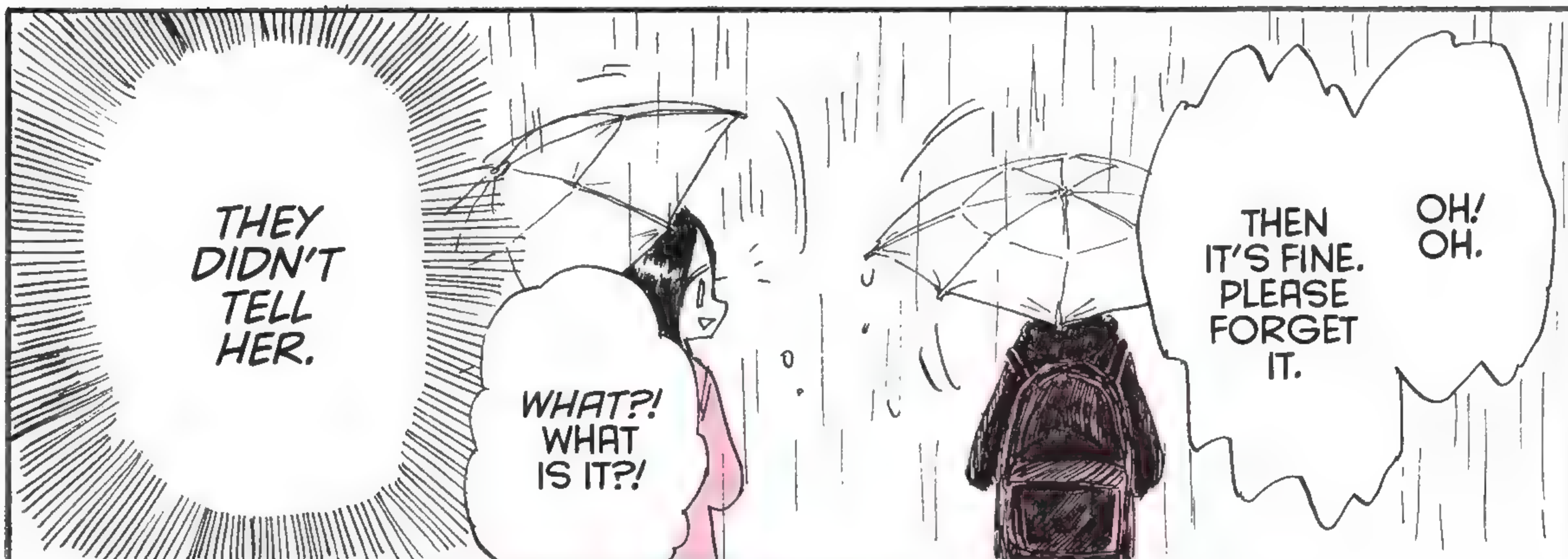
My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness

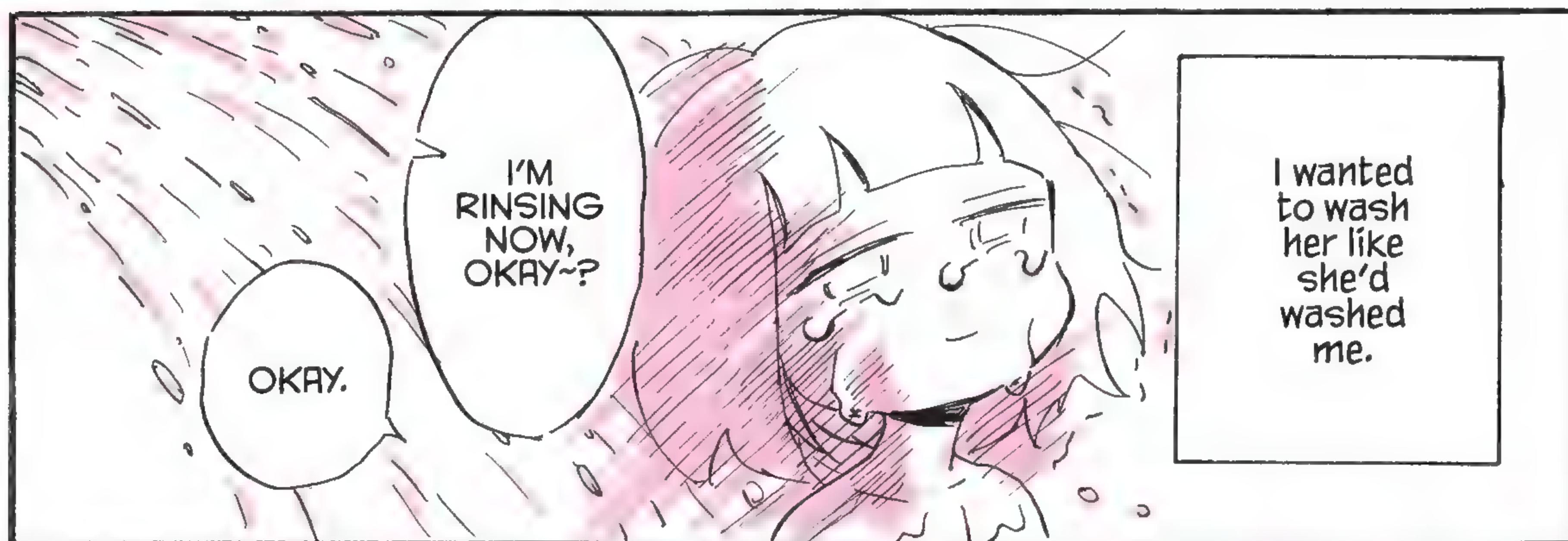
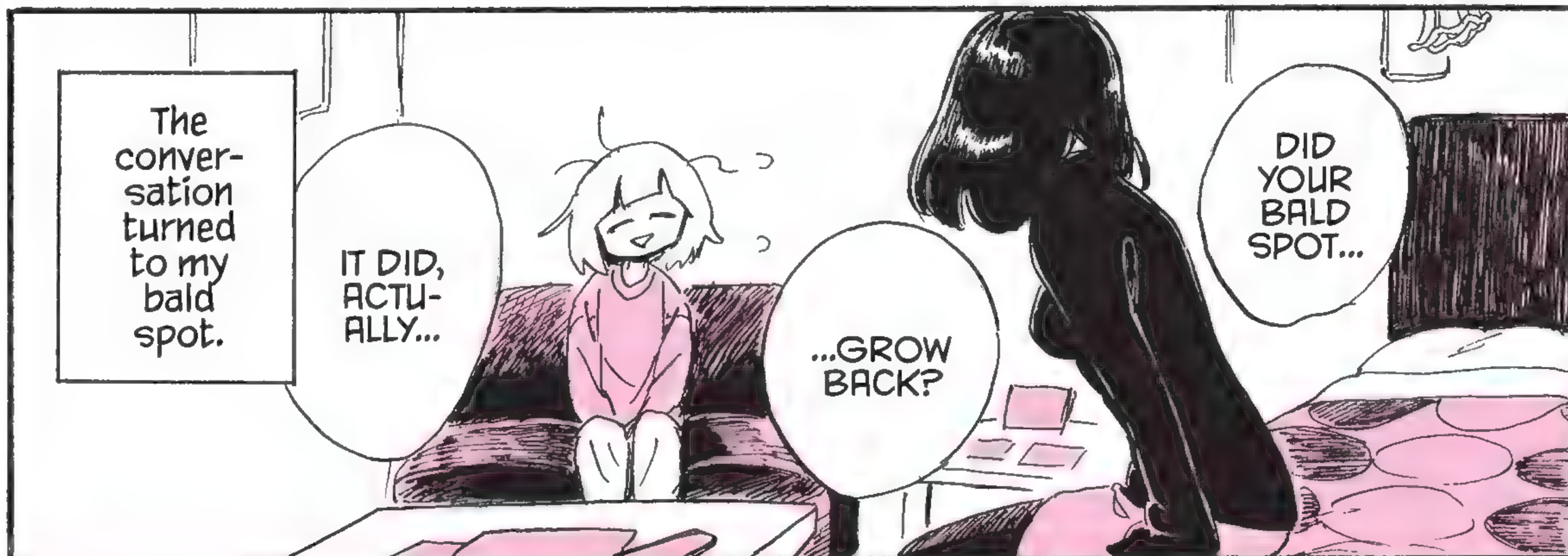
~ BONUS CHAPTER ~

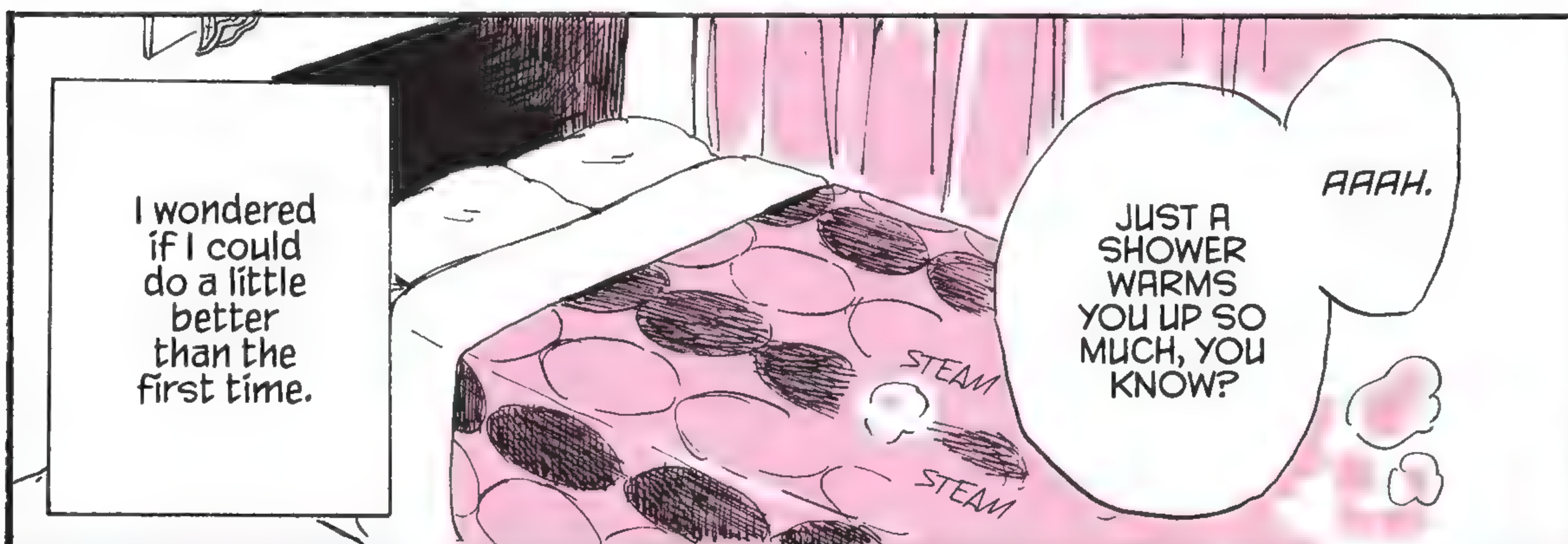
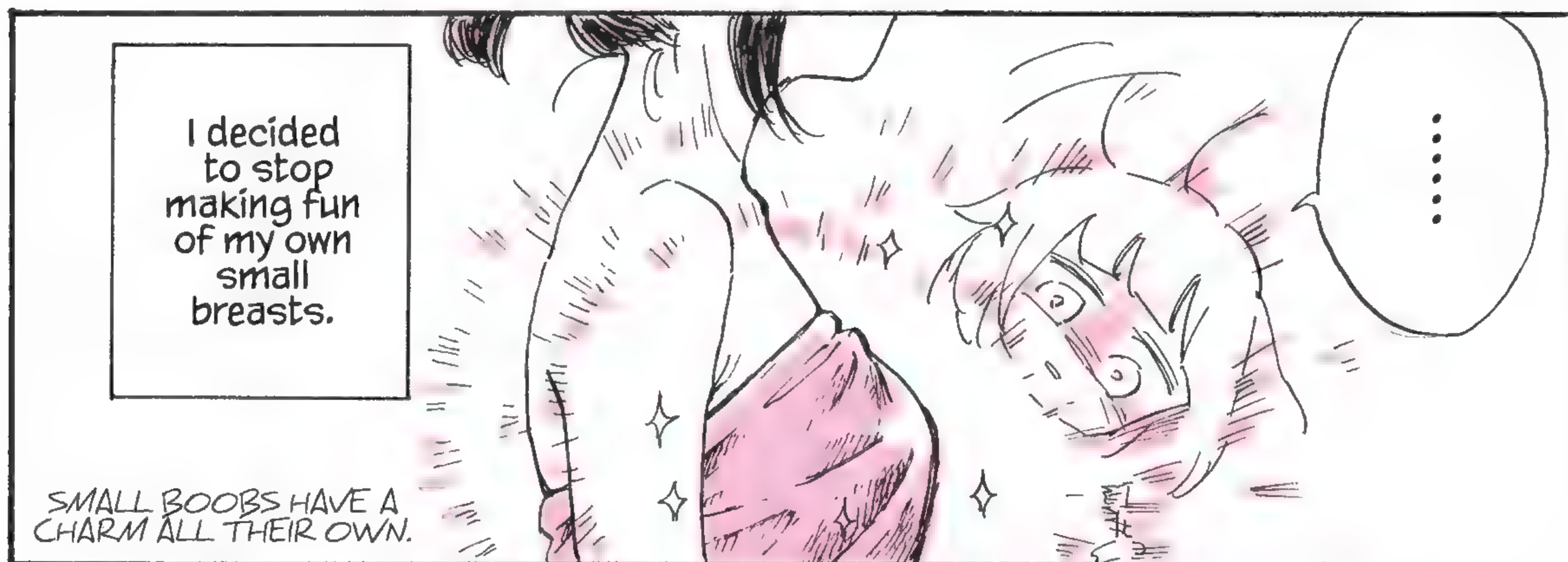


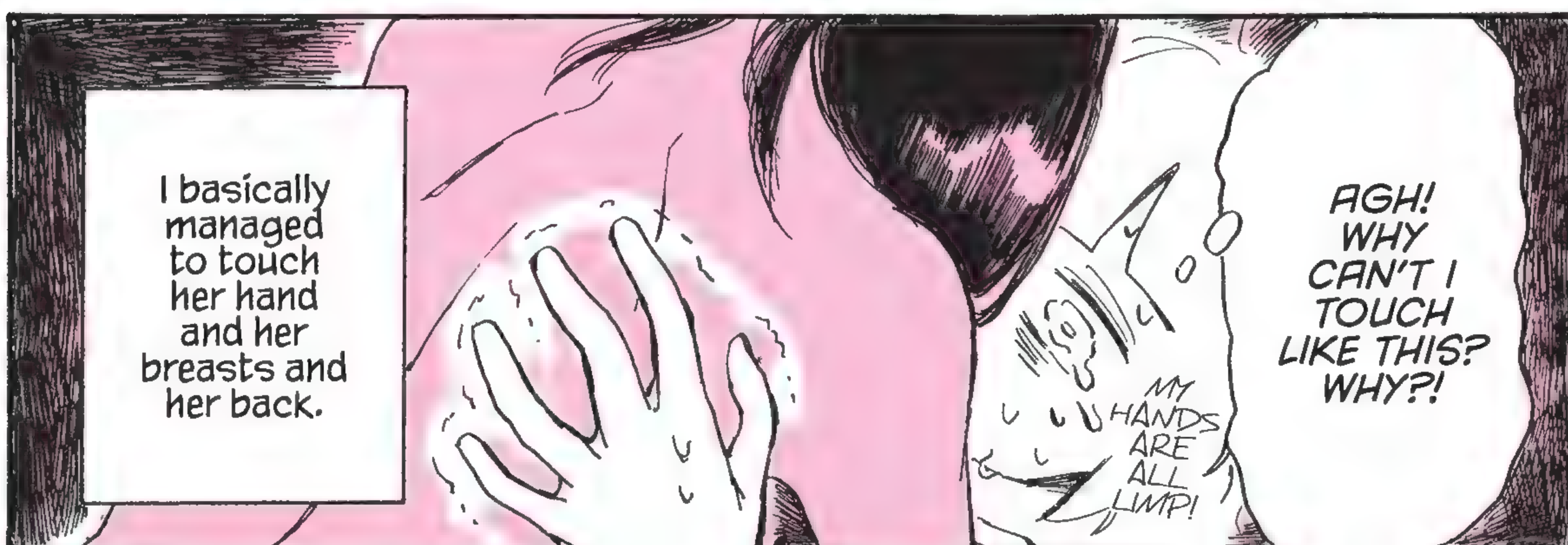


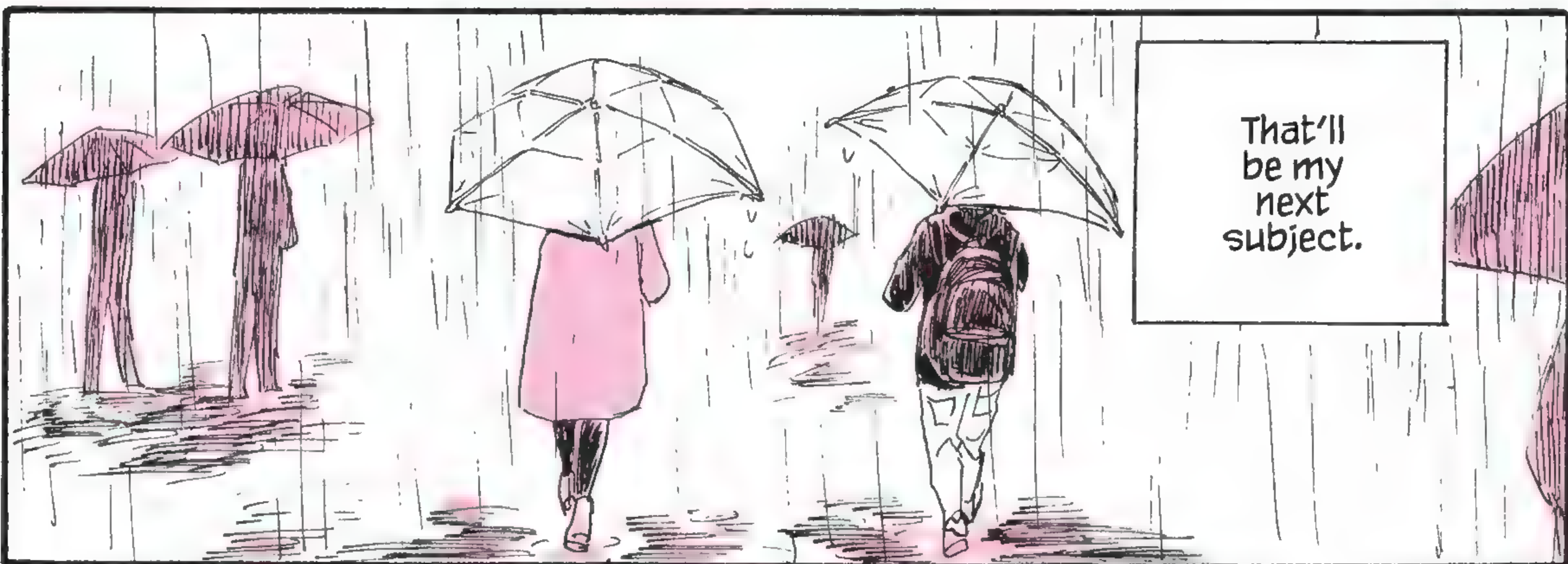
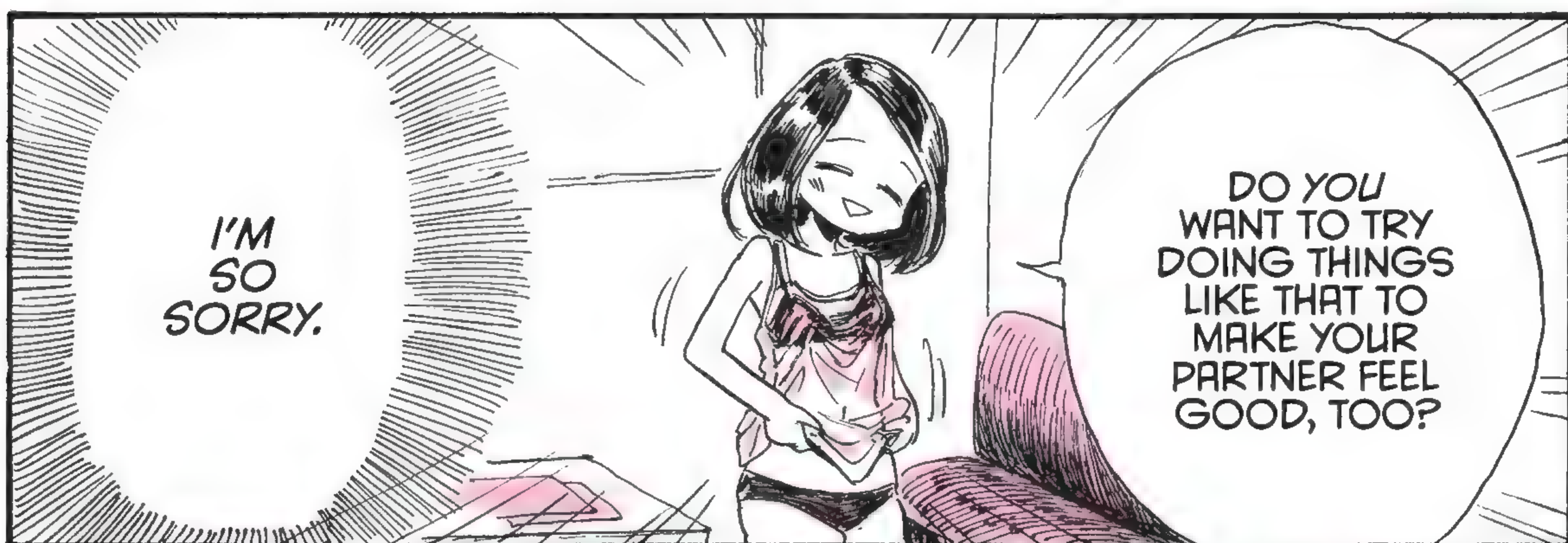
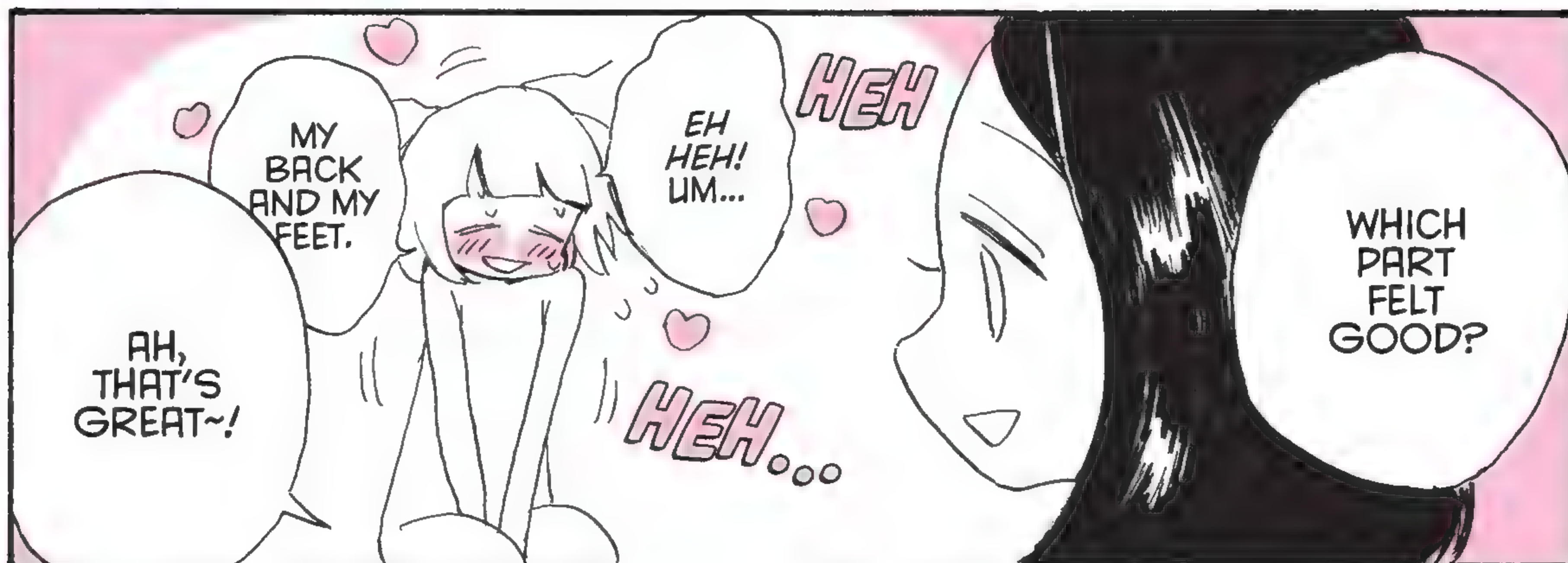


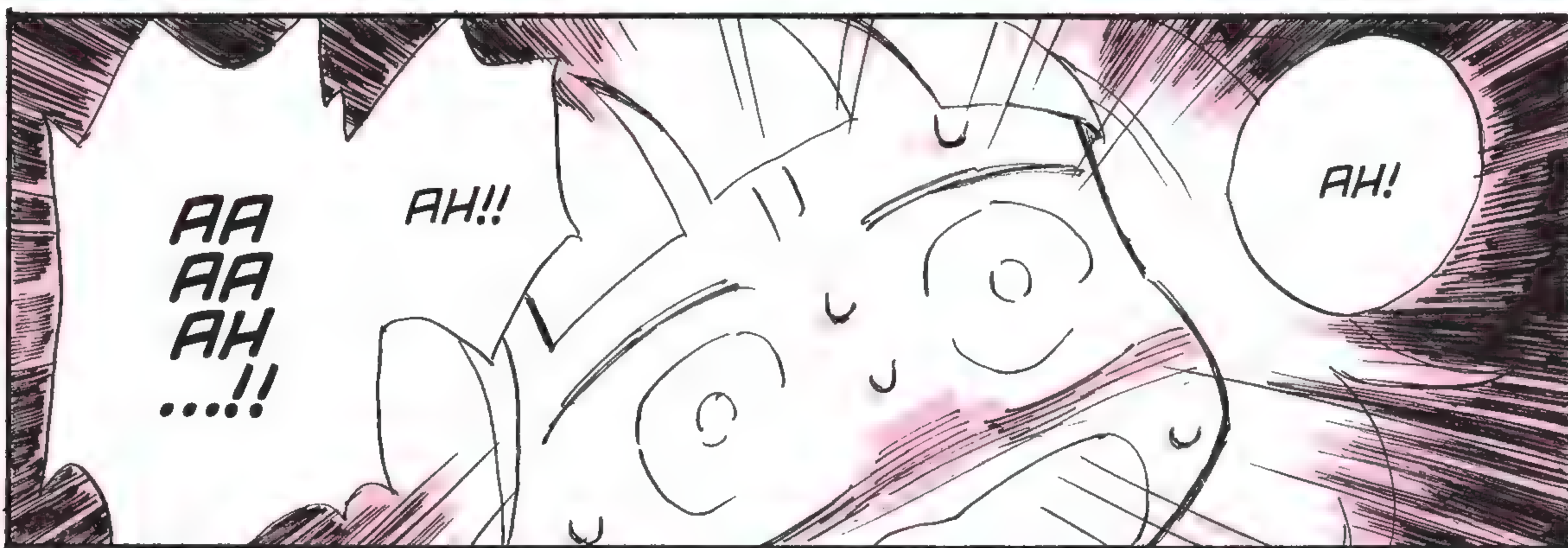


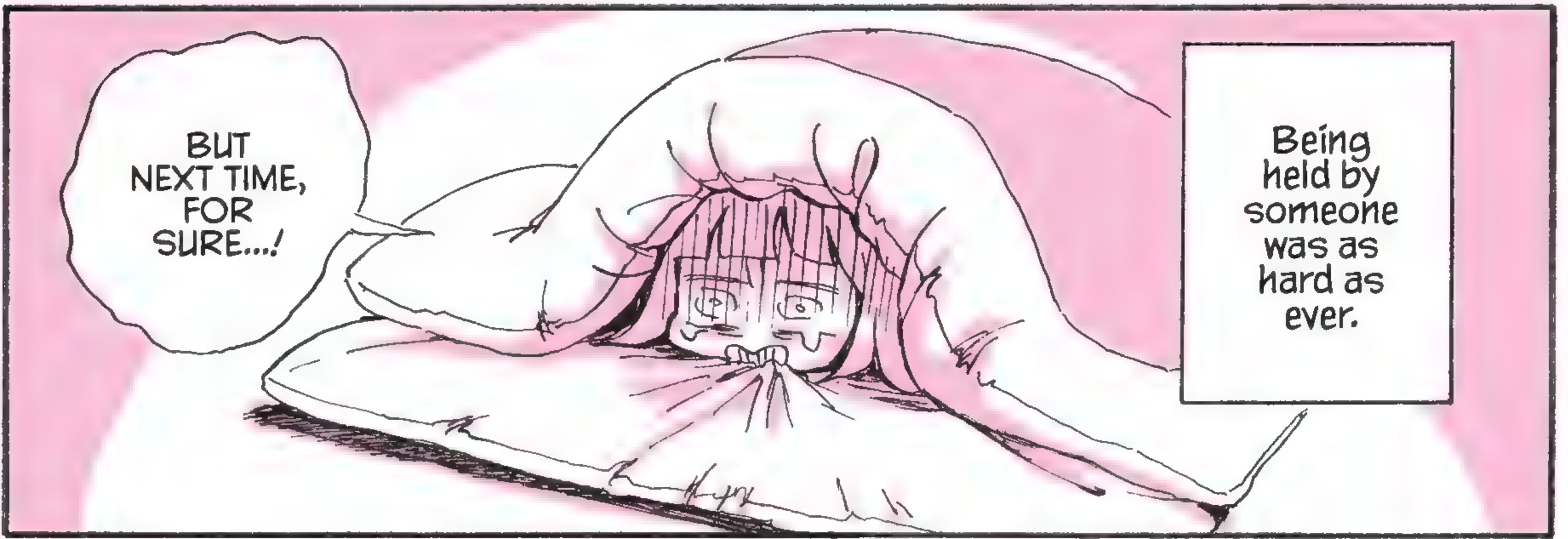












~ BONUS CHAPTER: END ~

SEVEN SEAS ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

My Lesbian Experience with Loneliness

(true) story & art by **NAGATA KABI**

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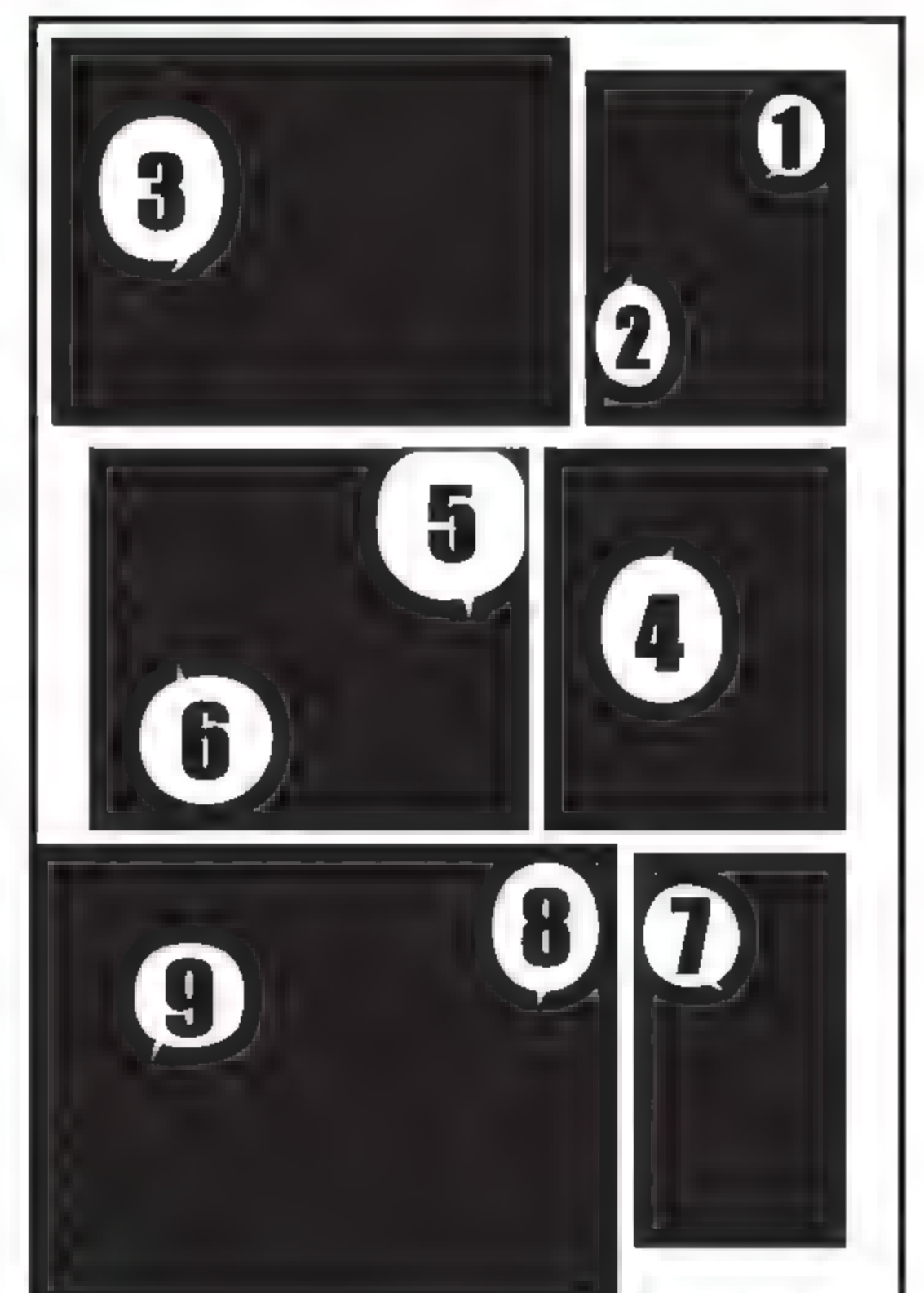
First Printing: June 2017

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

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READING DIRECTIONS

This book reads from *right to left*, Japanese style. If this is your first time reading manga, you start reading from the top right panel on each page and take it from there. If you get lost, just follow the numbered diagram here. It may seem backwards at first, but you'll get the hang of it! Have fun!!



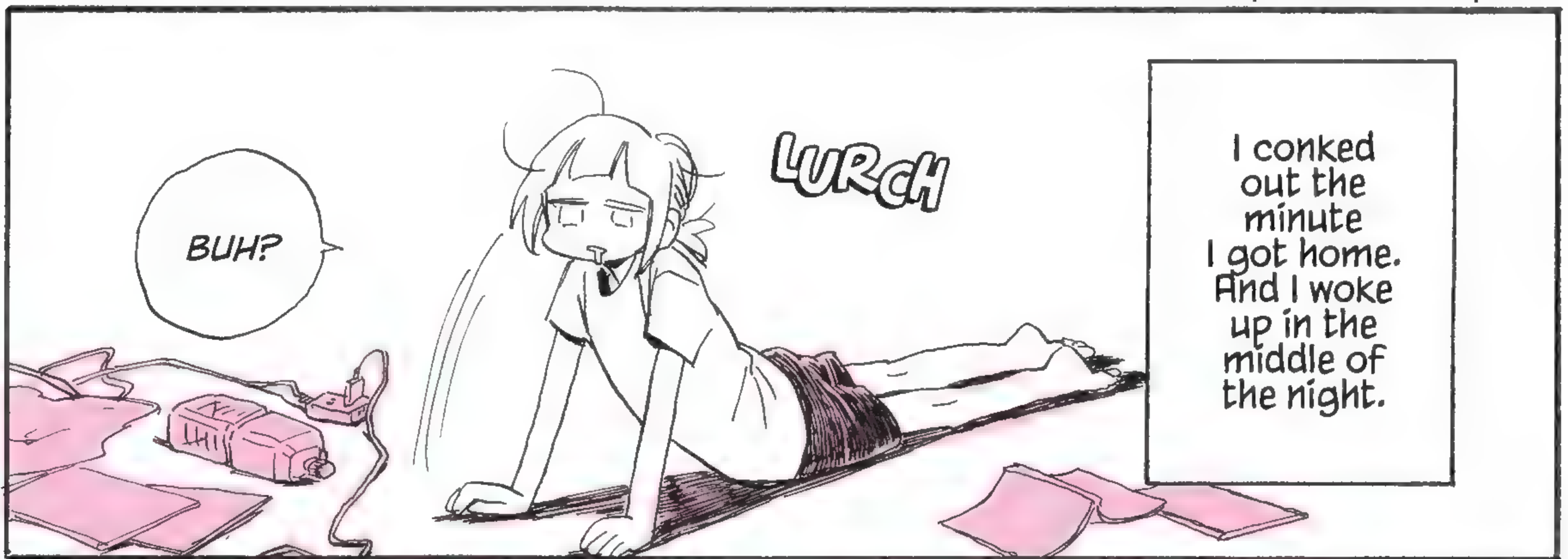
28 years old.
No confidence.
No direction.
Never had sex...



The candid tell-all of a young woman's struggles with depression and sexuality that has taken the internet by storm!

OLDER TEEN (15+)

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They say
your first
kiss tastes
like lemons.

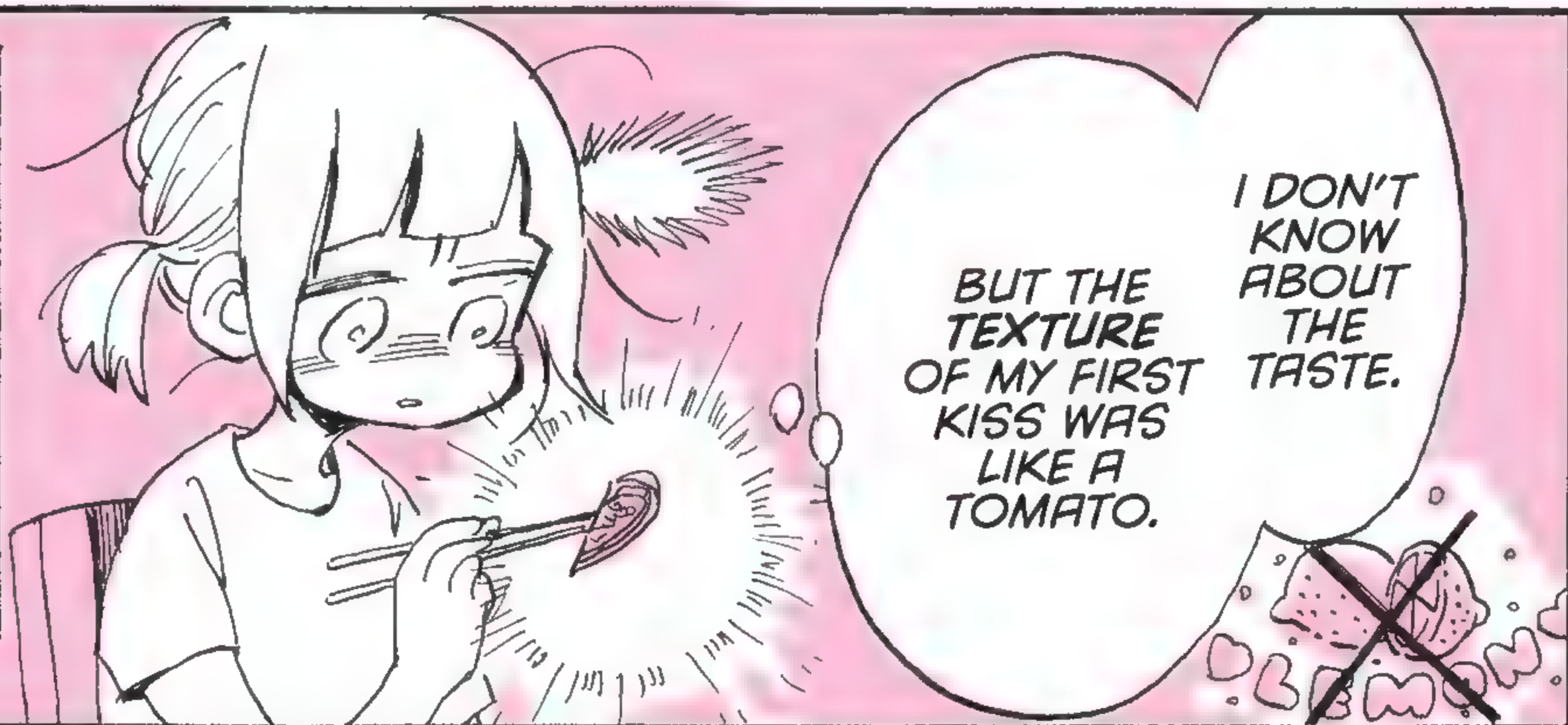


I'd
thought
maybe
it was
true.

WELL,
I HAVE
NO
IDEA.

So many
people in
this world
have been
kissed--
and I'd
heard
it a lot.

Or that
it would
amount to
more than
a limp fruit
in my supper,
at least.



The
experience
had put me
on the side
of the people
who know.





And now
I'd finally
moved over
to the
"done it"
column.

For
twenty-eight
years,
I'd fought
against a
value system
that
emphasized
sexual
experience.



**HA
HA
HA
HA
HA!**

HEH
HEH
HEH.

HEH
HEH HEH...
MWAH HA.
HEH HEH...
NGAH!



THE ME
WHO SAID
ALL THAT
STUFF,
WHO
WORRIED
ABOUT ALL
THIS....!!

I'M
FREE~!!
I'M
TOTALLY
FREEEE
~!!!

**HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA!**



BUT IT'S
ALL GOOD
NOW. I DON'T
HAVE TO GO
THAT FAR--
I CAN STILL
CALL
SOMETHING
"WEIRD" IF
IT *IS* WEIRD.

CLEAR! SO CLEAR!

AAAH~!
I LOST!
THIS TIME,
I LOST.
THE PULL
OF THE
WORLD
IS TOO
STRONG~!



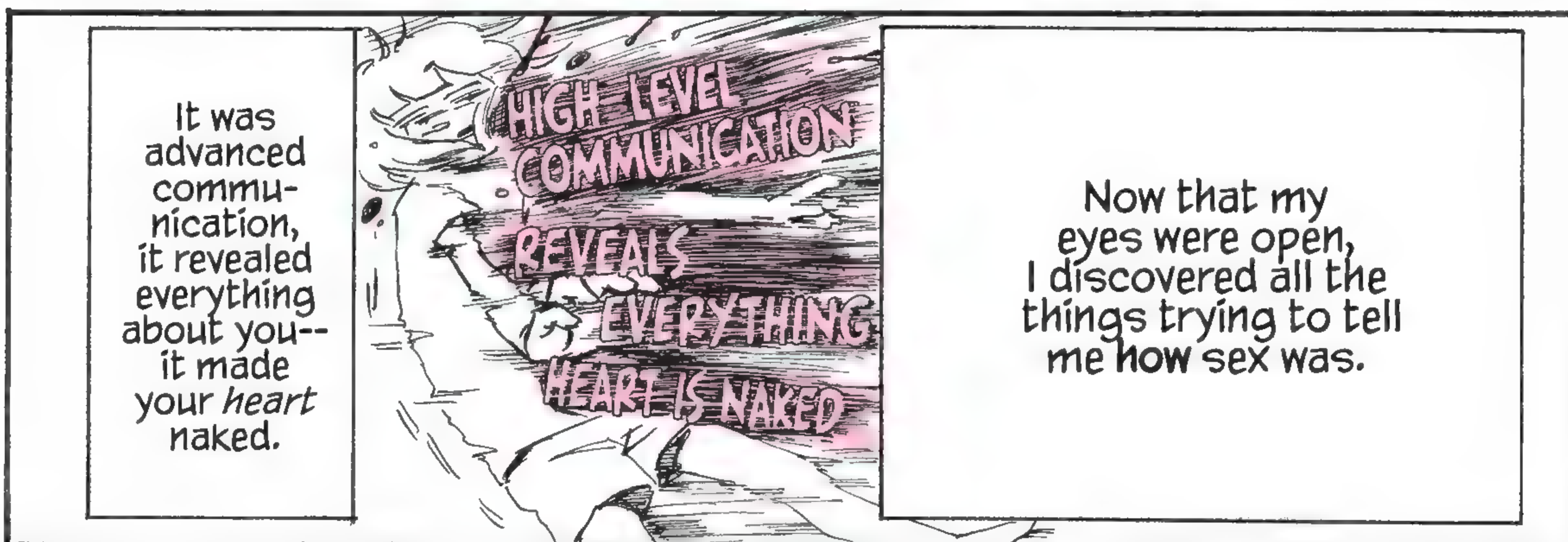
LESBIAN MAGAZINE
Carmilla
(NO LONGER BEING
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APPARENTLY)

All the things
that alluded to sex,
the things I'd thought
I could never touch
and didn't even have
the right to look at--
I could reach for
them now.



Drawing
this manga
was basically
the first time
I wrote it.
I'd been
excessively--
childishly--
conscious
of sex.

Before that,
I hadn't even
been able
to say the
word "sex"--
much less
write or
type it.



It was
advanced
commu-
nication,
it revealed
everything
about you--
it made
your *heart*
naked.

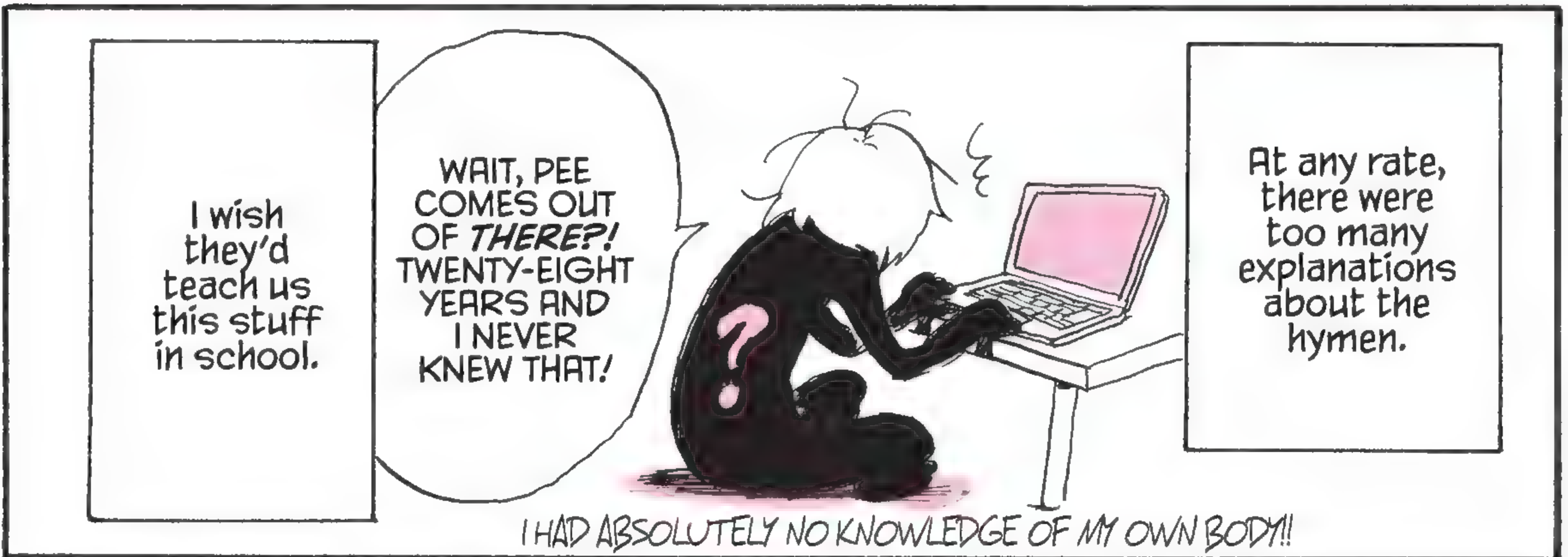
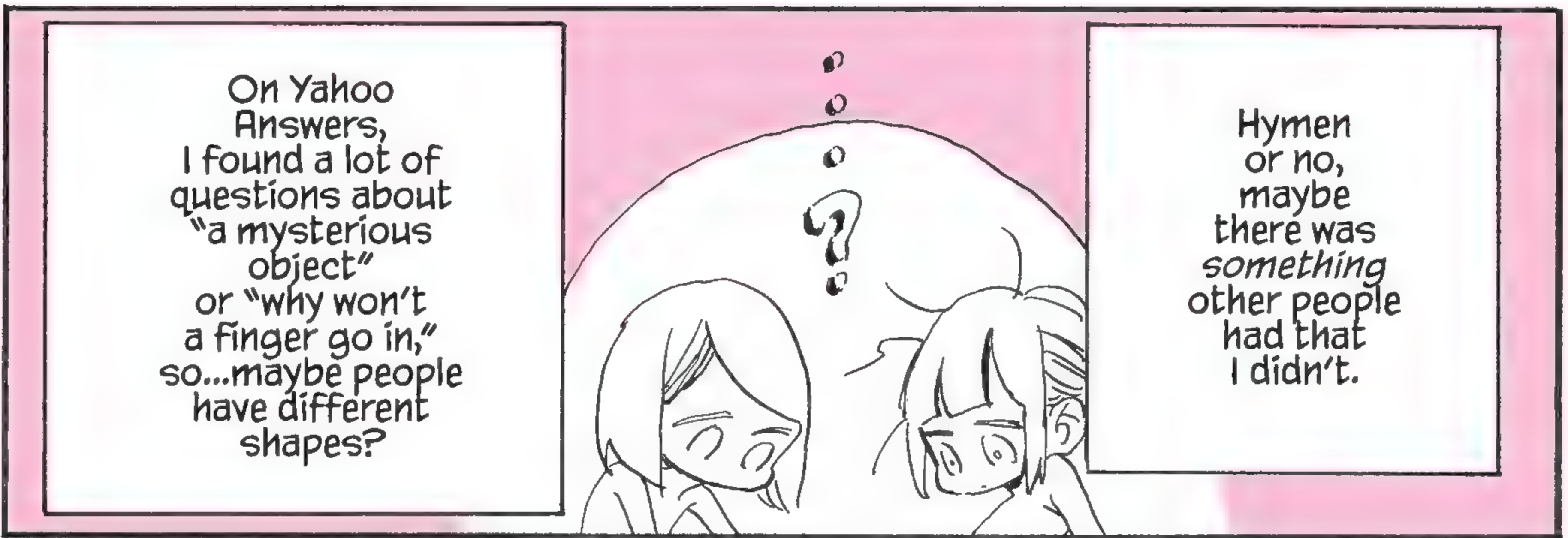
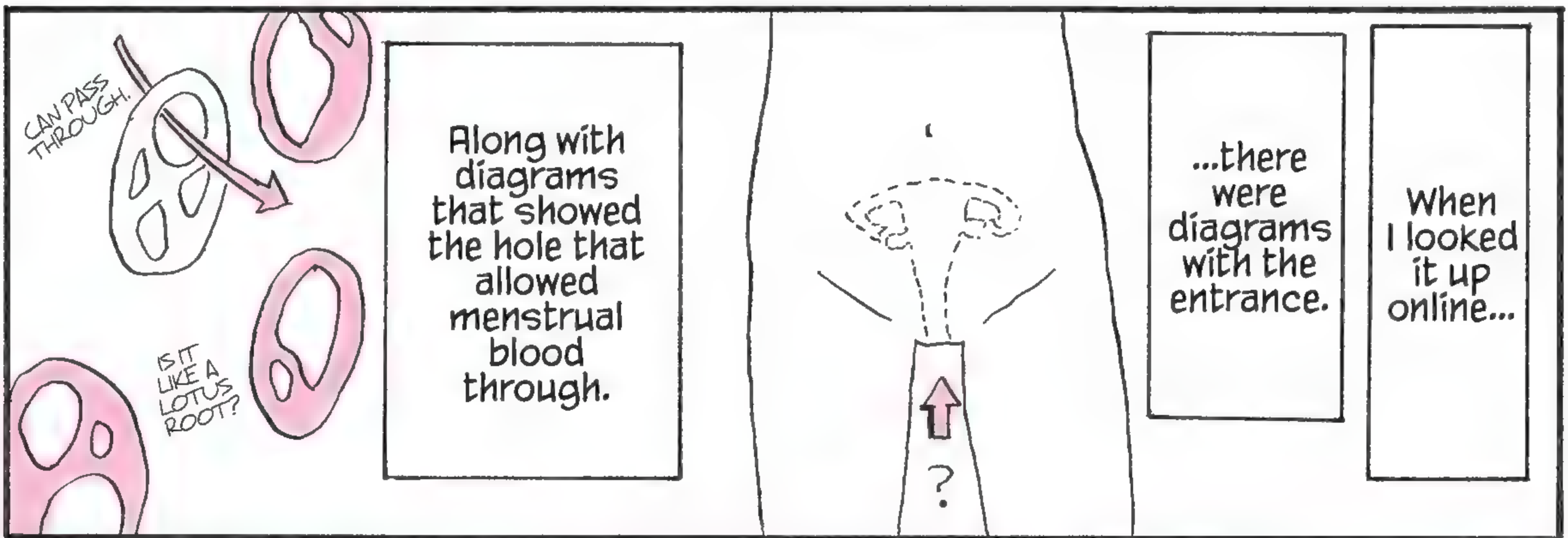
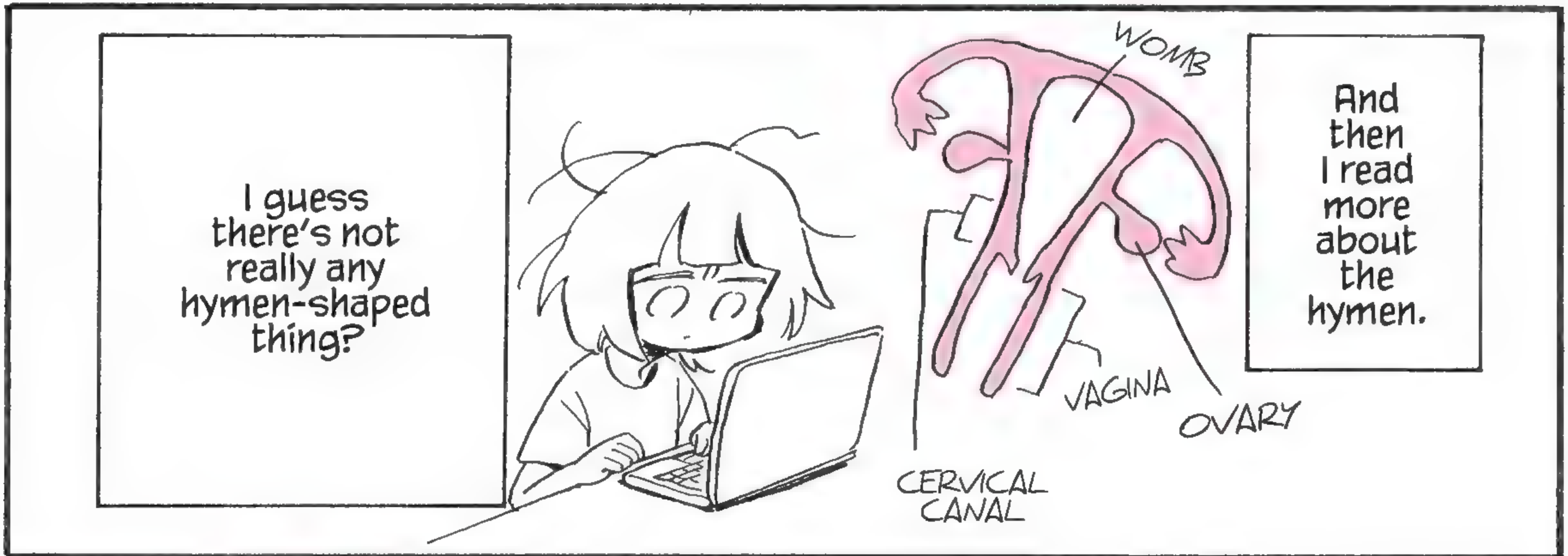
Now that my
eyes were open,
I discovered all the
things trying to tell
me how sex was.



I'M
SORRY...

I HAD
NO
IDEA...

IT'S
NEXT-LEVEL
COMMU-
NICATION,
AFTER ALL...



And now that I think about it with a clear head, the erotic doujinshi I'd used as reference had been man x man-- so of course things wouldn't end up like that.



By the way, the sex was *nothing* like an erotic doujinshi.

Had I been seeking something I could never get with my body? Something that didn't even exist in reality?

WHAT IS THE YAOI HOLE?

• A MYSTERIOUS ORGAN IN MUCH OF BL (BOYS' LOVE) THAT DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE THE ANUS IN POSITION, SHAPE, OR FUNCTION.

WHEN THEY BONE, STUFF GOES IN, IT GETS WET, ETC. HIGH PERFORMANCE.

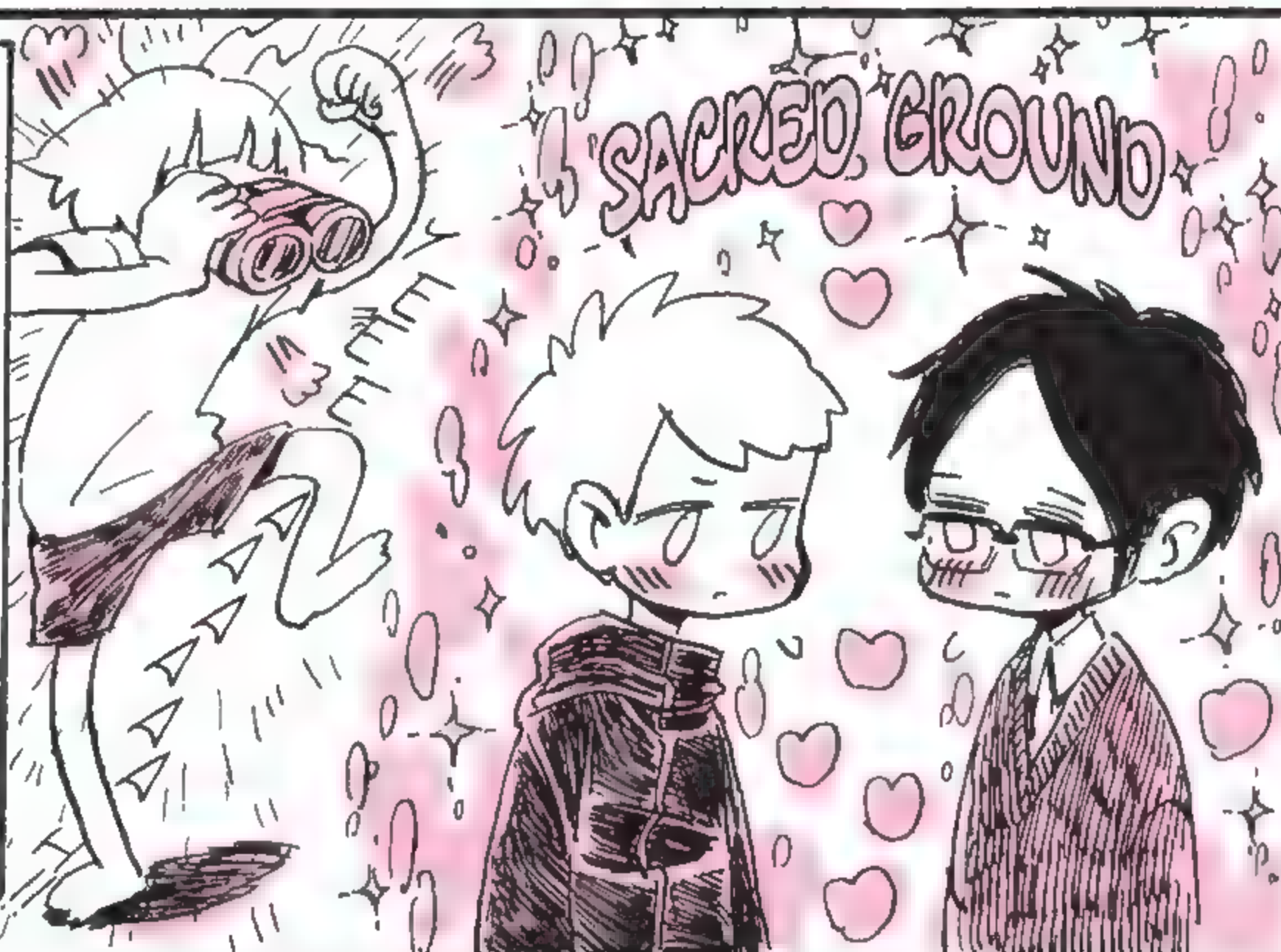
Had I **actually** been looking for the eroticism of the yaoi-hole fantasy?

WHY NOT...?!



I realized I'd never read any works with girl x girl sex.

Since I'd resisted thinking about sexual things, maybe boy x boy had been the only erotica I'd been able to accept.



Rather than boy x girl or girl x girl, I only had the completely unrelated boy x boy.

But maybe it had had an effect on me as my only point of reference, and that had led to hurting my partner.



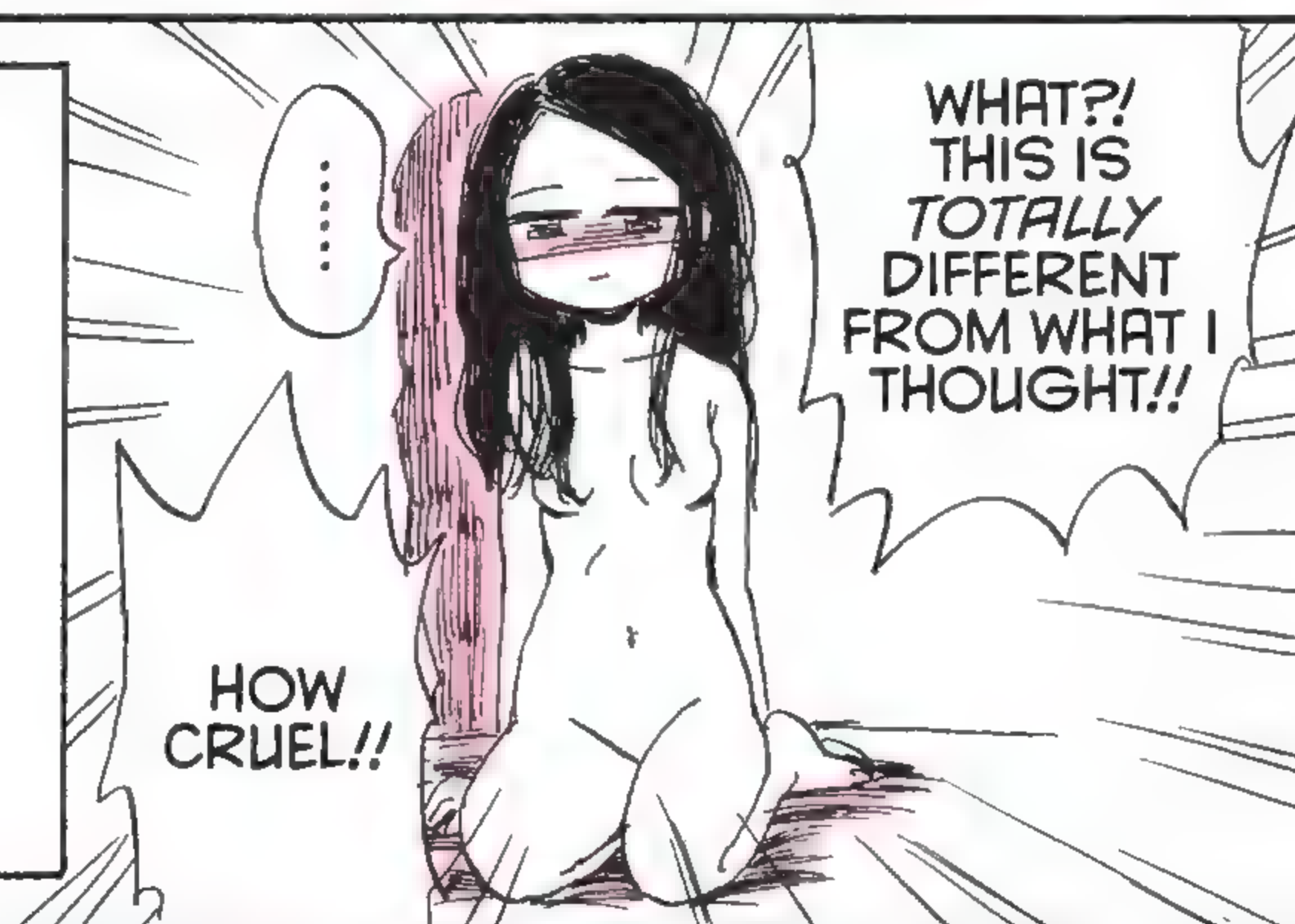
I didn't think I'd been *that* influenced by those works.

It's weird to learn about your own life and bodily functions through nothing but fantasy.



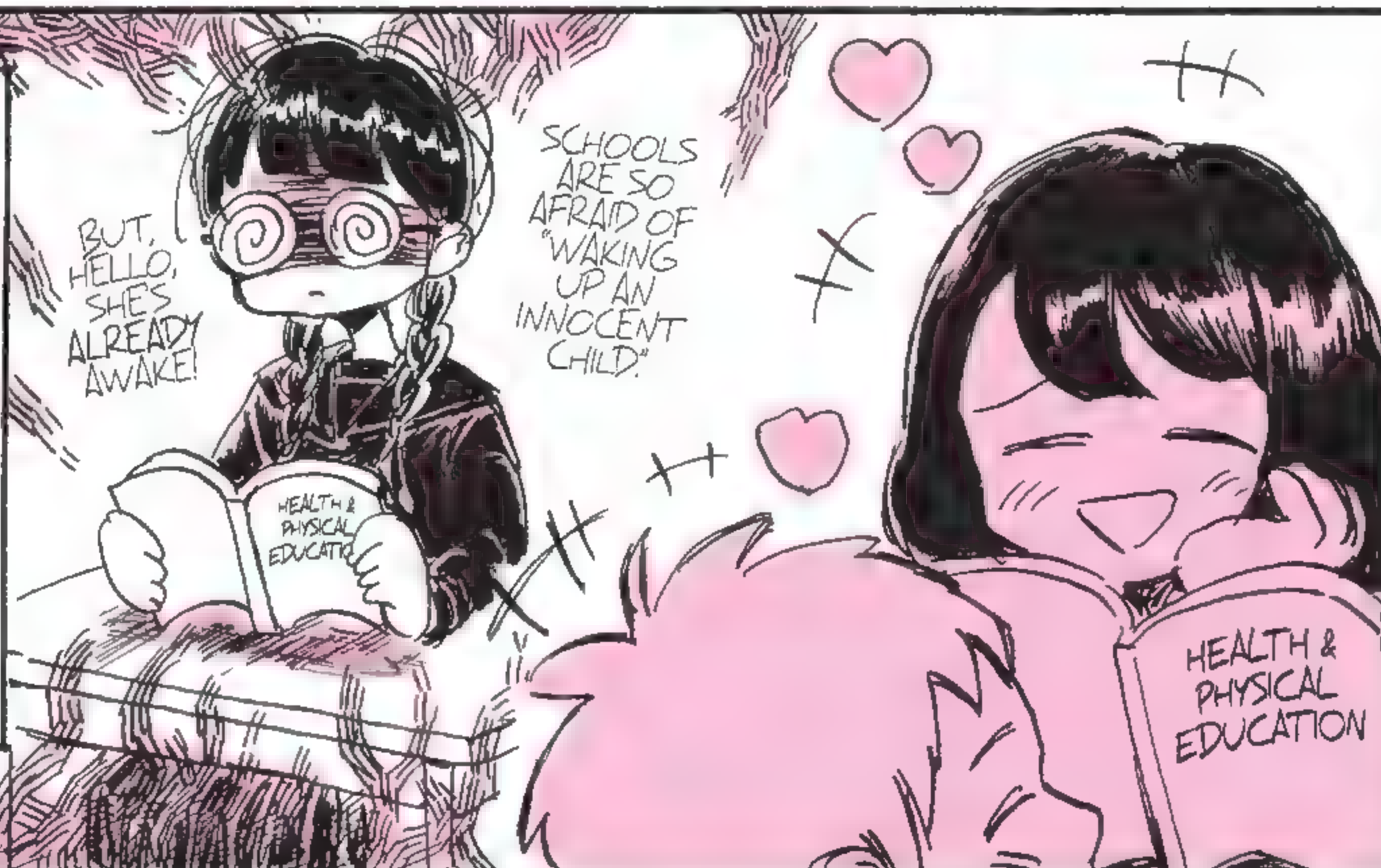
The problem was that I didn't know anything *other* than the sex in that kind of fiction.

...I'd be seriously shocked when I learned about women.



Sometimes I think that if I were a guy, surrounded by this insufficient education and tons of fantasy sex...

It's the fact that we're never given the *correct* information.



I'm repeating myself here, but the problem isn't the stuff in fiction.



I realized that, for some reason, my memories were transforming.

And then, as the days went by...



EXCLUDING MY REACTION...

THAT IN ITSELF IS LIKE AN EROTIC DOWJINSHI.

RIGHT. JUST DOING IT IS SEXY AND LUSCIOUS.



Before even going, I'd considered drawing a manga about it.

I HAVE TO WRITE IT DOWN BEFORE MY BRAIN DRESSES IT UP INTO SOMETHING ELSE!!



I SHOULD JUST GIVE UP ON THIS, RIGHT?

AND THIS STORY ISN'T INTERESTING. I CAN'T CREATE CHARACTERS, EITHER.

I TRIED TO DRAW NEATLY, BUT IT'S A MESS.

I was working on something for a magazine at the time.

But since I didn't know anything about other people, I thought: "What about me?"



I wondered how to make it so people would want to read it, even if they had to pay for it.

I realized that everything I read was that kind of thing.



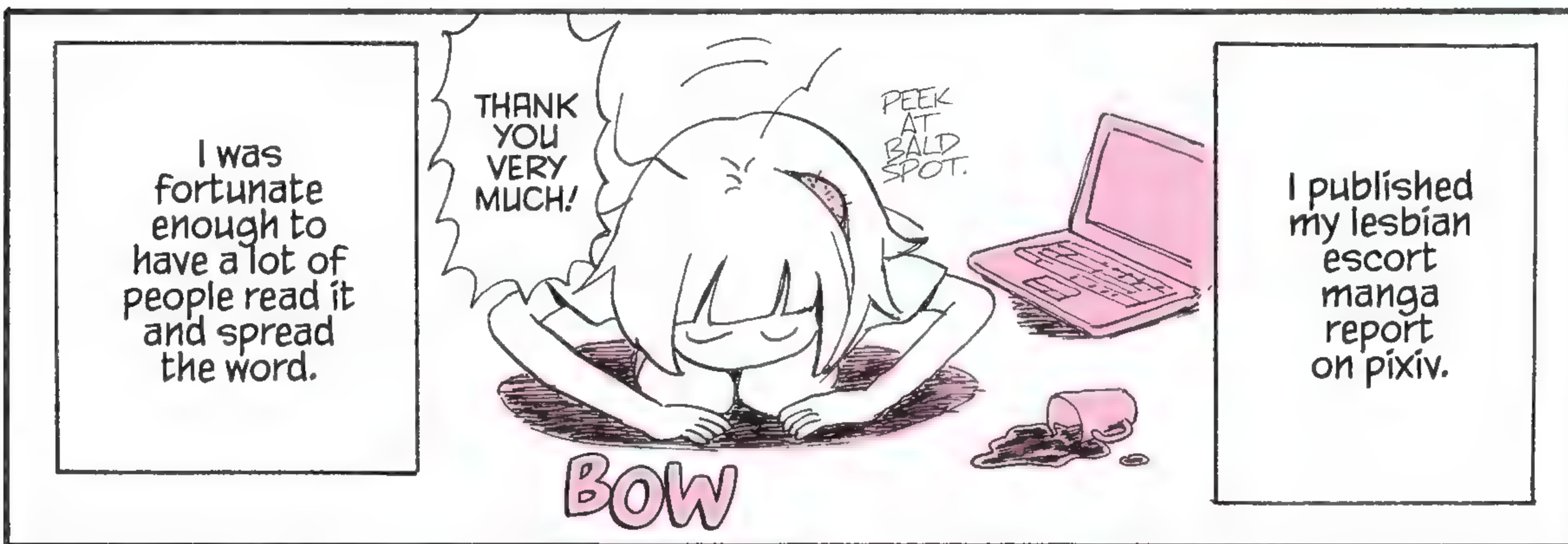
I'd want to read something about the secrets people hide. I'd pay money for that, too.

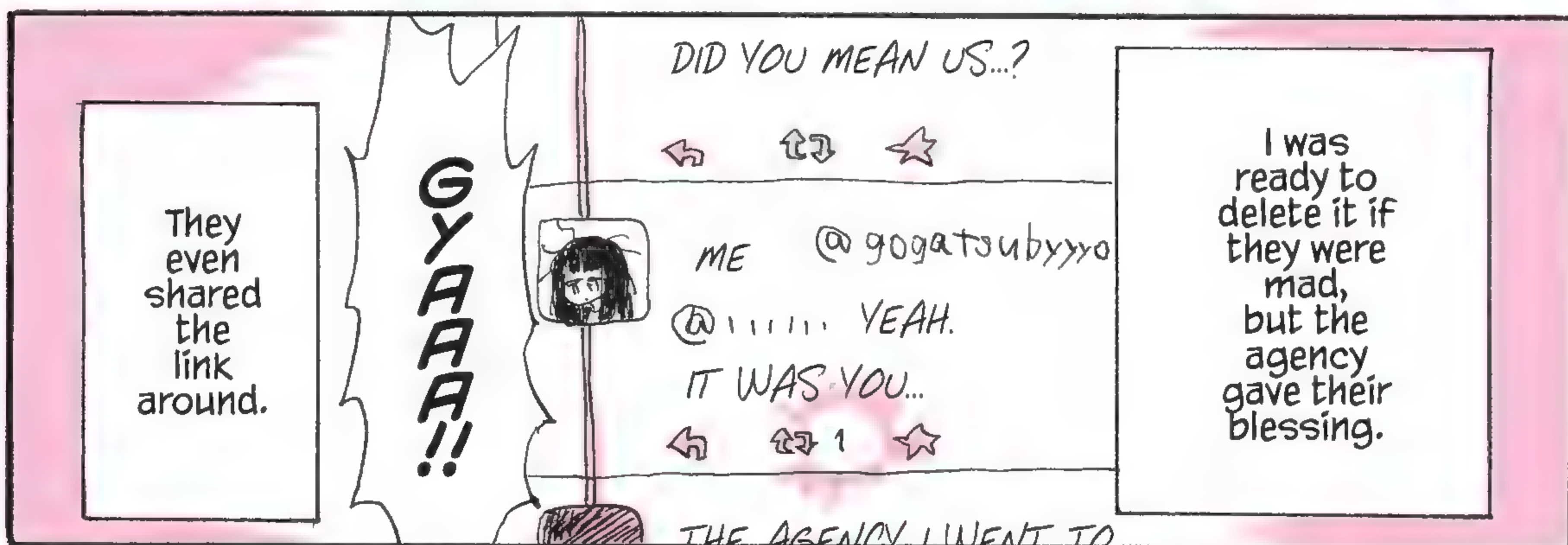
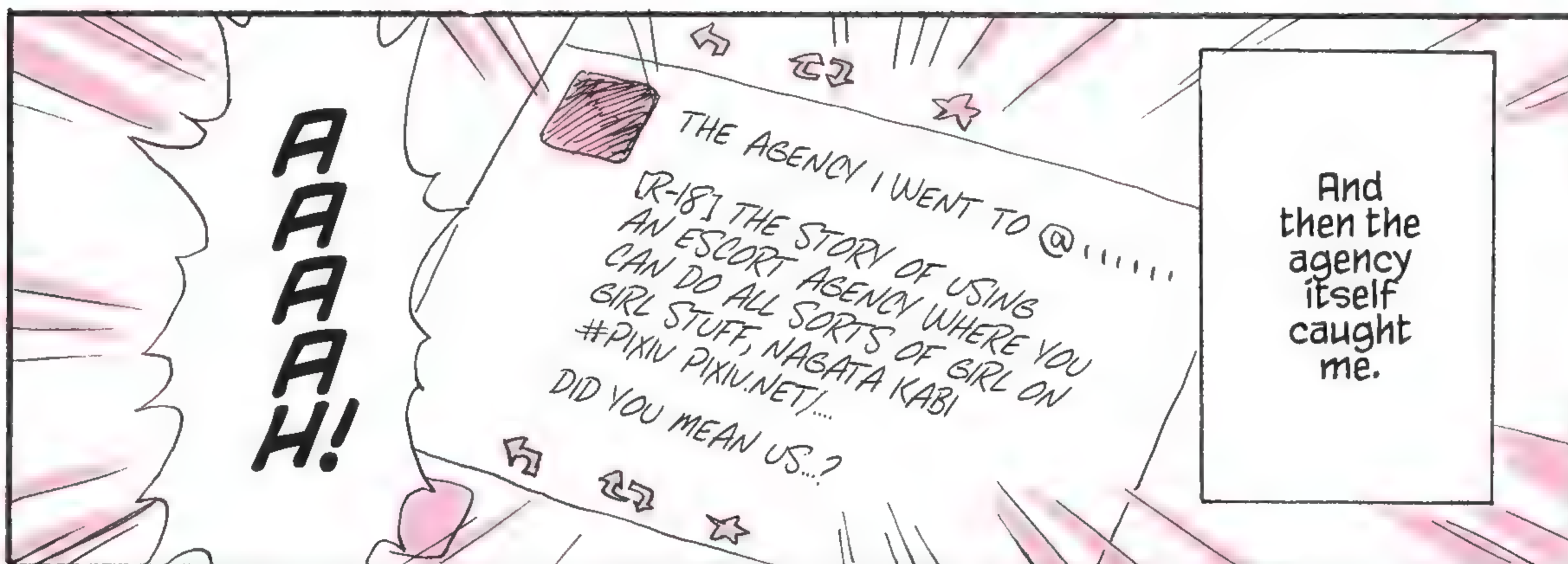
AH!

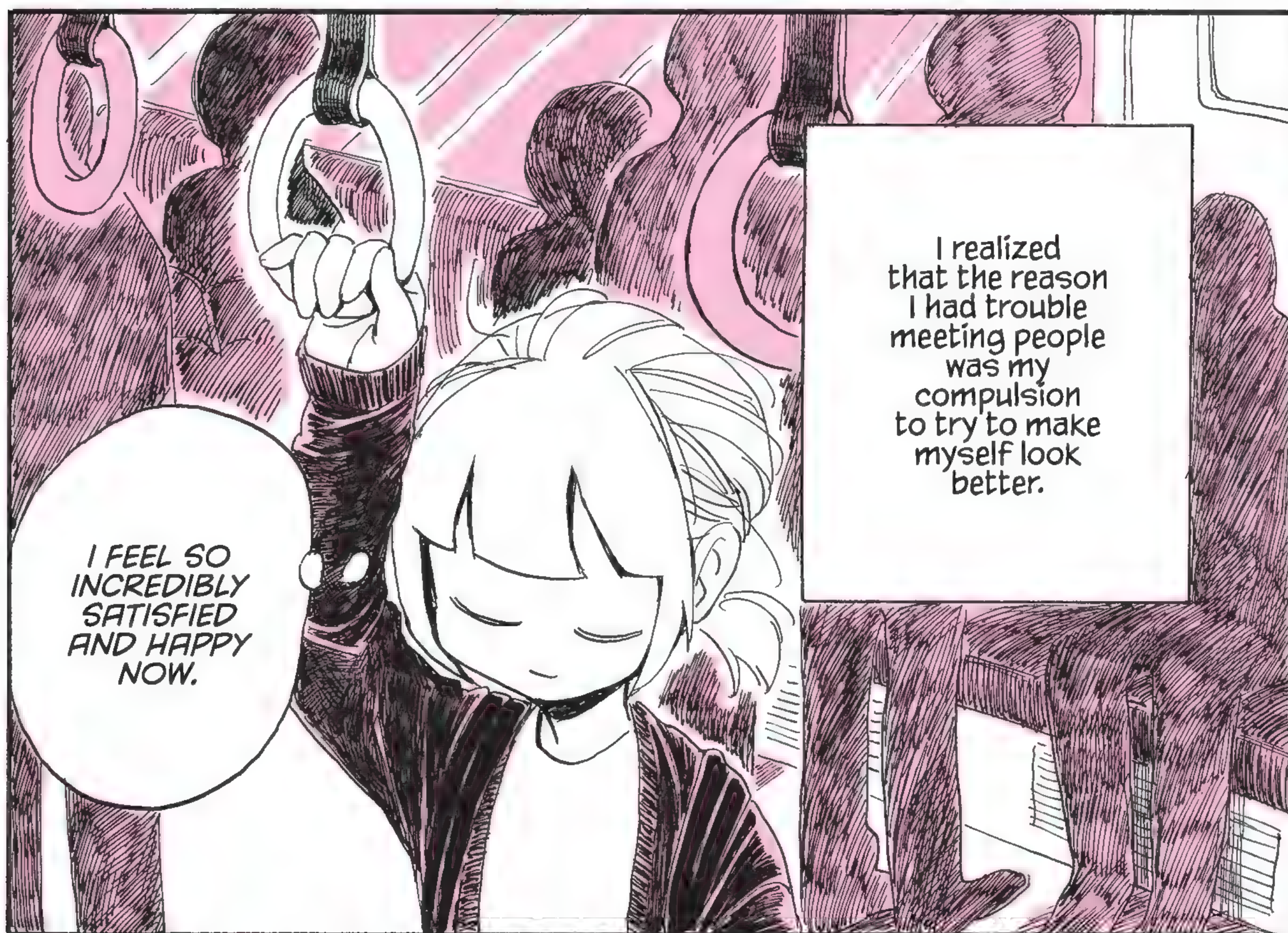
STUFF THAT SHAKES PEOPLE UP.

STORIES ABOUT MY TRUE SELF...!

I WANT TO WRITE THAT STUFF, TOO.







I FEEL SO
INCREDIBLY
SATISFIED
AND HAPPY
NOW.

I realized
that the reason
I had trouble
meeting people
was my
compulsion
to try to make
myself look
better.



I COULD
NEVER REALLY
SHOW MYSELF
TO PEOPLE
BEFORE THIS.

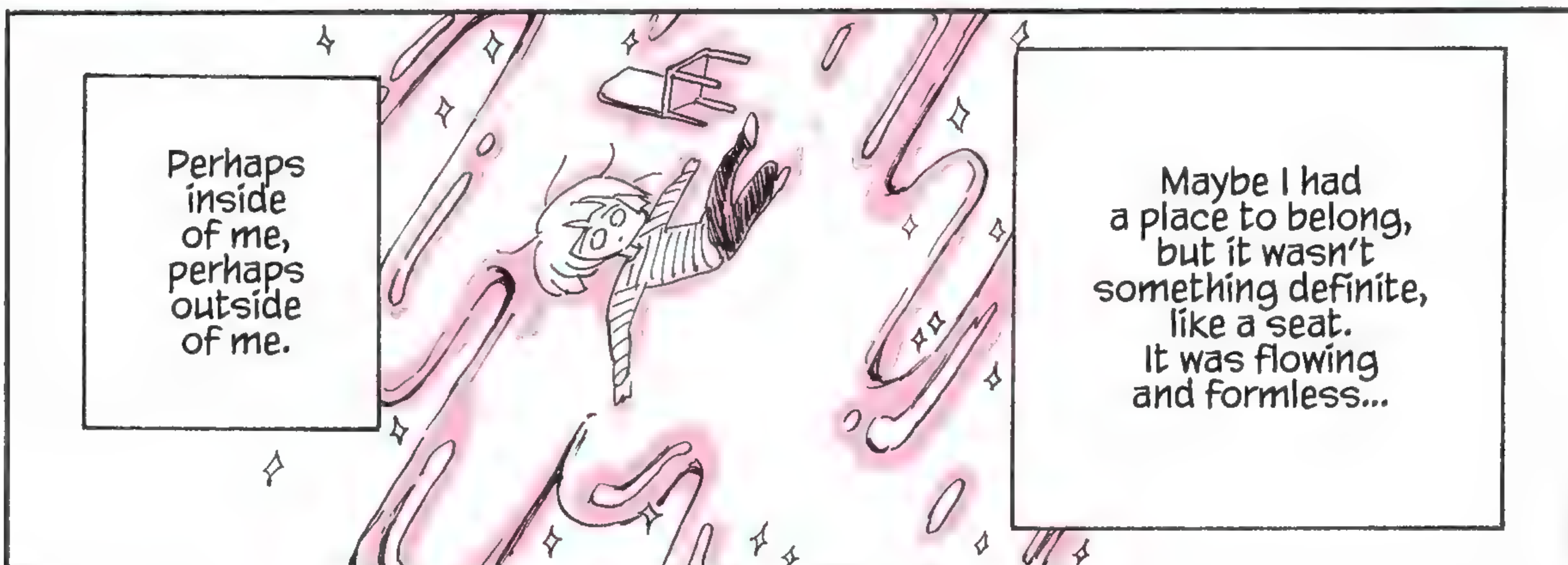
YEAH.
I MEAN...



Leaving
me with
"no choice
but to die,"
like I'd
once felt.

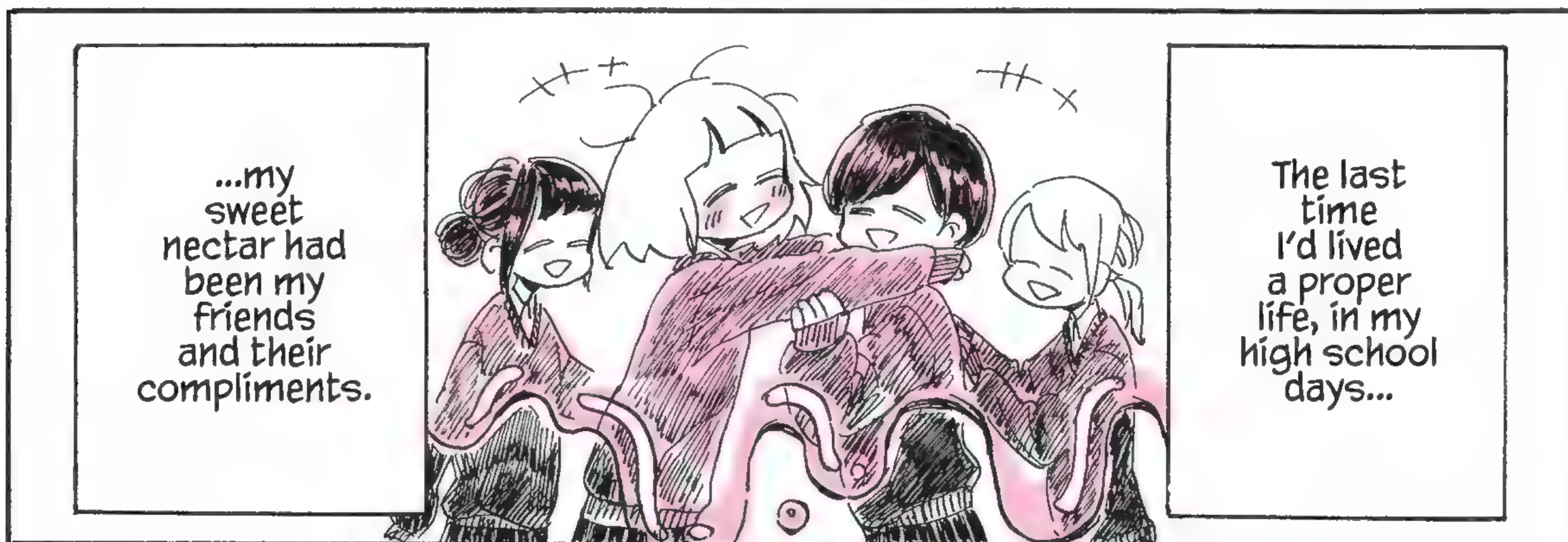
I'd worried
about being
unable to
create
anything
interesting.





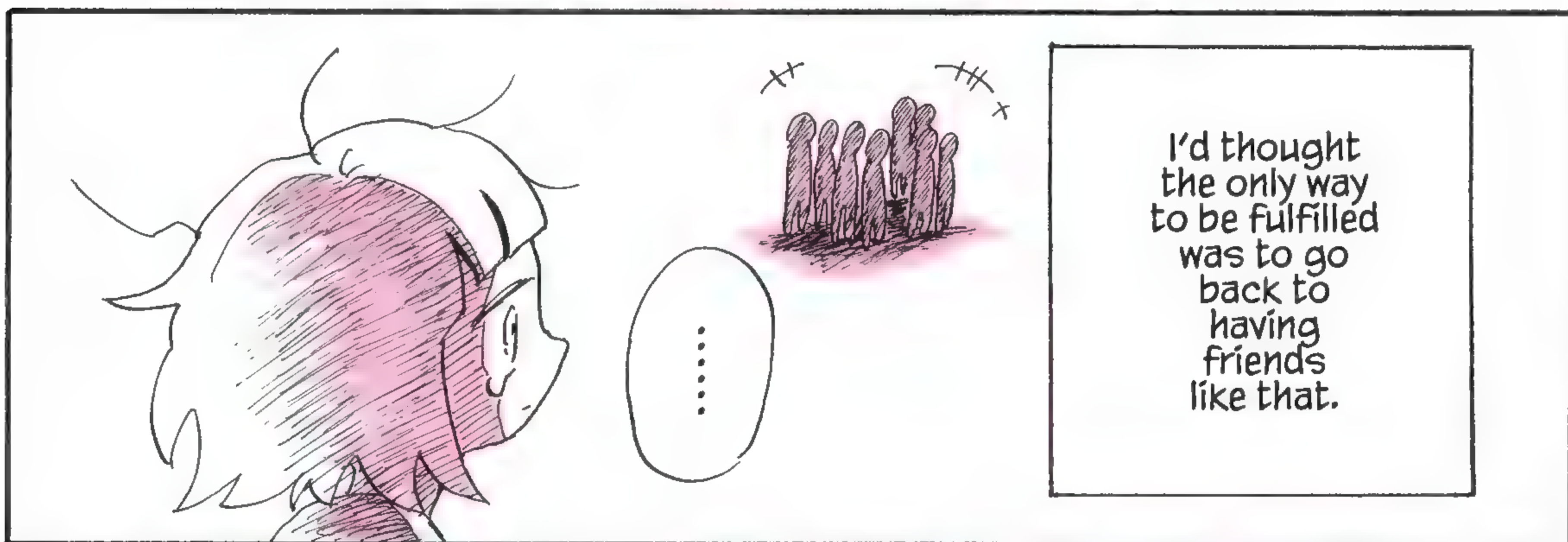


At any rate, I think "sweet nectar" is a good way to describe it.



...my sweet nectar had been my friends and their compliments.

The last time I'd lived a proper life, in my high school days...



I'd thought the only way to be fulfilled was to go back to having friends like that.



But I'd found a new sweet nectar.

All the people who pass my work on even further...



Having something with feedback to write about, having so many people look at what I draw...

Transmitting my signal, having people receive it, being recognized by people.



I think I know how to fill up my heart now.

And being treated like an adult was a sweet nectar like a drug.

LIKE I'M A REAL GROWN-UP!!!



And at that point, I didn't have to push my work out into the world. The (publishing) world came to me.

I still had basically no friends-- and I hadn't seen my old ones in years-- but I wasn't lonely.



It stopped feeling like I was being pushed into a narrow space, or like I was the only one who couldn't grow up.

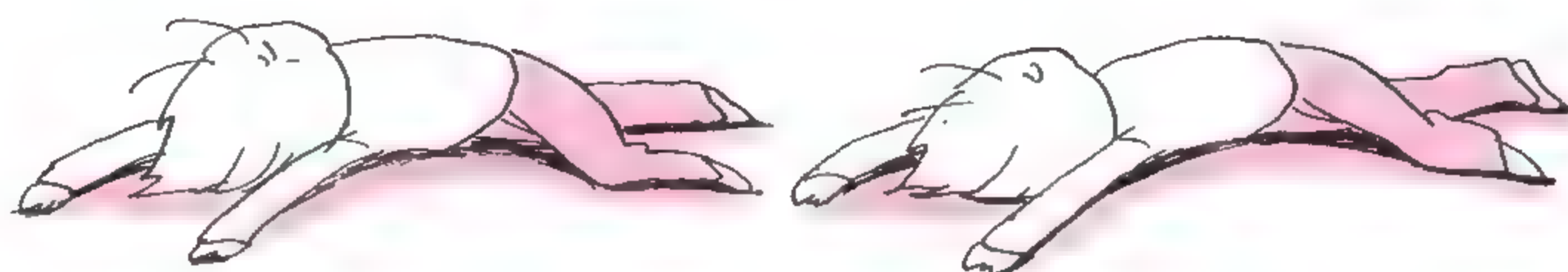
I'd prayed like that. Maybe my wish had been granted.

PLEASE LET ME DO GOOD WORK.

I DON'T NEED FRIENDS OR LOVE.

Actually, in the few years before that, whenever I'd gone to the shrine...

COMPARISON BY APPEARANCE



CAN'T TRY

BEING LAZY

By the way-- "being lazy" and "being unable to try" might look the same, but they're not.

I think that starving for a sweet nectar you can't drink-- being unable to try-- is because you can't love yourself.

BUT I CAN TRY NOW.

IT'S NOT LIKE I WAS BEING LAZY, YOU KNOW.

Being lazy is when you don't take your work or other people seriously, and you don't try even when you're drinking the sweet nectar.

Maybe the times when I couldn't move were the times I needed to take better care of myself?



The things I'd once thought were hopeless, were actually things I had to do.

That's totally different from what you need to live your own life. I had to study and learn about this.



The things my parents have said to me are for protecting children, and disciplining them to do as they're told.

HA HA HA! WHAT EVEN IS THIS?

I...

At that point, I thought I might be able to finally draw some sexy stuff, but the first thing I drew was...

Which is why I haven't been able to draw erotica-- but why I did draw this story.



Lately, I've realized that drawing my creative fiction is way more embarrassing than drawing personal thoughts and actions.



I wrote
"thesex"...

Incidentally,
when I
published the
report on pixiv,
I still didn't
quite have the
courage to
write "sex."



...meticulously
quoted me
on that
word.
It was
simple and
humiliating.

And
everyone
who
offered
their
opinions,
pulling
from the
text...



WHAT
ARE
YOU
DRAW-
ING?

UM,
AN
ESSAY
...

I HAVE
TO
MOVE
SOON...

LIVES AT
HOME

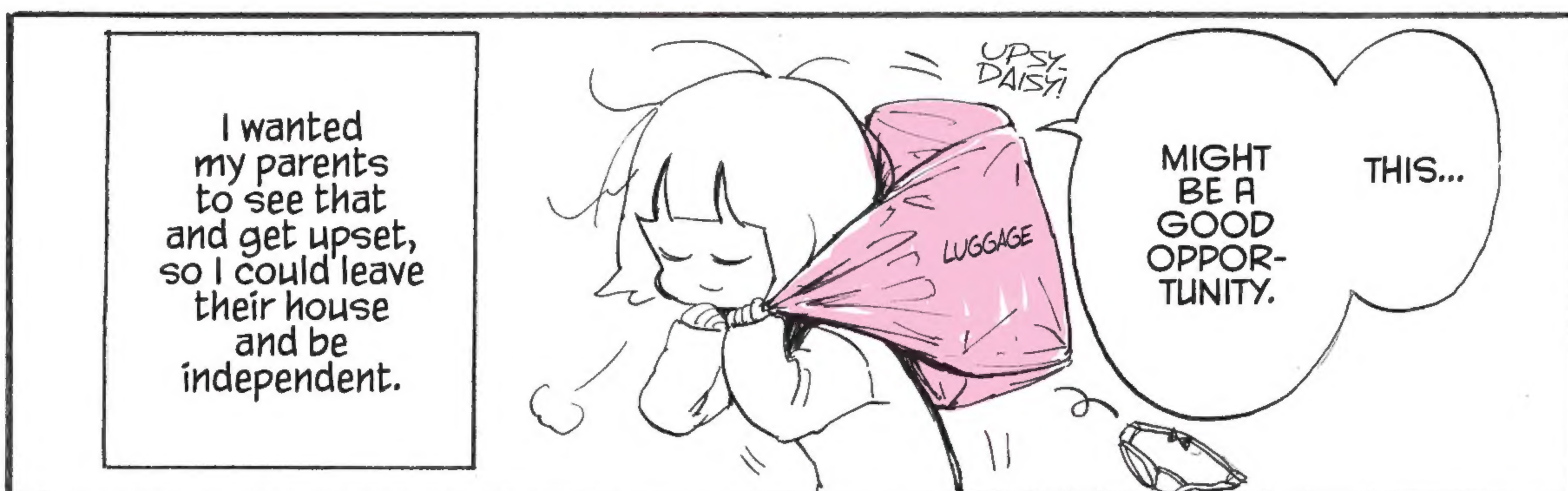
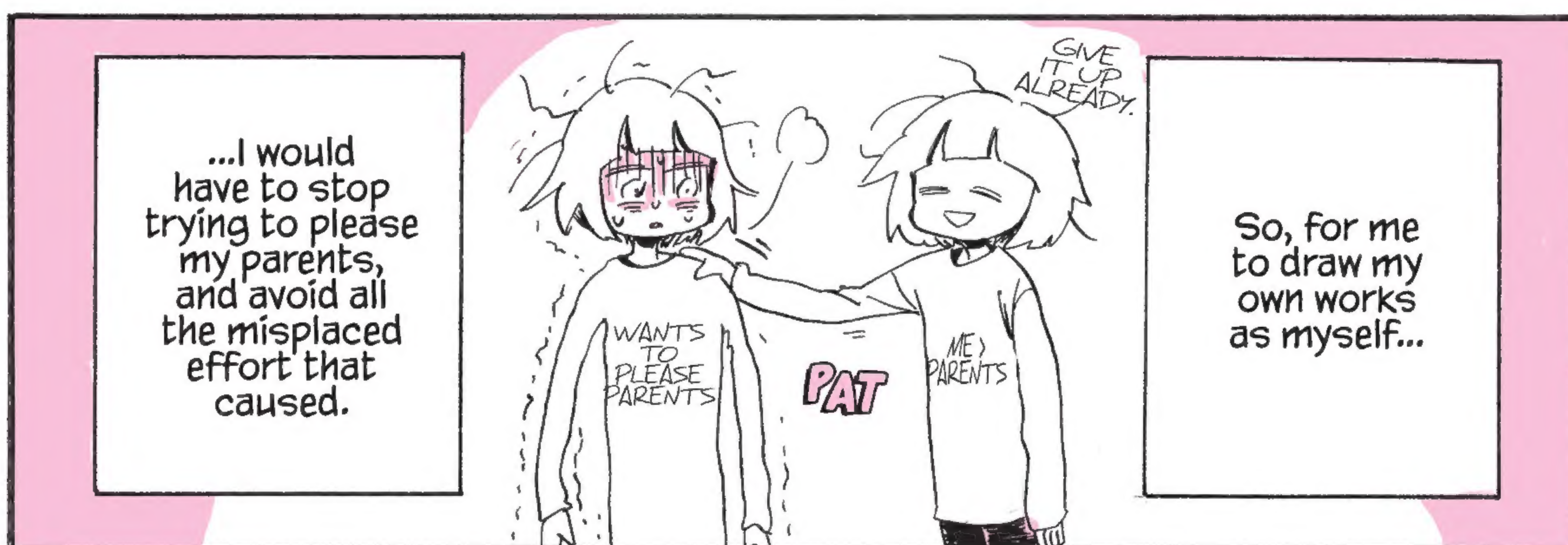
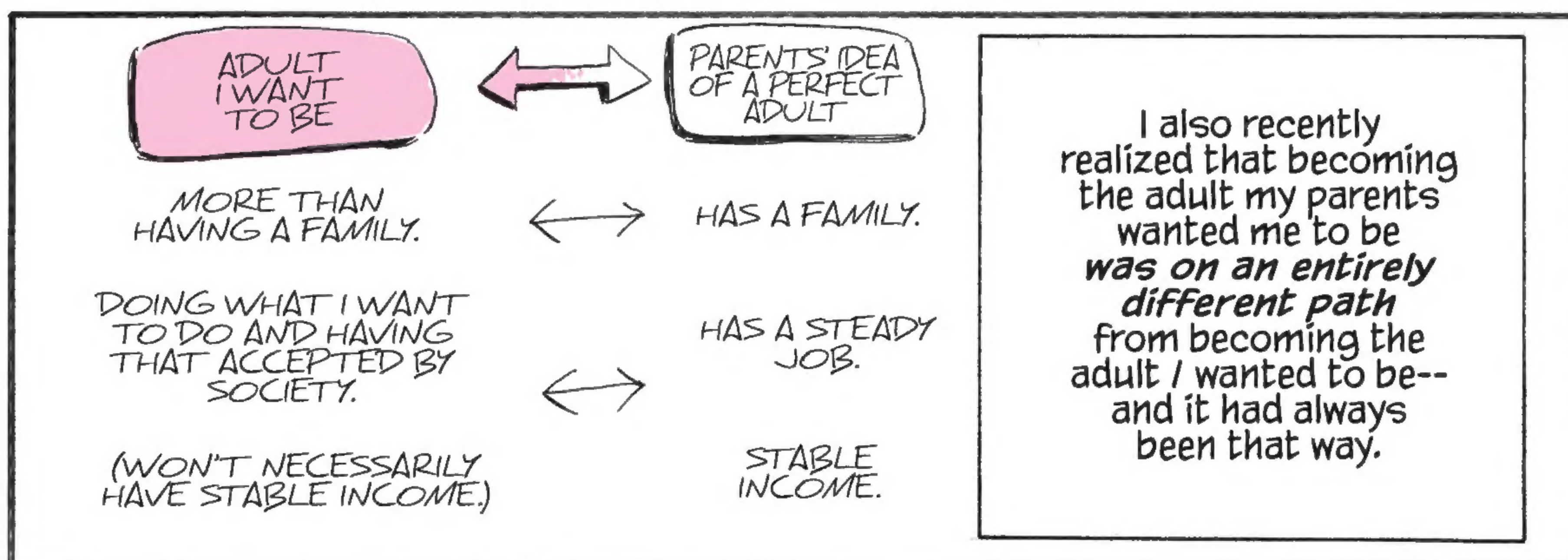
I also
figured my
relatives
would die
from shock
if they
read it.



I decided
not to think
about the
shock-
induced
death
of my
family.

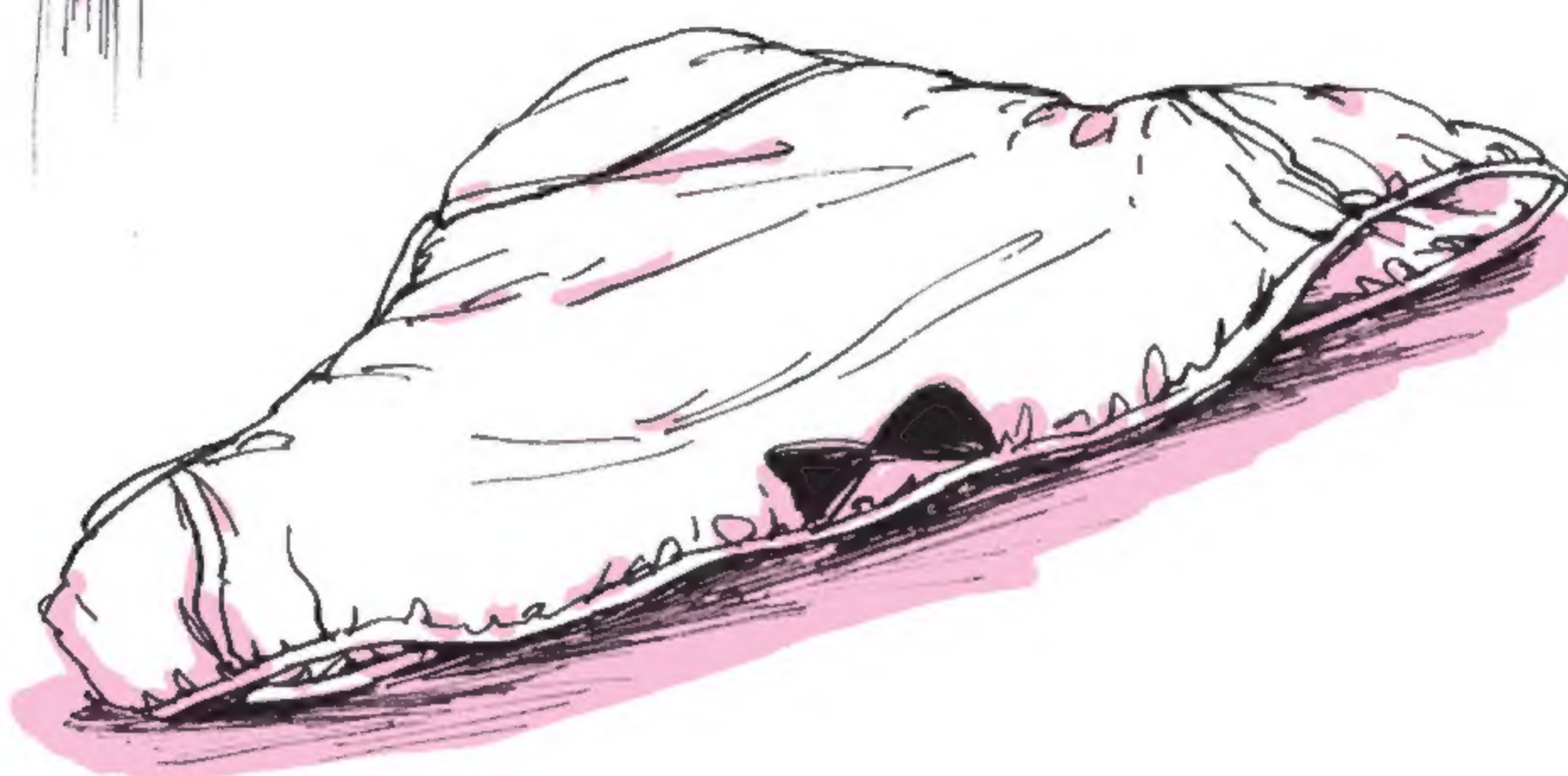
I WON'T
BE ABLE
TO DRAW
ANYTHING
INTERESTING.

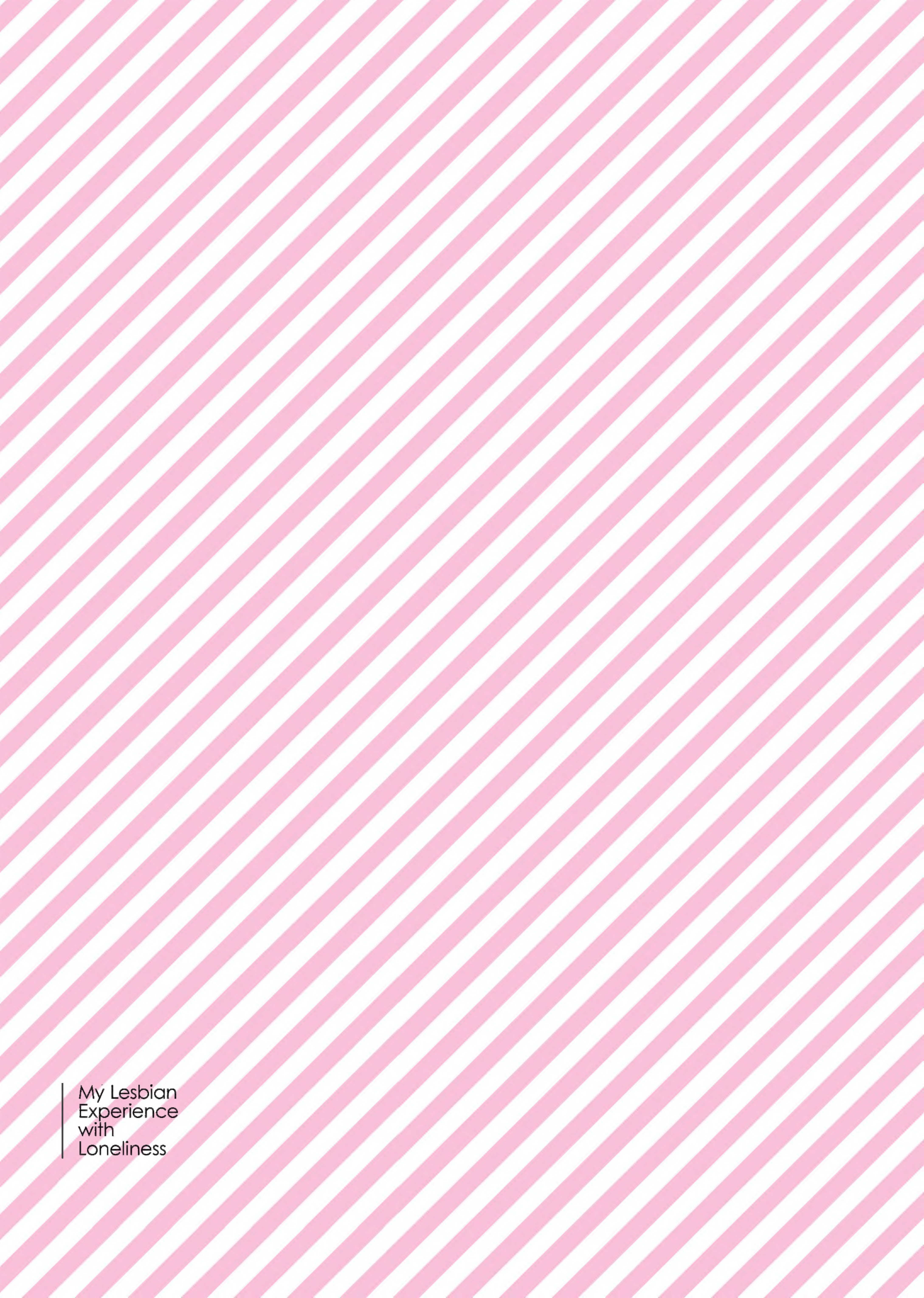
WELL,
IF I WORRY
ABOUT MY
RELATIVES
DYING
FROM
SHOCK...



AS IF I
CAN LIVE
MY LIFE IN
FEAR OF
BEING
A BAD
DAUGHTER!

Even if
it didn't
go well,
I had the
feeling it
would still
be better
than what
we'd had
before.



The background of the entire page is a repeating pattern of diagonal pink stripes on a white background. The stripes are thin and evenly spaced, running from the top-left towards the bottom-right.

My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness